



THE  
CALVARY  
HYMNAL



Sing unto the Lord all the earth; shew  
forth from day to day His salvation.

\* \* \* \*

Be filled with the spirit, speaking to  
yourselves in psalms and hymns and  
spiritual songs, singing and making mel-  
ody in your heart to the Lord.

\* \* \* \*

We will sing songs to the stringed  
instruments all the days of our life in  
the house of the Lord.

\* \* \* \*

Blessed be the God and Father of our  
Lord Jesus Christ, which according to  
His abundant mercy hath begotten us again  
unto a lively hope by the resurrection of  
Jesus Christ from the dead.



Division

BV

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Section

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1894

Hear, O ye kings; give ear, O ye  
princes; I, even I, will sing unto the  
Lord; I will sing praise to the Lord God  
of Israel.

+ + + +

I will praise the Lord according to His  
righteousness; and will sing praise to the  
name of the Lord most high.

+ + + +

O bless our God, ye people, and make  
the voice of His praise to be heard.

+ + + +

All the earth shall worship Thee, and  
shall sing unto Thee: they shall sing to  
Thy name. Selah.

And blessed be His glorious name for-  
ever: and let the whole earth be filled with  
His glory.





Lenette <sup>W</sup> Friedlander

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THE  
CALVARY HYMNAL

FOR

*SUNDAY SCHOOL, PRAYER MEETING, AND CHURCH  
SERVICE*

BY

ROBERT STUART ✓ MACARTHUR, D.D.

AND

KATE S. ✓ CHITTENDEN



SILVER, BURDETT & CO., PUBLISHERS

NEW YORK

BOSTON

CHICAGO

1894



“Sing unto the Lord, O ye Saints of  
His; and give thanks at the remembrance  
of His holiness.”





## Preface.

---

AS David in his later years wrote new psalms, being unable to find full expression for his emotions in the lyrics composed in his youth, so the Church of Christ in each century, and even in each decade, will require new manuals of devotion. Again, as long as the religious spirit is active it will be discovering new and even richer lines of thought and forms of devotional expression, and these should be permanently added to existing stores of spiritual life and utterance. Therefore the hymnal of a preceding decade, however perfectly it was adapted to the needs of its own time, will be found more or less imperfect as a medium of the utterance of the present hour, and must be superseded by others, as it took the place of those which went before.

In the present compilation the attempt has been made to present a completer exposition of the devotional spirit of the present era than is found in the preceding works of its class, and also to gather into the psalmody of the Sunday-school, the prayer-meeting, and the services of the church, the choicest of the poetical and musical creations of the current decade, as well as those of earlier times.

It may be permitted to the editors to say that they have labored together, the one as pastor of the Calvary Church, the other as organist and director of the music, for the past twelve years. They have shown how it is possible to make the preaching and the singing in a church harmonious parts of Divine worship, and how each may help the other in contributing to the common end, — the good of the people and the glory of God. There ought to be, and there will be in every properly conducted church service, the most perfect harmony between the pastor and the choir. Much contained in this volume has been practically tested under their direction in "the service of song in the house of the Lord." This selection is now sent forth with the hope that it may contribute to the honor of Christ, who "sang a hymn" with the disciples in the upper room on one of the tenderest occasions of his earthly life, and also that it may lead many to begin the song of praise here which they shall continue to sing as "the new song" in heaven.

THE EDITORS.

# Contents.



AN ORDER OF SERVICE FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS . . . . .	Pages v-xi
HYMNS	NUMBER
THE LORD'S DAY . . . . .	1-4
MORNING . . . . .	5-9
EVENING . . . . .	10-21
WORSHIP . . . . .	22-49
THE SCRIPTURES . . . . .	50-52
GOD AND THE TRINITY . . . . .	53-57
CHRIST'S BIRTH . . . . .	58-73
CHRIST'S SUFFERINGS . . . . .	74-79
CHRIST'S RESURRECTION . . . . .	80-86
CHRIST'S REIGN . . . . .	87-106
THE HOLY SPIRIT . . . . .	107-115
INVITATION . . . . .	116-125
REPENTANCE AND FAITH . . . . .	126-143
CONFLICT . . . . .	144-161
WORK FOR CHRIST . . . . .	162-163
ASPIRATION . . . . .	164-189
CONSECRATION . . . . .	190-214
TRUST . . . . .	215-257
COMMUNION WITH CHRIST . . . . .	258-276
THE CHURCH . . . . .	277-283
MISSIONS . . . . .	284-288
SPECIAL OCCASIONS . . . . .	289-298
THE NEW JERUSALEM . . . . .	299-308
CHILDREN'S HYMNS . . . . .	309-325
CHANTS . . . . .	326-336
INDEX OF FIRST LINES OF HYMNS . . . . .	Pages 241-244



# Order of Service

## For Sunday-Schools

### Doors Closed

*VOLUNTARY,* - - - - - *School comes to order, all seated*

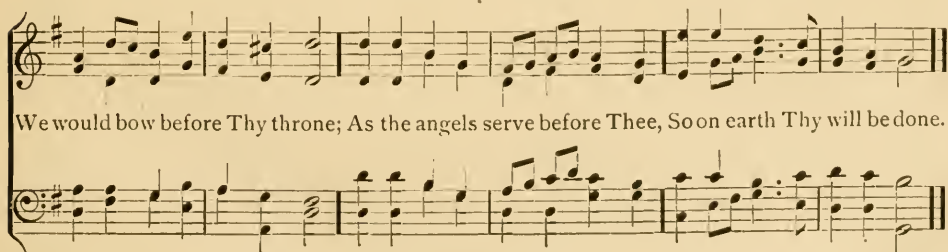
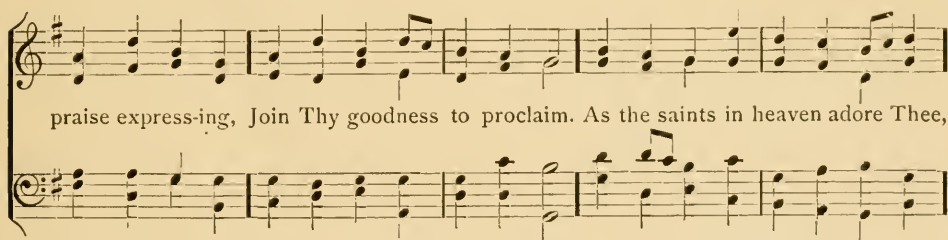
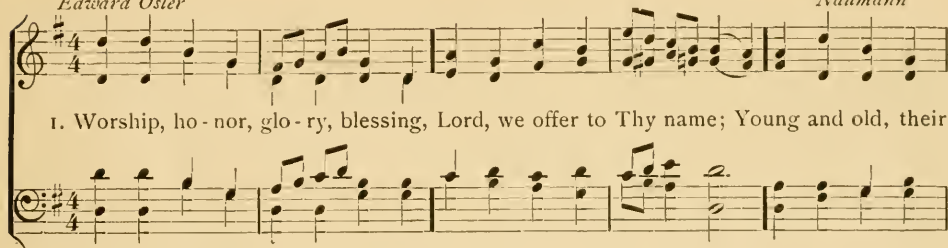
*OPENING SERVICE,* - - - - - *As Superintendent rises, the whole School stands*

*Supt. Repeats.*—"The Lord is in His holy temple; let all the people praise Him."

*THE FOLLOWING DOXOLOGY,* - - - - - *Sung by the whole School standing*

*Edward Osler*

*Naumann*



(OR THIS)

## O Father blest!

J. Barnby

J. Barnby

*mf*

1. O Fa-ther blest! Thy name we sing, Whose pow'r the world uphold - eth: And  
2. O Fa-ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, The God of our sal - va - tion! The

*mf*

Thee, O Christ, of kings the King, Whose love our souls en-fold - eth; And Thee, O  
Church on earth, and Heav'nly Host, Are one in a - do - ra - tion. With heart and

Holy Ghost, we praise; O be our Guide through all our days.  
mind may we a - dore Our gracious God for ev - er - more. A - men.

*Supt. Repeats.* — GOD'S HOUSE IS HOLY. "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the House of the Lord."

*Intermediate Dept. Repeat.* — "This is none other but the House of God."

*Asst Supt. Repeats.* — GOD'S DAY IS HOLY. "Remember the Sabbath Day, to keep it holy."

*Primary Dept. Repeat.* — "The Lord blessed the Sabbath Day, and hallowed it."

*Supt. Repeats.* — GOD'S PEOPLE SHOULD BE HOLY. "Ye shall be holy, for I, the Lord, your God, am holy."

*All Repeat.* — "Sanctify yourselves, therefore, and be ye holy."

THE LORD'S PRAYER, - - - - - Repeated or sung

*pp* *Voices in unison,*  
(who)

Our Father which art in Heaven, Hallowed be Thy name, Thy Kingdom

(be done on earth)

come, Thy will be done in earth as it is in Heaven, Give us this day our daily bread, and for-

(trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us, and)

give us our debts as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.

*In harmony.*  
*crescendo.*

For Thine is the Kingdom and the pow'r and the glo - ry for ev - er A-men.

*At the close of the prayer, a phrase of soft music.*

HYMN, - - - - - School scaled

## EXODUS 20: 3-17.

## I.

Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

## II.

Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth; thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them; for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.

## III.

Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

## IV.

Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work; but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God; in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates; for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day, and hallowed it.

## MELODY IN THE TENOR.

*Slow.* *cres.* *dim.* STAINER.

Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, And in - cline our hearts to keep this law.

## V.

Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

## VI.

Thou shalt not kill.

## VII.

Thou shalt not commit adultery.

## VIII.

Thou shalt not steal.

## IX.

Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

## X.

Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbor's. See *Deut.* vi: 6-9.

*p*

Lord have mer - cy up - on us, And in-cline our hearts to keep this law.

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it; Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the Law and the Prophets.

*mf* *pp slower.*

Lord, have mer-cy up-on us, And write all these Thy laws in our hearts we beseech Thee.

READING OF THE LESSON,

Superintendent and School reading alternate verses

GLORIA PATRI,

School standing

*Kate S. Chittenden*

$\text{♩} = 100$

Glo-ry be to the Father and to the Son and to the Ho - ly Ghost; As it

was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. A - men, A-men.



PRAYER.

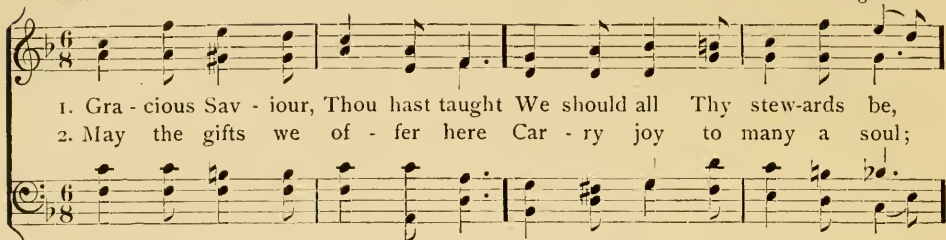
*At the close of the prayer, a phrase of soft music.*

HYMN, - - - - - Musical leader will signal School when to rise

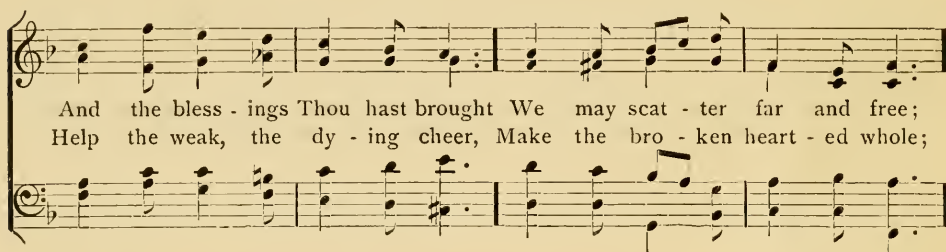
OFFERING, - - - - - Received by teachers during the singing of the following :—

Wm. A. Cauldwell

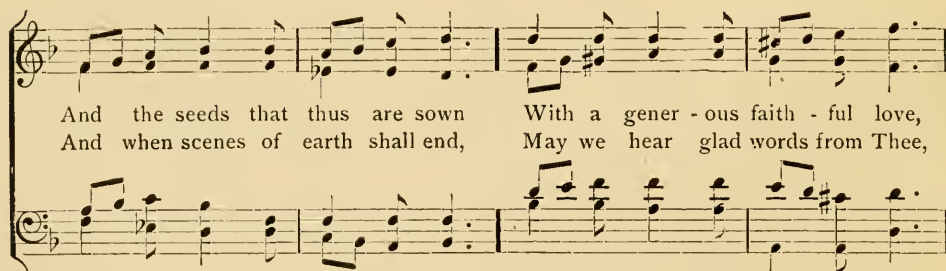
English



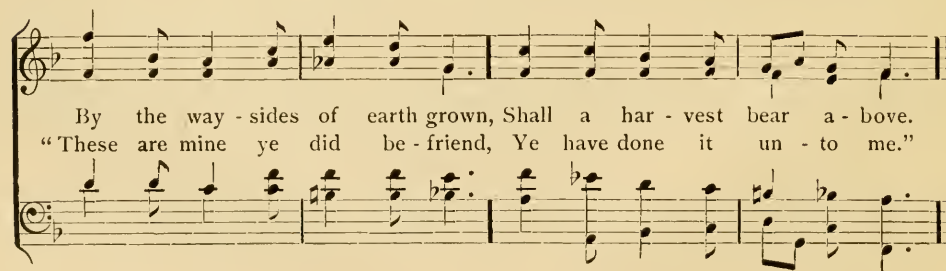
1. Gra - cious Sav - iour, Thou hast taught We should all Thy stew-ards be,  
2. May the gifts we of - fer here Car - ry joy to many a soul;



And the bless - ings Thou hast brought We may scat - ter far and free;  
Help the weak, the dy - ing cheer, Make the bro - ken heart - ed whole;



And the seeds that thus are sown With a gener - ous faith - ful love,  
And when scenes of earth shall end, May we hear glad words from Thee,



By the way - sides of earth grown, Shall a har - vest bear a - bove.  
"These are mine ye did be - friend, Ye have done it un - to me."

LESSON STUDY.

WARNING BELL,        -        -        -        -        *But teaching continues until signal for change by*

PIANO OR ORGAN PRELUDE,        -        -        -        -        *Classes get into order immediately*

HYMN OR EXERCISE,        -        -        -        -        *By Primary Department or General School*

REMARKS ON LESSON.

HYMN,        -        *School standing, Library books distributed, Money envelopes and Class books collected*

REPORT OF ATTENDANCE AND ANNOUNCEMENTS.

CLOSING, WITH SILENT PRAYER.

*At the end, all repeating:* "The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore."

*Or the following:* "The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another."



“Enter into His gates with thanksgiving  
and into His courts with praise: be thank-  
ful unto Him and bless His name.”



# The Calvary Hymnal.

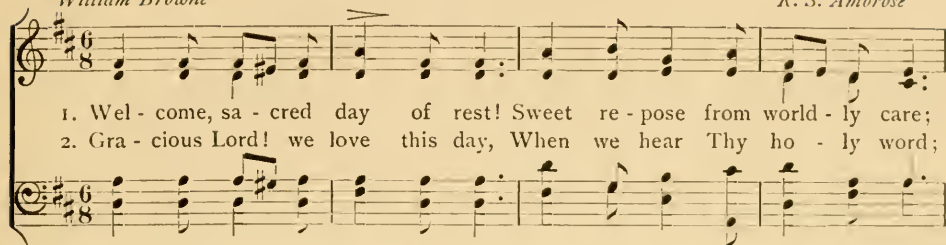
THE LORD'S DAY

I

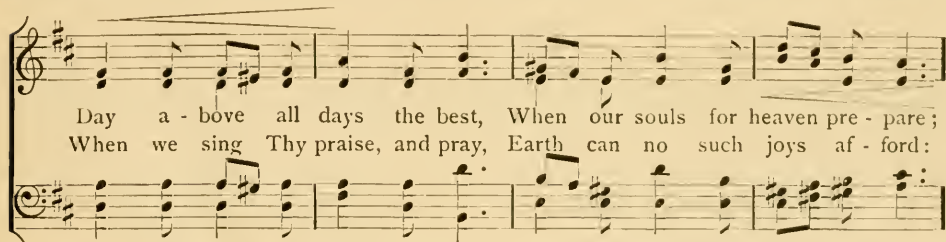
## Welcome, Sacred Day of Rest

William Browne

R. S. Ambrose



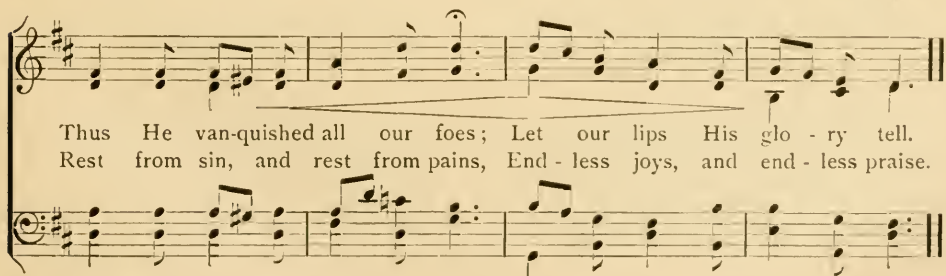
1. Wel - come, sa - cred day of rest! Sweet re - pose from world - ly care;  
2. Gra - cious Lord! we love this day, When we hear Thy ho - ly word;



Day a - bove all days the best, When our souls for heaven pre - pare;  
When we sing Thy praise, and pray, Earth can no such joys af - ford:



Day, when our Re - deem - er rose, Vic - tor o'er the hosts of hell:  
But a bet - ter rest re - mains, Heaven-ly Sab - baths, hap - pier days,



Thus He van-quished all our foes; Let our lips His glo - ry tell.  
Rest from sin, and rest from pains, End - less joys, and end - less praise.

2

# *O Day of Rest and Gladness*

*C. Wordsworth*

*German Melody*

1. { O day of rest and gladness, O day of joy and light, } On thee the high and lowly,  
 { O balm of care and sadness, Most beautiful, most bright; }

Thro' a-ges joined in tune, Sing "Holy, holy, holy," To the great God Triune. A-men.

2 To-day on weary nations  
 The heavenly manna falls;  
 To holy convocations  
 The silver trumpet calls,  
 Where gospel light is glowing  
 With pure and radiant beams,  
 And living water flowing  
 With soul refreshing streams.

3 New graces ever gaining  
 From this our day of rest,  
 We reach the rest remaining  
 To Spirits of the blest;  
 To Holy Ghost be praises,  
 To Father, and to Son;  
 The Church her voice upraises  
 To Thee, blest Three in One.

3

# *Safely through another Week*

*Tune—Sabbath Morn G major*

1 Safely through another week,  
 God has brought us on our way;  
 Let us now a blessing seek,  
 Waiting in His courts to-day:  
 Day of all the week the best,  
 Emblem of eternal rest.

2 While we seek supplies of grace,  
 Through the dear Redeemer's name,  
 Show Thy reconciling face—  
 Take away our sins and shame,  
 From our worldly cares set free,—  
 May we rest this day in Thee.

3 Here we come Thy name to praise;  
 Let us feel Thy presence near;  
 May Thy glory meet our eyes,  
 While we in Thy house appear:  
 Here afford us, Lord, a taste  
 Of our everlasting feast.

4 May Thy gospel's joyful sound  
 Conquer sinners, comfort saints;  
 Make the fruits of grace abound,  
 Bring relief for all complaints:  
 Thus let all our Sabbath's prove,  
 Till we rest in Thee above.

*John Newton*



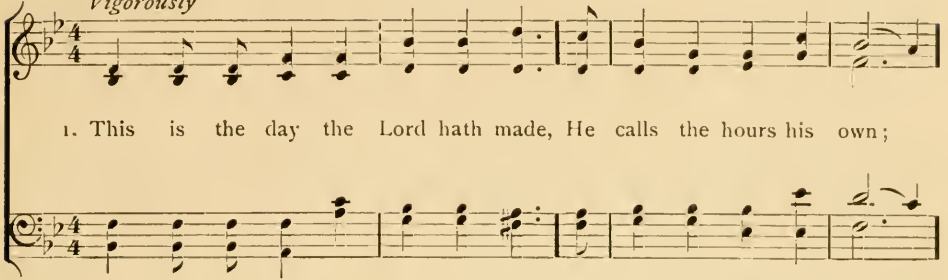
4

*This is the Day the Lord Hath Made*

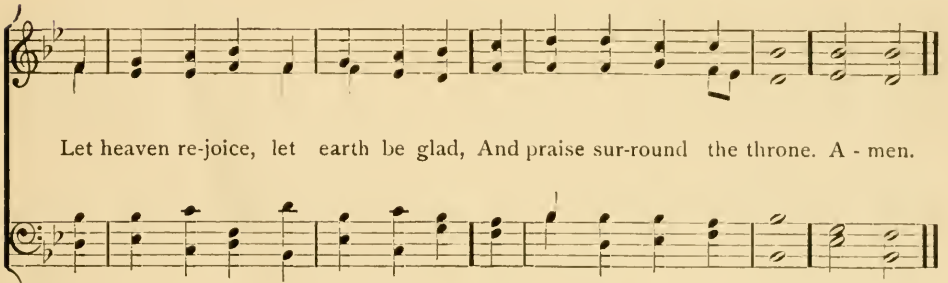
Isaac Watts

H. Lahee

*Vigorously*



1. This is the day the Lord hath made, He calls the hours his own;



Let heaven re-joice, let earth be glad, And praise sur-round the throne. A - men.

2 To-day He rose and left the dead,  
And Satan's empire fell;  
To-day the saints His triumphs spread,  
And all His wonders tell.

4 Bless'd be the Lord, Who comes to men  
With messages of grace;  
Who comes, in God His Father's name,  
To save our sinful race.

3 Hosanna to th' anointed King,  
To David's Holy Son!  
Make haste to help us, Lord, and bring  
Salvation from Thy Throne.

5 Hosanna in the highest strains  
The Church on earth can raise;  
The highest heav'ns in which He reigns  
Shall give Him nobler praise.

5

*Lord God of Morning and of Night**Francis Turner Palgrave**H. W. Baker*

1. Lord God of morn-ing and of night, We thank Thee for thy gift of light:  
 2. Fresh hopes have wakened in our hearts, Fresh force to do our dai-ly part;

As in the dawn the sha-dows fly, We seem to find Thee now more nigh.  
 Thy thousand sleeps our strength restore A thousand-fold to serve Thee more. A - men.

3 Yet, whilst Thy will we would pursue,  
 Oft what we would we cannot do;  
 The sun may stand in zenith skies,  
 But on the soul thick midnight lies.

4 O Lord of lights, 't is Thou alone  
 Canst make our darkened hearts Thine own;  
 Though this new day with joy we see,  
 O Dawn of God, we cry for Thee!

6

*New Every Morning is the Love*

1 New every morning is the love  
 Our wakening and uprising prove;  
 Through sleep and darkness safely brought,  
 Restored to life, and power, and thought.

2 New mercies each returning day  
 Hover around us while we pray;  
 New perils past, new sins forgiven,  
 New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

3 If, on our daily course, our mind  
 Be set to hallow all we find,

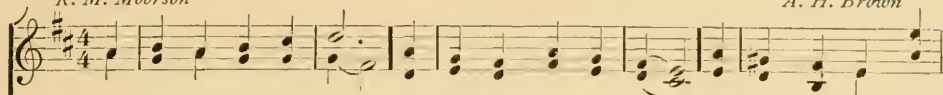
New treasures still, of countless price,  
 God will provide for sacrifice.

4 The trivial round, the common task,  
 Will furnish all we ought to ask;  
 Room to deny ourselves; a road  
 To bring us daily nearer God.

5 Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love,  
 Fit us for perfect rest above,  
 And help us this, and every day,  
 To live more nearly as we pray.

*John Keble*

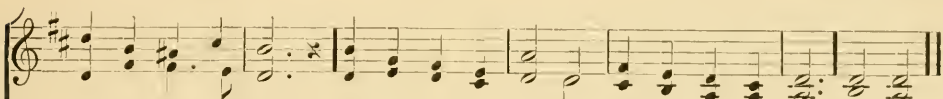
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*Awaked from Sleep**R. M. Moorson**A. H. Brown*

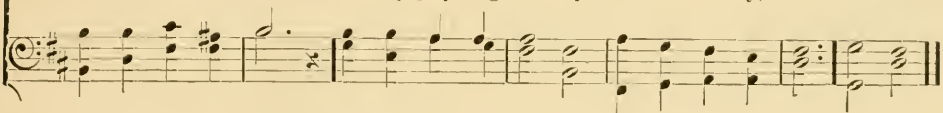
1. Awaked from sleep we fall Be-fore Thee, God of love, And chant the praise the



an - gels raise, O God of might, a - bove; Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly!



Thou art God adored! In Thy pity-ing mer-cy show us mer-cy, Lord. A-men.



2 Thou wakedst me from sleep;  
Shine on this mind and heart,  
And touch my tongue, that I among  
Thy choir may take my part;  
Holy, Holy, Holy! Trinity adored!  
In Thy pitying mercy show me mercy, Lord.

3 The Judge will come with speed,  
And each man's deeds be known;  
Our trembling cry shall rise on high  
At midnight to Thy Throne;  
Holy, Holy, Holy! King of saints adored!  
In the hour of judgment show us mercy, Lord.

## 8

*Now that the Daylight fills the Sky**From the Latin. J. M. Neale**G. A. Macfarren*

*mp* 1. Now that the daylight fills the sky, We lift our hearts to God on high, That He, in *cres.*

*f* *p* all we do or say, Would keep us free from harm to-day. A - men.

2 May He restrain our tongues from strife,  
And shield from danger's din our life,  
And guard with watchful care our eyes  
From earth's absorbing vanities.

4 So we, when this day's work is o'er,  
And shades of night return once more,  
Our path of trial safely trod,  
Shall give the glory to our God.

3 Oh, may our inmost hearts be pure,  
From thoughts of folly kept secure,  
And pride of sinful flesh subdued  
Through sparing use of daily food.

5 All praise to God the Father be,  
All praise, Eternal Son, to Thee,  
Whom with the Spirit we adore  
For ever and for evermore. Amen.

## 9

*Again Returns the Day of Holy Rest**Tune on opposite page*

1 Again returns the day of holy rest  
Which, when He made the world, Jehovah  
blessed;

When, like His own, he bade our labor cease,  
And all be piety and all be peace.

2 Let us devote this consecrated day  
To learn His will, and all we learn obey;

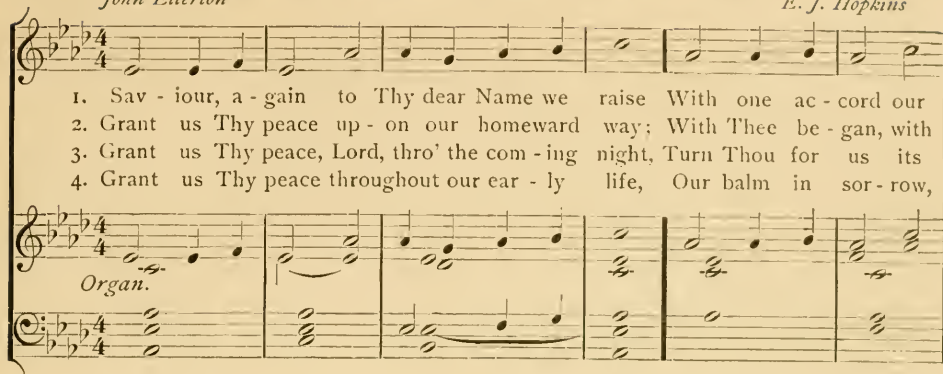
So shall He hear when fervently we raise  
Our supplications and our songs of praise.

3 Father in heaven! in whom our hopes confide,  
Whose power defends us and whose precepts  
guide,

In life our Guardian and in death our Friend,  
Glory supreme be Thine till time shall end.

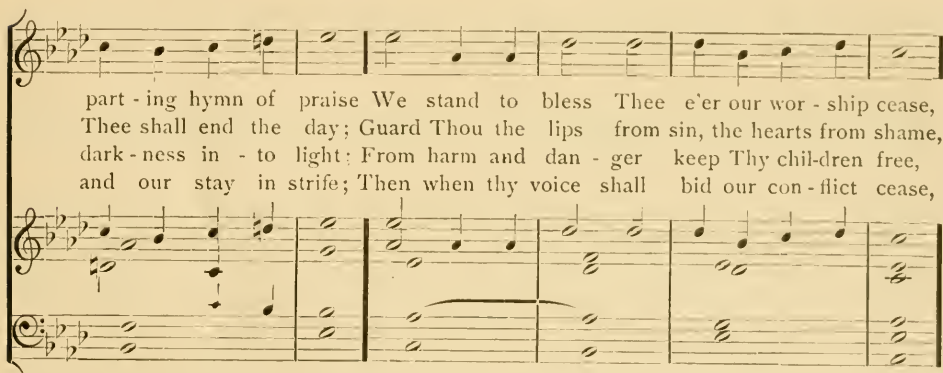
*Wm. Mason*

10

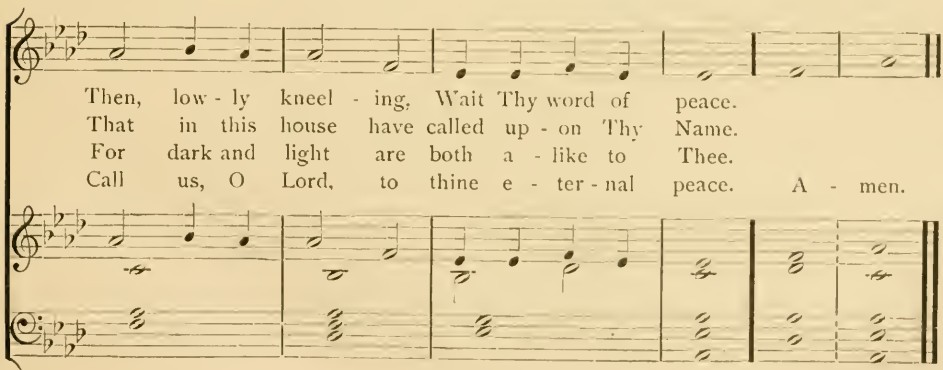
*Saviour, again to Thy dear Name**John Ellerton**E. J. Hopkins*


1. Sav - iour, a - gain to Thy dear Name we raise With one ac - cord our  
 2. Grant us Thy peace up - on our homeward way; With Thee be - gan, with  
 3. Grant us Thy peace, Lord, thro' the com - ing night, Turn Thou for us its  
 4. Grant us Thy peace throughout our ear - ly life, Our balm in sor - row,

*Organ.*



part - ing hymn of praise We stand to bless Thee e'er our wor - ship cease,  
 Thee shall end the day; Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,  
 dark - ness in - to light; From harm and dan - ger keep Thy chil - dren free,  
 and our stay in strife; Then when thy voice shall bid our con - flict cease,



Then, low - ly kneel - ing, Wait Thy word of peace.  
 That in this house have called up - on Thy Name.  
 For dark and light are both a - like to Thee.  
 Call us, O Lord, to thine e - ter - nal peace. A - men.

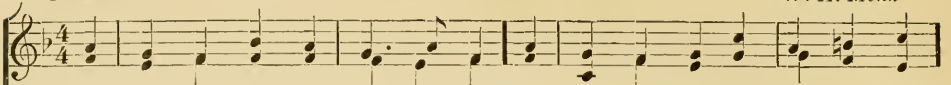


## II


*Sweet Saviour, Bless Us ere We Go*

F. W. Faber

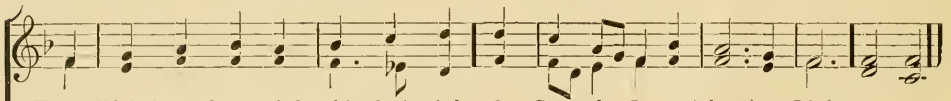
W. H. Monk



1. Sweet Sav - iour, bless us ere we go; Thy words in - to our minds in - stil;  
 2. Do more than par - don; give us joy, Sweet fear, and so - ber lib - er - ty,



And make our luke - warm hearts to glow With low - ly light and fer - vent will;  
 And lov - ing hearts with - out al - loy That on - ly long to be like Thee.



Thro' life's long day and death's dark night, O Gen - tle Je - sus! be 'our Light.  
 Thro' life's long day and death's dark night, O Gen - tle Je - sus! be our Light. A-men

3 Labor is sweet, for Thou hast toiled,  
 And care is light, for Thou hast cared;  
 Let not our works with self be soiled,  
 Nor in unsimple ways ensnared.  
 Through life's long day, etc.

4 For all we love, the poor, the sad,  
 The sinful, unto Thee we call;  
 O let Thy mercy make us glad;  
 Thou art our Jesus, and our All.  
 Through life's long day, etc.

## 12

*Lord, Dismiss us**H. J. Buckoll**J. Barnby.*

1. Lord, dis - miss us with Thy bless - ing, Thanks for mer - cies past re - ceive;  
 2. Bless Thou all our days of leis - ure; Help us sel - fish lures to flee;

Par - don all, their faults con - fess - ing; Time that's lost may all re - trieve;  
 Sanc - ti - fy our eve - ry pleas - ure; Pure and blame - less may it be;

May Thy chil - dren Ne'er a - gain Thy Spir - it grieve.  
 May our glad - ness Draw us ev - er - more to Thee. A - men.

3 By Thy kindly influence cherish  
 All the good we here have gain'd;  
 May all taint of evil perish  
 By Thy mightier power restrain'd;  
 Seek we ever  
 Knowledge pure and love unfeign'd.

4 Let Thy father-hand be shielding  
 All who here shall meet no more;  
 May their seed-time past be yielding  
 Year by year a richer store;  
 Those returning,  
 Make more faithful than before.

## 13

*Glory to Thee, my God, this night**Tune—Tallis' Canon. G major*

1 Glory to Thee, my God, this night.  
 For all the blessings of the light;  
 Keep me, oh, keep me, King of kings!  
 Beneath Thine own almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son.  
 The ill which I this day have done:  
 That with the world, myself, and Thee,  
 I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread  
 The grave as little as my bed:  
 Teach me to die, that so I may  
 Rise glorious at the judgment-day.

4 Oh, let my soul on Thee repose,  
 And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close!  
 Sleep, which shall me more vigorous make  
 To serve my God when I awake.

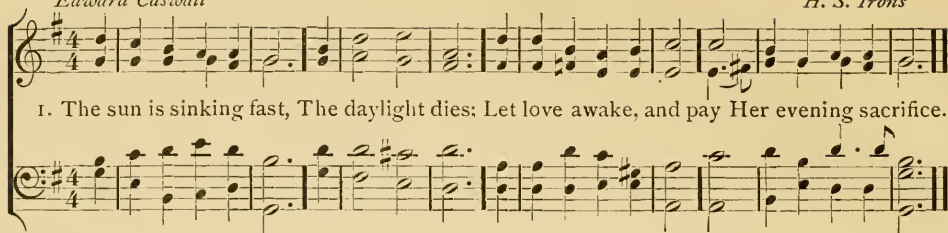
*T. Ken*

## 14

*The Sun is Sinking Fast*

Edward Caswall

H. S. Irons



1. The sun is sinking fast, The daylight dies: Let love awake, and pay Her evening sacrifice.

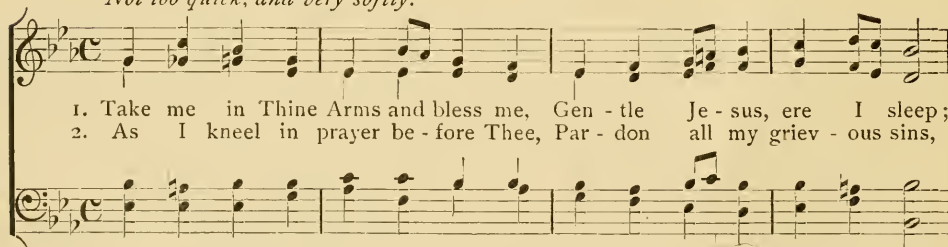
2 As Christ upon the cross  
His head inclined,  
And to His Father's hands  
His parting soul resigned;—

4 Thus would I live; yet now  
Not I, but he  
In all His power and love  
Henceforth alive in me.

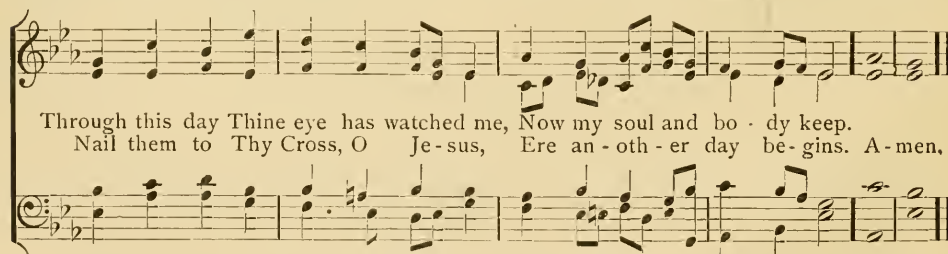
3 So now herself my soul  
Would wholly give  
Into His sacred charge,  
In whom all spirits live.

5 One sacred Trinity!  
One Lord divine!  
May I be ever His,  
And He forever mine.

## 15

*Take me in Thine Arms and Bless me**Not too quick, and very softly.*

1. Take me in Thine Arms and bless me, Gen - tle Je - sus, ere I sleep;  
2. As I kneel in prayer be - fore Thee, Par - don all my griev - ous sins,



Through this day Thine eye has watched me, Now my soul and bo - dy keep.  
Nail them to Thy Cross, O Je - sus, Ere an - oth - er day be - gins. A - men,

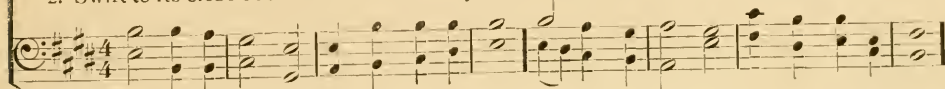
3 For the past, O God, forgive me,  
In the present be Thou near;  
And through all the veiled future  
Guide me ever, Saviour dear.

4 Through the darksome valley lead me,  
And be with the friends I love,  
Whilst on earth we live together  
Fit us for the rest above.

## I6

*Abide With Me!**H. F. Lyte**W. H. Monk*

1. Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide, The darkness deepens—Lord, with me abide!  
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;



When other helpers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!  
 Change and decay in all around I see; O Thou, who changest not, abide with me! A-men.



- 3 I need Thy presence every passing hour, 4 Hold thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;  
 What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's Shine through the gloom, and point me to the  
 power? skies;  
 Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be? Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain  
 shadows flee!  
 Thro' cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me! In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

## I7

*Now the Day is Over**S. Baring Gould**G. Hinton*

1. Now the day is o-ver Night is drawing nigh; Shadows of the eve-ning  
 2. Je-sus give the wea-ry Calm and sweet re-pose; With Thy tenderest bless-ing




Steal a-cross the sky,  
 May our eye-lids close. A-men.



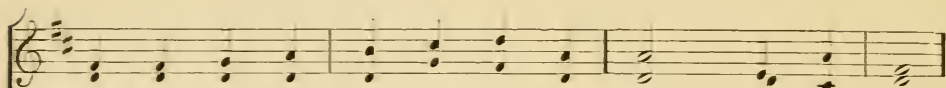
- 3 Comfort every sufferer  
 Watching late in pain;  
 Those who plan some evil  
 From their sin restrain.

- 4 When the morning wakens,  
 Then may I arise,  
 Pure, and fresh, and sinles  
 In Thy holy eyes.


18

*God that madest Earth and Heaven**R. Heter  
Quickly.**W. H. Monk*


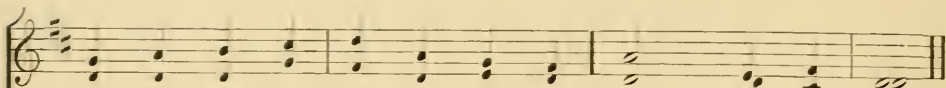
1. God, that ma - dest earth and heav - en, Dark - ness and light;  
2. Guard us wak - ing, guard us sleep - ing; And, when we die,



Who the day for toil hast giv - en, For rest the night;  
May we, in Thy might - y keep - ing, All peace - ful lie!



May Thine an - gel guards de - fend us! Slumber sweet Thy mer - cy send us!  
When the last dread trump shall wake us, Do not Thou, our Lord, for - sake us:



Ho - ly dreams and hopes at - tend us, This live - long night.  
But to reign in glo - ry take us With Thee on high.



19

*Saviour, now the Day is Ending**S. Doudney**J. W. Elliott*

1. Sav-iour, now the day is end-ing, And the shades of even-ing fall:  
 2. Bless the gos-pel mes-sage, spo-ken In Thine own ap-poin-ted way;

Let Thy Ho-ly Ghost, des-cend-ing, Bring Thy mer-cy to us all.  
 Give each long-ing soul a to-ken Of Thy ten-der love to-day.

Set Thy seal on eve-ry heart, Je-sus! bless us ere we part.  
 Set Thy seal on eve-ry heart, Je-sus! bless us ere we part. A-men.

3 Comfort those in pain and sorrow  
 Watch each sleeping child of Thine:  
 Let us all arise to-morrow  
 Strengthened by Thy grace Divine;  
 Set Thy seal on every heart.  
 Jesus! bless us ere we part.

4 Pardon thou each deed unholy!  
 Lord, forgive each sinful thought;  
 Make us contrite, pure, and lowly.  
 By Thy great example taught:  
 Set Thy seal on every heart,  
 Jesus! bless us ere we part.

20

*Sun of my Soul! Thou Saviour Dear**Tune—Hursley. F major*

1 Sun of my soul! Thou Saviour dear,  
 It is not night if Thou be near:  
 Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise  
 To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!

2 When soft the dews of kindly sleep  
 My wearied eyelids gently steep,  
 Be my last thought—how sweet to rest  
 For ever on my Saviour's breast!

3 Abide with me from morn till eve.  
 For without Thee I cannot live:  
 Abide with me when night is nigh,  
 For without Thee I dare not die.

4 Be near to bless me when I wake,  
 Ere through the world my way I take:  
 Abide with me till in Thy love  
 I lose my self in heaven above.

*J. Kille*

## 2I

*The Day is Past and Over**Anatolius, Tr.**J. M. Neale,**A. H. Brown*

1. The day is past and o - ver; All thanks, O Lord, to Thee!  
2. The joys of day are o - ver; All thanks, O Lord, to Thee!

I pray Thee that of - fence - less The hours of dark may be:  
We ask Thee that of - fence - less The hours of dark may be:

O Je-sus, keep me in Thy sight, And save me thro' the com-ing night.  
O Je-sus, keep us in Thy sight, And save us thro' the com-ing night. A-men.

3 The toils of day are over;  
We raise our hymn to Thee,  
And ask, that free from danger  
The hours of night may be:  
O Jesus, keep us in Thy sight,  
And guard us through the coming night.

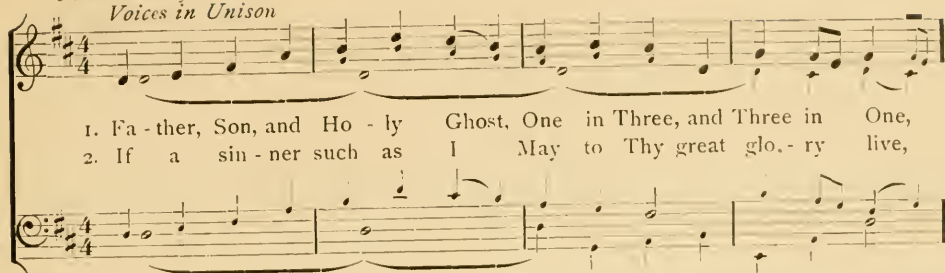
4 be Thou our soul's Defender,  
Good Lord, for thou dost know  
How many are the perils  
Through which we have to go:  
Thou, ever wakeful, hear our call,  
And guard and save us from them all.

22

# Father, Son, and Holy Ghost

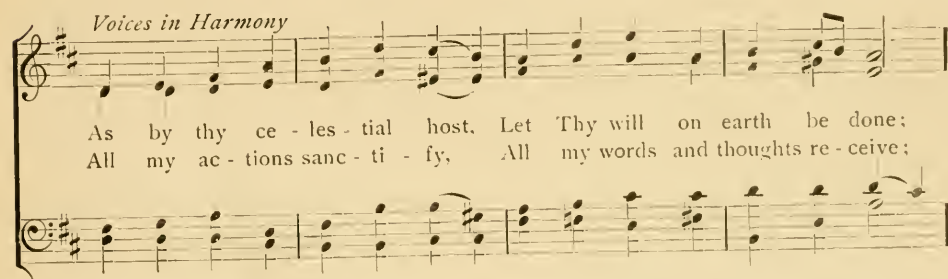
Charles Wesley  
Voices in Unison

A. E. Tozer

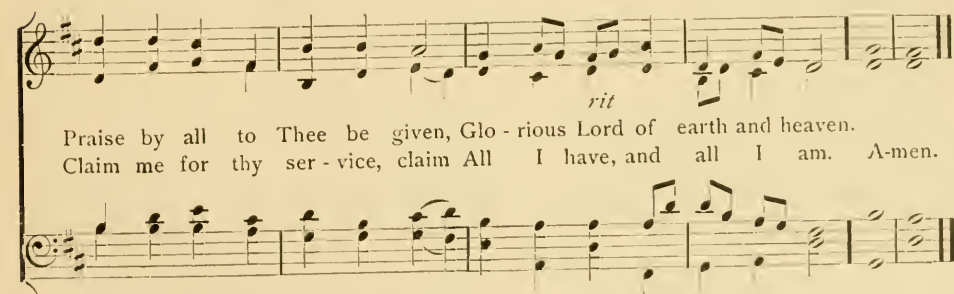


1. Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, One in Three, and Three in One,  
2. If a sin - ner such as I May to Thy great glo - ry live,

*Voices in Harmony*



As by thy ce - les - tial host, Let Thy will on earth be done;  
All my ac - tions sanc - ti - fy, All my words and thoughts re - ceive;



*rit*  
Praise by all to Thee be given, Glo - rious Lord of earth and heaven.  
Claim me for thy ser - vice, claim All I have, and all I am. A-men.

3 Take my soul and body's powers;  
Take my memory, mind, and will,  
All my goods, and all my hours,  
All I know, and all I feel,  
All I think, or speak, or do;  
Take my heart:— but make it new!

4 O my God, Thine own I am,  
Let me give Thee back Thine own;  
Freedom, friends, and health, and fame,  
Consecrate to Thee alone;  
Thine to live, thrice happy I:  
Happier still if Thine I die.

23

*Lord of the Worlds Above*

*Isaac Watts*

*J. Darwall*

1. Lord of the worlds above, How pleasant and how fair The dwellings Thine earthly  
of thy love,

tem-ples are! To thine abode my heart aspires; With warm desires to see my God.

2 O happy souls, who pray  
Where God appoints to hear!  
O happy men, who pay  
Their constant service there!  
They praise Thee still; and happy they  
Who love the way to Zion's hill!

3 They go from strength to strength,  
Through this dark vale of tears,  
Till each arrives at length,  
Till each in heaven appears.  
O glorious seat, when God, our King,  
Shall thither bring our willing feet.

24

*Glorious is Thy Name, O Lord!*

*Tune on page 15*

1 Glorious is Thy Name, O Lord!  
Heav'n and earth with one accord  
Tell Thy greatness, part revealed,  
But the larger part concealed.  
How shall we poor sinners dare  
Seek Thy face in praise and prayer!

2 Fearful is Thy Name, O Lord!  
Dread Thy voice, and sharp Thy sword:  
Thunders roll around Thy path:  
None can stand before Thy wrath!  
How shall trembling sinners dare  
Lift their voice in praise and prayer?

3 Yet with all thy wondrous might  
Far beyond our mortal sight,  
Perfect wisdom, boundless powers,  
Thou, O glorious God! art ours.  
So, though filled with awe we dare  
Name Thy Name in praise and prayer.

4 Since, to save a world undone,  
Thou didst give Thine only Son,  
All Thy greatness, Lord Most High,  
Brings Thee to our hearts more nigh.  
Thus in faith and hope we dare  
Claim Thy love in praise and prayer.

*H. Twells*

25

*To Him that Chose us First*

*Isaac Watts*

*Traditional Melody*

1. To Him that chose us first, Be - fore the world be - gan;

To Him that bore the curse To save re - bell - ious man;

To Him that formed our hearts a - new, Is endless praise and glo - ry due.

2 The Father's love shall run  
Through our immortal songs;  
We bring to God the Son  
Hosanna on our tongues;  
Our lips address the Spirit's name  
With equal praise and zeal the same.

3 Let every saint above,  
And angel round the throne,  
For ever bless and love  
The sacred Three in One;  
Thus heaven shall raise his honors high,  
When earth and time grow old and die.



26

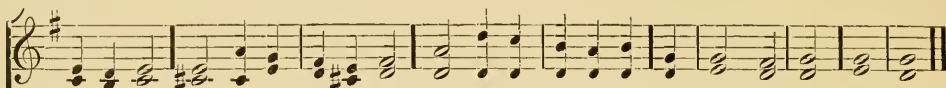
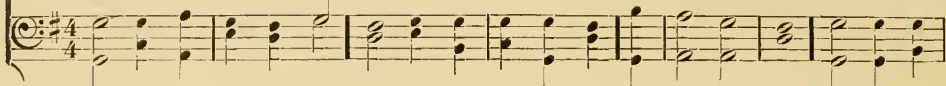
*Thou whose Almighty Word*

*John Marriott*

*Miller's Choralbuch*



1. Thou whose almighty word Chaos and darkness heard, And took their flight, Hear us, we  
2. Thou who didst come to bring On Thy redeeming wing Healing and sight, Health to the



humbly pray, And, where the Gosple-day Sheds not its glorious ray, Let there be light!  
sick in mind, Sight to the in - ly blind, O now to all mankind Let there be light! A - men.



3 Spirit of truth and love,  
Life-giving, holy Dove,  
Speed forth Thy flight,  
Move on the waters' face,  
Spreading the beams of grace,  
And in earth's darkest place  
Let there be light!

4 Blessed and holy Three,  
Glorious Trinity,  
Wisdom, Love, Might:  
Boundless as ocean's tide,  
Rolling in fullest pride,  
Through the earth far and wide  
Let there be light!

27

*Come, Thou Almighty King*

1 Come, Thou almighty King,  
Help us Thy name to sing,  
Help us to praise:  
Father! all-glorious,  
O'er all victorious,  
Come, and reign o'er us,  
Ancient of Days!

2 Come, Thou incarnate Word,  
Gird on Thy mighty sword;  
Our prayer attend;  
Come, and Thy people bless,  
And give Thy word success—  
Spirit of holiness!  
On us descend.

3 Come, holy Comforter!  
Thy sacred witness bear,  
In this glad hour:  
Thou, who almighty art,  
Now rule in every heart,  
And ne'er from us depart,  
Spirit of power!

4 To the great One in Three,  
The highest praises be,  
Hence evermore!  
His sovereign majesty  
May we in glory see,  
And to eternity  
Love and adore.

*C. Wesley*

28

Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise Thee

Francis S. Key

A. E. Tozer

Voices in unison,

*f*

1. Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise Thee For the bliss Thy love bestows; For the pardoning grace that saves me,

ORGAN. *f*

*Ped.*

And the peace that from it flows: Help, O God, my weak en - deav - or; This dull soul to

*rit.*

rap - ture raise; Thou must light the flame, or nev - er Can my love be warmed to praise.

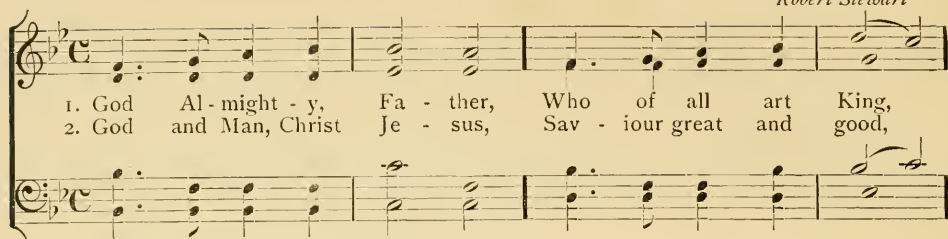
2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,  
Wretched wanderer, far astray;  
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee  
From the paths of death away;  
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,  
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,  
And, the light of hope revealing,  
Bade the blood-stained cross appear.

3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling  
Vainly would my lips express:  
Low before Thy footstool kneeling,  
Deign Thy suppliant's prayer to bless;  
Let Thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,  
Love's pure flame within me raise;  
And, since words can never measure,  
Let my life show forth Thy praise.

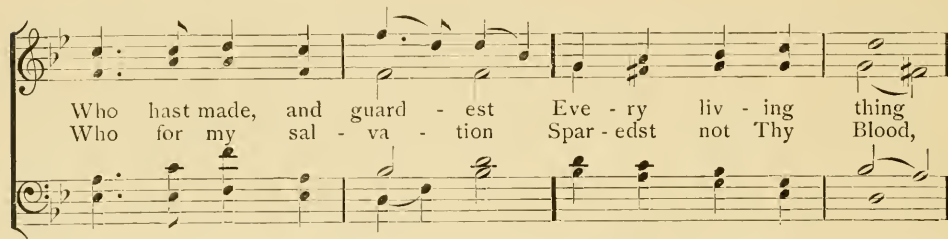
29

# God Almighty, Father

Robert Stewart



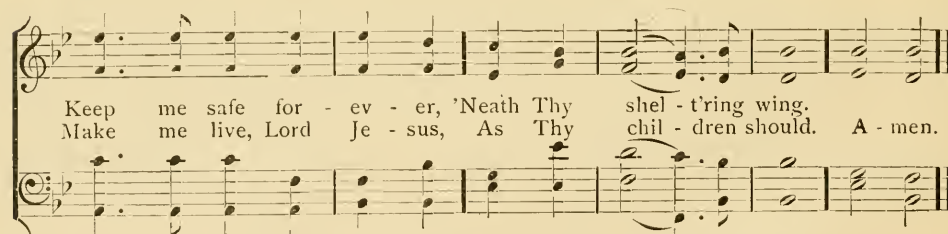
1. God Al-might-y, Fa-ther, Who of all art King,  
2. God and Man, Christ Je-sus, Sav-iour great and good,



Who hast made, and guard-est Eve-ry liv-ing thing  
Who for my sal-va-tion Spar-edst not Thy Blood,



\* Keep me safe for-ev-er, Keep me safe for-ev-er,  
Make me live, Lord Je-sus, Make me live, Lord Je-sus,



Keep me safe for-ev-er, 'Neath Thy shel-t'ring wing.  
Make me live, Lord Je-sus, As Thy chil-dren should. A-men.

3 God the Holy Spirit,  
Pure, most pure Thou art,  
Be thou ever with me,  
Dwell within my heart;  
Bid all thought of evil  
Far from me depart.

4 Trinity most Holy,  
Father, Spirit, Son,  
One in Three for ever  
Ever Three in one!  
May I praise Thee always  
When this life is done.

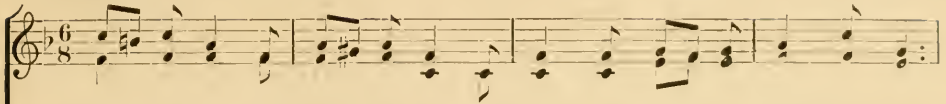
\* The 5th line in each verse to be repeated in the same way.

30

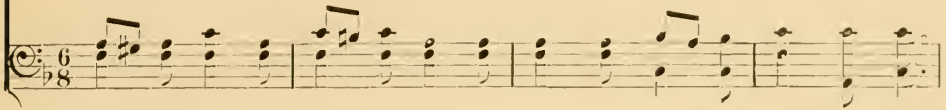
# *Angel Voices Breathing Ever*

*Fanny J. Crosby*

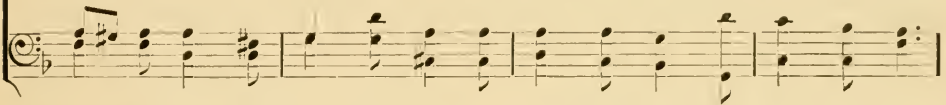
*Paul Ambrose*



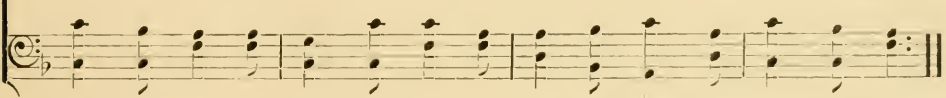
1. An - gel voi - ces breath - ing ev - er Songs of praise to God on high



Thro' the gates of light and glo - ry, Call us now from yon - der sky,



Come and wor - ship, Come and wor - ship, Wor - ship Christ our Lord and King.



2 O'er the lovely realm of nature,  
By her sparkling fountains clear,  
Thro' the forest and the valley,  
Still the earnest call we hear,  
Come and worship, etc.

4 In the whisper of the twilight.  
When the zephyrs murmur low,  
In the sighing of the leaflet,  
We can hear where'er we go,  
Come and worship, etc.

3 When the morning in its beauty  
Wakes the earth from sleep profound,  
In the music of the song bird  
We can hear the grateful sound,  
Come and worship, etc.

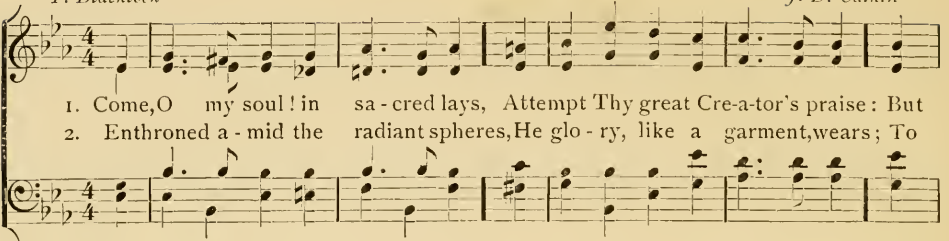
5 Come and worship our creator,  
Him whose mercy we adore;  
Come and worship our Redeemer,  
Sing and praise Him evermore;  
Come and worship, etc.

31

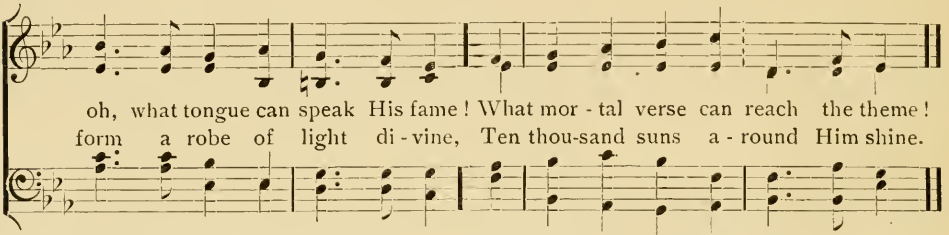
*Come, O my Soul, in Sacred Lays*

*T. Blacklock*

*J. B. Calkin*



1. Come, O my soul! in sa - cred lays, Attempt Thy great Cre-a-tor's praise: But  
2. Enthroned a - mid the radiant spheres, He glo - ry, like a garment, wears; To



oh, what tongue can speak His fame! What mor - tal verse can reach the theme!  
form a robe of light di - vine, Ten thousand suns a - round Him shine.

3 In all our Maker's grand designs,  
Almighty power, with wisdom, shines:  
His works, through all this wondrous frame,  
Declare the glory of His name.

4 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,  
Do thou, my soul, His glories sing;  
And let His praise employ thy tongue,  
Till listening worlds shall join the song!

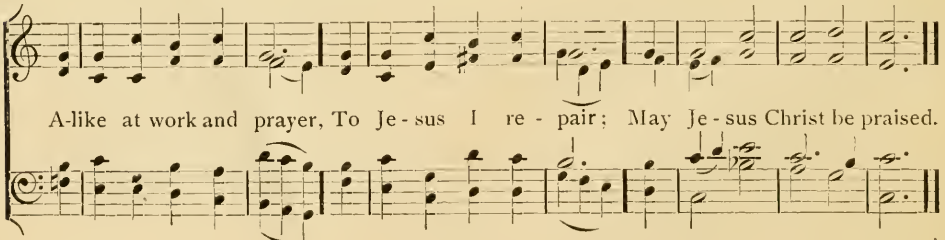
32

*When Morning Gilds the Skies*

*Joseph Barnby*



1. When morning gilds the skies, My heart a-wak-ing cries May Jesus Christ be praised.



A-like at work and prayer, To Je - sus I re - pair; May Je - sus Christ be praised.



2 The night becomes as day,  
When from the heart we say  
May Jesus Christ be praised:  
The powers of darkness fear,  
When this sweet chant they hear,  
May Jesus Christ be praised,

3 In heaven's eternal bliss  
The loveliest strain is this,  
May Jesus Christ be praised,  
Let earth, and sea, and sky  
From depth to height reply,  
May Jesus Christ be praised.

# 33

## *In Thy Name, O Lord, Assembling*

*Thomas Kelly*

*E. J. Hopkins*

1. In Thy name, O Lord! as - sem - bling, We, thy peo - ple, now draw near;

Teach us to re - joice with trem - bling; Speak, and let thy ser - vants hear, -

Hear with meek - ness, - Hear Thy Word with god - ly fear.

2 While our days on earth are lengthened,  
May we give them, Lord, to Thee;  
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,  
May we run, nor weary be.  
Till Thy glory  
Without clouds in heaven we see.

3 There, in worship purer, sweeter,  
Thee Thy people shall adore;  
Tasting of enjoyment greater  
Than they could conceive before;  
Full enjoyment,  
Full, unmixed, and evermore

34

# *Angels Holy, High and Lowly*

John Stuart Blackie

F. A. G. Ouseley

I - An - gels ho - ly, high and low - ly, Sing the prais - es of the Lord!

Earth and sky, all liv - ing na - ture, Man the stamp of

thy Cre - a - tor, Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Sun and moon, bright night and moonlight;<br/>         Starry temples, azure-floored;<br/>         Cloud and rain, and wild wind's madness,<br/>         Sons of God that shout for gladness,<br/>         Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!</p> | <p>3 Praise Him ever, bounteous Giver;<br/>         Praise Him, Father, Friend and Lord!<br/>         Each glad soul its free course winging,<br/>         Each glad voice its free song singing,<br/>         Praise the great and mighty Lord.</p> |
|--|--|

35

# *Songs of Praise the Angels Sang*

*Tune on opposite page*

1 Songs of praise the angels sang,  
 Heaven with hallelujahs rang,  
 When Jehovah's work begun,  
 When He spake, and it was done.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn  
 When the Prince of peace was born;  
 Songs of praise arose when He  
 Captive led captivity.

3 Saints below, with heart and voice,  
 Still in songs of praise rejoice;  
 Learning here, by faith and love,  
 Songs of praise to sing above.

4 Borne upon their latest breath,  
 Songs of praise shall conquer death;  
 Then, amidst eternal joy,  
 Songs of praise their powers employ.

*Jas. Montgomery*

36

*Glory be to God on High*

*C. Wesley*

*English Melody*

1. Glo - ry be to God on high,—God, whose glo - ry fills the sky;

Peace on earth to man for - given,—Man, the well be - loved of heaven

Sove - reign Fa - ther, Heavenly King! Thee we now pre - sume to sing;

Glad Thine at - tri - butes con - fess, Glo - rious all, and num - ber - less.

2 Hail, by all Thy works adored!  
Hail, the everlasting Lord!  
Thee with thankful hearts we prove,—  
God of power, and God of love!  
Christ our Lord and God we own,—  
Christ the Father's only Son;  
Lamb of God, for sinners slain,  
Saviour of offending man.

3 Jesus! in Thy name we pray,  
Take, oh, take our sins away!  
Powerful Advocate with God!  
Justify us by Thy blood.  
Hear, for Thou, O Christ! alone,  
Art with Thy great Father one:  
One the Holy Ghost with Thee:—  
One supreme eternal Three.

37

*Be joyful in God*

- 1 Be joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth ;  
Oh, serve Him with gladness and fear ;  
Exult in his presence with music and mirth,  
With love and devotion draw near :  
Jehovah is God, and Jehovah alone,  
Creator and Ruler o'er all ;  
And we are His people, His sceptre we own,  
His sheep, and we follow His call.
- 2 Oh, enter His gates with thanksgiving and song,  
Your vows in His temple proclaim ;  
His praise in melodious accordance prolong,  
And bless His adorable name :  
For good is the Lord inexpressibly good,  
And we are the work of His hand ;  
His mercy and truth from eternity stood,  
And shall to eternity stand.

*James Montgomery*

38

*Oh, worship the King*

*Tune—Lyons A major*

- 1 Oh, worship the King, all-glorious above,  
And gratefully sing His wonderful love ;  
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,  
Pavilion'd in splendor, and girded with praise.
- 2 Oh, tell of His might, and sing of His grace,  
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space ;  
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,  
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
- 3 His bountiful care what tongue can recite ?  
It breathes in the air it shines in the light,  
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,  
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.
- 4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,  
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail ;  
Thy mercies how tender ! how firm to the end !  
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer and Friend.

*Robert Grant*

39

# Hosanna, Raise the Pealing Hymn

Wm. R. Havergal

A. E. Tozer

1. Ho - san - na! raise the peal - ing hymn To Da - vid's Son and Lord;  
 2. Ho - san - na! Sov'reign, Proph-et, Priest; How vast Thy gifts, how free!

With cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim Ex - alt th'in - car - nate Word.  
 Thy blood, our life; Thy Word, our feast; Thy name our on - ly plea.

Ho - san - na! Lord, our fee - ble tongue No loft - y strains can raise;  
 Ho - san - na! Mas - ter, lo, we bring Our of - f'ings to Thy throne;

*rall.*  
 But Thou wilt not de - spise the young, Who meek - ly chant Thy praise.  
 Nor gold, nor myrrh, nor mor - tal thing, But hearts to be Thine own.

3 Hosanna! once Thy gracious ear  
 Approved a lisping throng:  
 Be gracious still, and deign to hear  
 Our poor but grateful song.  
 Our Saviour, if, redeemed by Thee,  
 Thy temple we behold,  
 Hosannas through eternity  
 We'll sing to harps of gold!



40

# When the Morning Breaketh

A. H. Turner

R. F. Dale

1. When the morn - ing break - eth, And the dawn of day,  
2. When the day de - clin - ing, Fades in ev - 'ning light,

All cre - a - tion wak - eth With its joy - ous ray,  
And the stars' soft shin - ing Cheers the gloom of night,

*slower.*

Je - sus, grant that Thou mayst be Light and life a - gain to me.  
Je - sus, may Thy child be blest With Thy gifts of sleep and rest. A - men.

3 While my life is flowing  
Onward through the years,  
And Thy Hand bestowing  
Joy, entwined with tears,  
Jesus, guide me by Thy love  
To my home prepared above.

4 When life's shadows lengthen,  
And its day dreams cease,  
Then my spirit strengthen,  
Give to me Thy peace;  
Jesus, let Thy Presence be  
Life for evermore to me. Amen.

41

# Angel Voices ever Singing

Francis Pott

Arthur S. Sullivan

1. An-gel voi-ces ev - er singing Round Thy throne of light, Angel harps forever ringing,

Rest not day nor night; Thousands only      Thee, And confess Thee Lord of might. A-men.  
live to bless

2 Thou, who art beyond the farthest  
Mental eye can scan,  
Can it be that Thou regardest  
Songs of sinful man?  
Can we feel that Thou art near us  
And wilt hear us? Yea, we can.

3 Here, Great God, to-day we offer  
Of Thine own to 'Thee;  
And for Thine acceptance proffer  
All unworthily,  
Hearts and minds, And hands and voices,  
In our choicest melody.

42

# Hark! ten thousand Harps and Voices

Tune—Harwell. G major

1 Hark! ten thousand harps and voices  
Sound the note of praise above;  
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices;  
Jesus reigns, the God of love:  
See, He sits on yonder throne;  
Jesus rules the world alone.

2 King of glory! reign forever—  
Thine an everlasting crown;  
Nothing, from Thy love, shall sever  
Those whom Thou hast made Thine own;—  
Happy objects of Thy grace,  
Destined to behold Thy face,

3 Saviour! hasten Thine appearing;  
Bring, oh, bring the glorious day,  
When, the awful summons hearing,  
Heaven and earth shall pass away:—  
Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,—  
“Glory, glory to our King!”

Thomas Kelly

43

*Let Glory be to God on High*

*J. B. Dykes*

1. Let glo - ry be to God on high : Peace be on earth as in the sky

Good will to men! We bow the knee, We praise, we bless, we wor - ship Thee;

We give Thee thanks, Thy name we sing, Almighty Father! Heavenly King! A - men.

2 O Lord, the sole begotten Son,  
Who bore the crimes which we had done;  
Son of the Father, who wast slain  
To take away the sins of men;  
O Lamb of God, whose blood was spilt  
For all the world, and all its guilt;—

3 Have mercy on us, through thy blood  
Receive our prayer, O Lamb of God!  
For Thou art holy; Thou alone,  
At God's right hand, upon His throne,  
In all His glory, art adored,  
With Thee, O Holy Ghost, One Lord.

44

*Hark! the Sound of holy Voices*

*C. Wordsworth*

*J. Barnby*

*mf*

1. Hark! the sound of ho - ly voi - ces Chant-ing at the crys - tal sea,

*f*

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Lord, to Thee ;

*mf* *cres.*

Mul - ti - tude which none can num - ber, Like the stars in glo - ry stands,

*f*

Clothed in white ap - par - el, hold - ing Palms of vic - tory in their hands.

2 Patriarch and holy Prophet,  
Who prepared the way of Christ,  
King, Apostle, Saint, Confessor,  
Martyr and Evangelist,  
Sainly Maiden, goodly Matron,  
Widows who have watched to prayer,  
Joined in holy concert, singing  
To the Lord of all, are there.

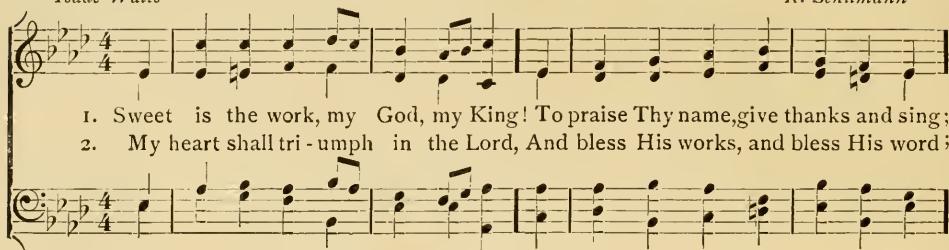
3 Marching with Thy cross their banner,  
They have triumphed following  
Thee, the Captain of salvation,  
Thee their Savior and their King ;  
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffered ;  
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they died ;  
And by death to life immortal  
They were born and glorified.

45

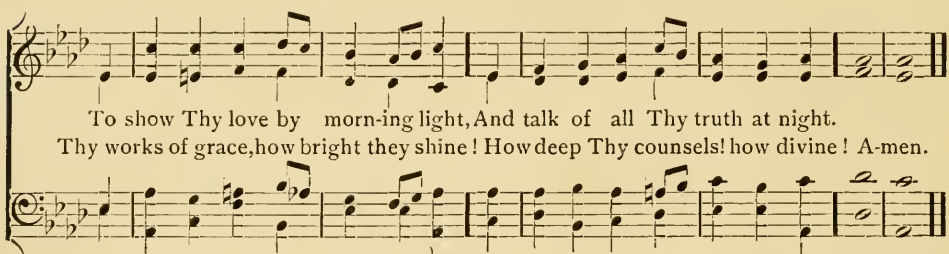
*Sweet is the Work, my God, my King*

Isaac Watts

R. Schumann



1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King! To praise Thy name, give thanks and sing;  
2. My heart shall tri-umph in the Lord, And bless His works, and bless His word;



To show Thy love by morn-ing light, And talk of all Thy truth at night.  
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine! How deep Thy counsels! how divine! A-men.

3 Lord! I shall share a glorious part,  
When grace hath well refined my heart,  
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,  
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

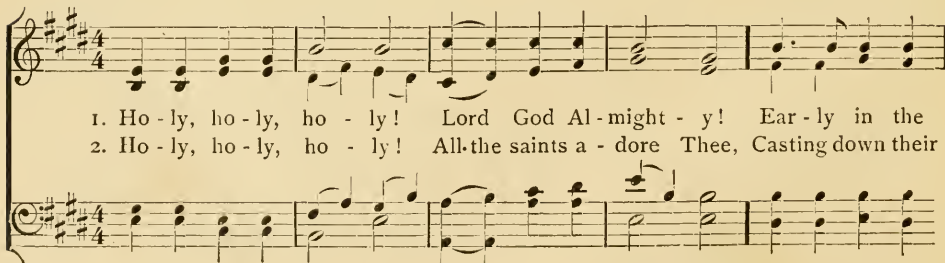
4 Then shall I see, and hear, and know  
All I desired or wished below;  
And every power find sweet employ,  
In that eternal world of joy.

46

*Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty*

R. Heber

J. B. Dykes



1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the  
2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! All the saints a - dore Thee, Casting down their



morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!  
 gold-en crowns a - round the glas - sy sea; Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim

mer - ci - ful and might - y! God in three per - sons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty!  
 fall-ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er-more shalt be.

3 Holy, holy holy, Lord God Almighty!  
 All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea;  
 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!  
 God in three persons, blessed Trinity.

# 47

## *Sweet Hour of Prayer*

*Tune—"Sweet Hour." D Major.*

1 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! 2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!  
 That calls me from a world of care, Thy wings shall my petition bear,  
 And bids me at my Father's throne, To Him whose truth and faithfulness,  
 Make all my wants and wishes known: Engage the waiting soul to bless;  
 In seasons of distress and grief, And since He bids me seek His face,  
 My soul has often found relief, Believe His word, and seek His grace,  
 And oft escaped the tempter's snare, I'll cast on Him my every care,  
 By thy return, sweet hour of prayer! And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!

3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!  
 May I thy consolation share,  
 Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,  
 I view my home, and take my flight:  
 This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise  
 To seize the everlasting prize;  
 And shout, while passing through the air.  
 Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!

*W. W. Walford*

48

# To Thee, my God, my Savior

Thomas Haweis

Old German Melody

1. To Thee, my God, my Sav - iour, My soul, ex - ult - ing sings,  
 Re - joic - ing in Thy fa - vor, Al - might - y King of kings!  
 I'll cel - e - brate Thy glo - ry, With all the saints a - bove,  
 And tell the joy - ful sto - ry Of Thy re - deem - ing love. A men.

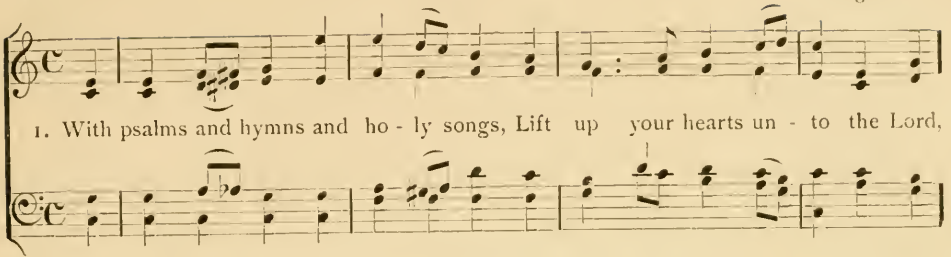
2 Soon as the morn with roses  
 Bedecks the dewy east,  
 And when the sun reposes  
 Upon the ocean's breast,  
 My voice in supplication,  
 My Saviour, Thou shalt hear:  
 Oh, grant me Thy salvation,  
 And to my soul draw near!

3 By Thee through life supported,  
 I pass the dangerous road,  
 With heavenly hosts escorted  
 Up to their bright abode:  
 There cast my crown before Thee,  
 And, all my conflicts o'er,  
 Unceasingly adore Thee:  
 What would an angel more? Amen.

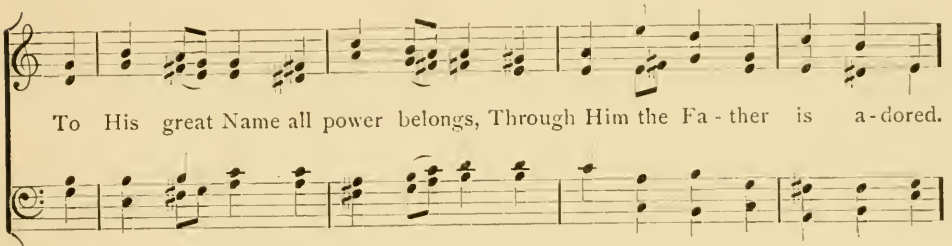
49

*With Psalms and Hymns*

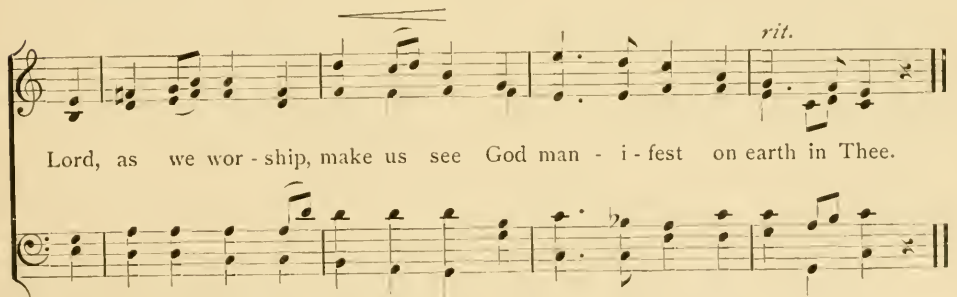
*English*



1. With psalms and hymns and ho - ly songs, Lift up your hearts un - to the Lord,



To His great Name all power belongs, Through Him the Fa - ther is a - dored.



Lord, as we wor - ship, make us see God man - i - fest on earth in Thee.

2 By Him we in thanksgiving raise  
The offering from our harvest store.  
Through Him speeds down the Spirit's grace,  
His Light Divine herein to pour.  
Grant, Lord, whene'er Thy death we shew,  
We may Thy sacred Presence know!

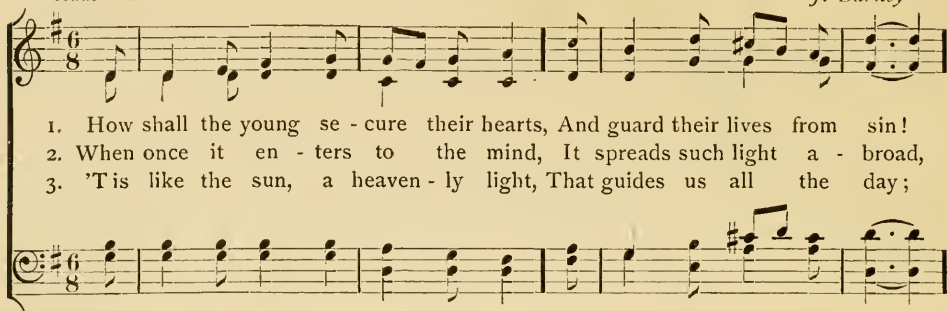
3 In Him and in His love alone,  
That brought Him from the highest down,  
Is wisdom true for aye forth shewn,  
Doth love receive its highest crown.  
Grant, Lord, we may that wisdom know,  
A love like Thine to all to shew!

50

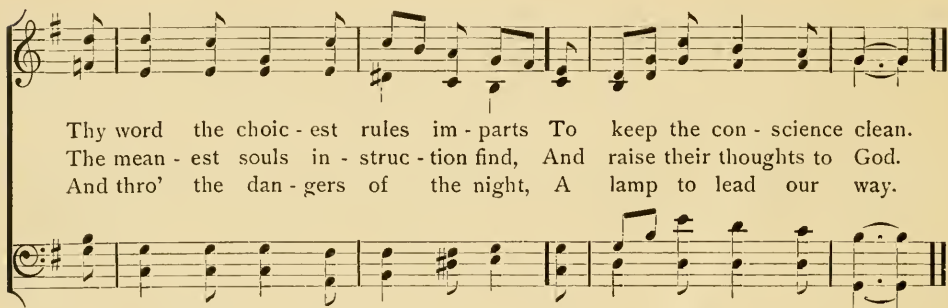
*How shall the Young secure their hearts*

Isaac Watts

J. Barnby



1. How shall the young se - cure their hearts, And guard their lives from sin!
2. When once it en - ters to the mind, It spreads such light a - broad,
3. 'Tis like the sun, a heaven - ly light, That guides us all the day;



Thy word the choic - est rules im - parts To keep the con - science clean.  
The mean - est souls in - struc - tion find, And raise their thoughts to God.  
And thro' the dan - gers of the night, A lamp to lead our way.

- 4 Thy precepts make me truly wise;  
I hate the sinner's road;  
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,  
But love Thy law, my God!

- 5 Thy word is everlasting truth;  
How pure is every page!  
That holy book shall guide our youth,  
And well support our age.

51

*Holy Bible, Book Divine*

Tune—Aletta. F major

- 1 Holy Bible, book divine,  
Precious treasure, thou art mine:  
Mine to tell me whence I came;  
Mine to teach me what I am;

- 2 Mine to chide me when I rove;  
Mine to show a Saviour's love;  
Mine art thou to guide my feet,  
Mine to judge, condemn, acquit;

- 3 Mine to comfort in distress,  
If the Holy Spirit bless;  
Mine to show by living faith,  
Man can triumph over death;

- 4 Mine to tell of joys to come,  
And the rebel sinner's doom:  
Holy Bible, book divine,  
Precious treasure, thou art mine!

John Burten.

52

*O Word of God Incarnate**W. W. How.**J. Hallet Shepherd*

1. O word of God in - car - nate, O wis - dom from on high,

O truth unchanged un - chang - ing, O light of our dark sky!

We praise Thee for the radi - ance That from the hal - lowed page,

A lan - tern to our foot - steps, Shines on from age to age. A-men.

2 The Church from her dear Master  
 Received the gift divine,  
 And still that light she lifteth  
 O'er all the earth to shine.  
 It is the golden casket  
 Where gems of truth ere stored,  
 It is the heaven drawn picture  
 Of Christ the living Word.

3 Oh, make Thy Church, dear Saviour,  
 A lamp of burnished gold,  
 To bear before the nations  
 Thy true light as of old;  
 Oh, teach Thy wandering pilgrims  
 By this their path to trace,  
 Till, clouds and darkness ended,  
 They see Thee face to face.

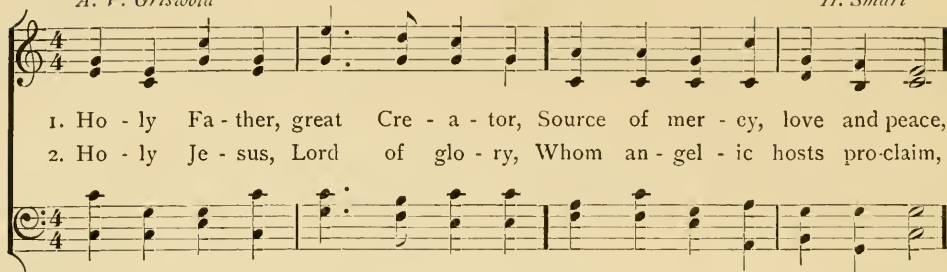


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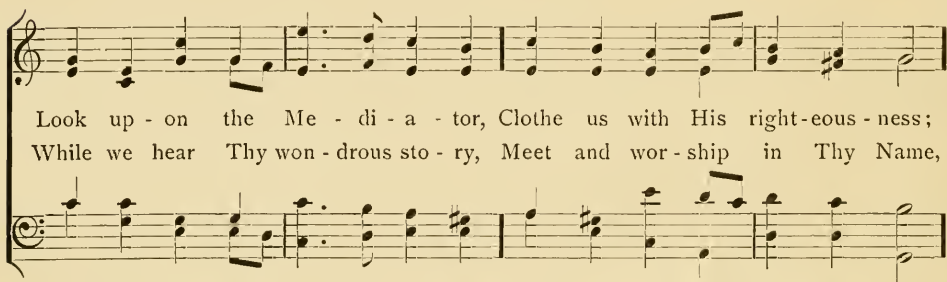
*Holy Father, Great Creator*

*A. V. Griswold*

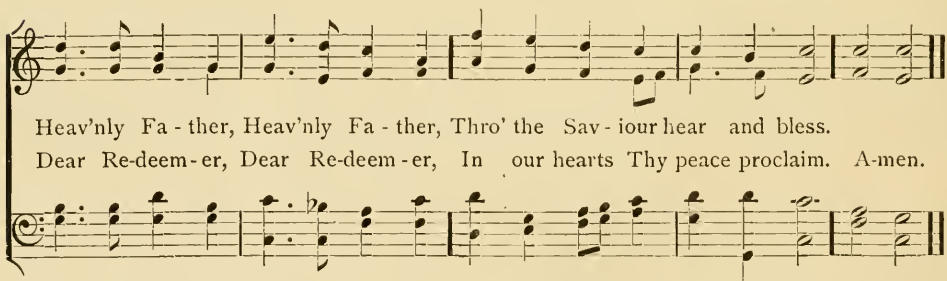
*H. Smart*



1. Ho - ly Fa - ther, great Cre - a - tor, Source of mer - cy, love and peace,  
2. Ho - ly Je - sus, Lord of glo - ry, Whom an - gel - ic hosts pro-claim,



Look up - on the Me - di - a - tor, Clothe us with His right-eous - ness;  
While we hear Thy won - drous sto - ry, Meet and wor - ship in Thy Name,



Heav'nly Fa - ther, Heav'nly Fa - ther, Thro' the Sav - iour hear and bless.  
Dear Re-deem-er, Dear Re-deem-er, In our hearts Thy peace proclaim. A-men.

3 Holy Spirit, Sanctifier,  
Come with unction from above,  
Raise our hearts to raptures higher,  
Fill them with the Saviour's love!  
Source of comfort,  
Cheer us with the Saviour's love!

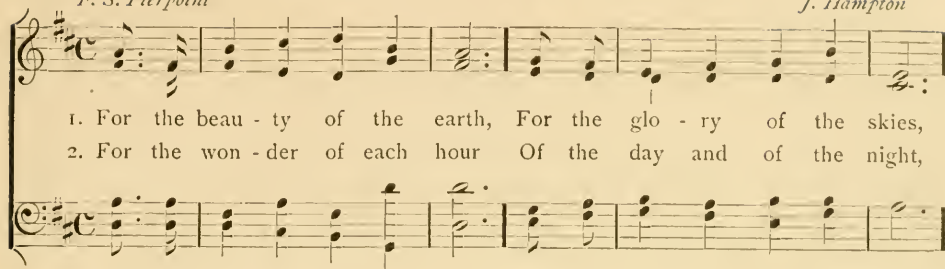
4 God the Lord, through every nation  
Let Thy wondrous mercies shine!  
In the song of Thy salvation  
Every tongue and race combine!  
Great Jehovah,  
Form our hearts and make them thine.

54

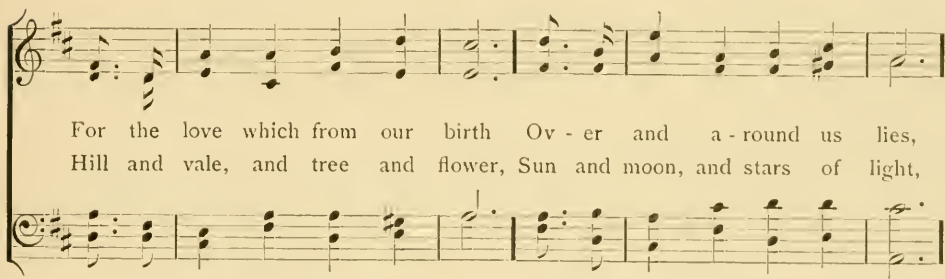
*Lord of All, to Thee we Raise*

*F. S. Pierpoint*

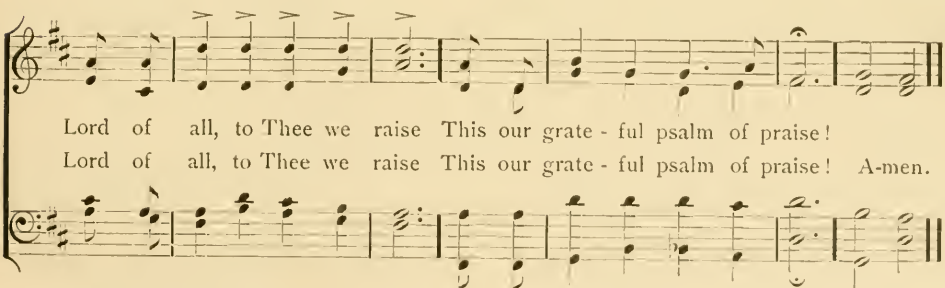
*J. Hampton*



1. For the beau - ty of the earth, For the glo - ry of the skies,  
2. For the won - der of each hour Of the day and of the night,



For the love which from our birth Ov - er and a - round us lies,  
Hill and vale, and tree and flower, Sun and moon, and stars of light,



Lord of all, to Thee we raise This our grate - ful psalm of praise!  
Lord of all, to Thee we raise This our grate - ful psalm of praise! A-men.

3 For the joy of human love.  
Brother, sister, parent, child,  
Friends on earth, and friends above,  
Pleasure pure and undefiled,  
Lord of all, to Thee we raise  
This our grateful hymn of praise!

4 For Thy Church that evermore  
Lifteth holy hands above,  
Offering up on every shore  
Her pure sacrifice of love,  
Lord of all, to Thee we raise  
This our grateful psalm of praise!

55

*God is Love, His Mercy Brightens*

*John Bowring*

*E. S. Carter*

1. God is love, His mer - cy bright - ens All the path in which we rove,  
2. Chance and change are bu - sy ev - er, Man de - cays, and a - ges move;

Bliss He wakes and woe He light - ens; God is wis - dom, God is love.  
But His mer - cy wa - neth nev - er God is wis - dom, God is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth,  
Will His changeless goodness prove:  
From the gloom His brightness streameth;  
God is wisdom, God is love,

4 He with earthly cares entwineth  
Hope and comfort from above:  
Every where His mercy shineth,  
God is wisdom, God is love.

56

*My God, how wonderful Thou art*

*Tune—Corinth D major*

1 My God, how wonderful Thou art,  
Thy majesty how bright!  
How gracious is Thy mercy seat,  
In depths of burning light!

2 Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,  
Almighty as Thou art;  
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me  
The love of my poor heart.

3 No earthly father loves like Thee,  
No mother half so mild  
Bears and forbears, as Thou hast done  
With me, Thy sinful child.

4 My God, how wonderful Thou art,  
Thou everlasting Friend!  
On Thee I stay my trusting heart,  
Till faith in wisdom end.

*F. W. Faber*

57

*Father of All*

*J. Julian*

*J. Barnby*

*Not too Slow.*

1. Fa - ther of all, to Thee With lov - ing hearts we pray, Thro'  
 2. Fa - ther of all, to Thee Our con - trite hearts we raise, Un -

Him, in mer - cy giv'n, The Life, the Truth the Way; From Heav'n Thy Throne, in  
 strung by sin or pain, Long voiceless in Thy praise; Breathe Thou the si - lent

mer - cy shed Thy bless - ings on each bend - ed head.  
 chords a - long, Un - til they trem - ble in - to song. A - men.

3 Father of all, to Thee  
 We breathe unutter'd fears,  
 Deep-hidden in our souls,  
 That have no voice but tears;  
 Take Thou our hand, and through the wild  
 Lead gently on each trustful child.

4 Father of all, may we  
 In praise our tongues employ,  
 When gladness fills the soul  
 With deep and hallowed joy;  
 In storm and calm give us to see  
 The path of peace which leads to Thee.

58

*While Shepherds Watched their Flocks**Tate—Brady**F. H. Cheeswright*

1. While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night, All seat-ed on the ground;

The an-gel of the Lord came down, And glo-ry shone a-round.

“Fear not,” said he,—for might-y dread Had seized their troubled mind,—

“Glad ti-dings of great joy I bring, To you and all man-kind. A-men.

2 “To you in David’s town this day,  
Is born of David’s line,  
The Saviour, who is Christ, the Lord,  
And this shall be the sign;  
The heavenly babe you there shall find  
To human view displayed,  
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,  
And in a manger laid.”

3 Thus spake the seraph—and forthwith  
Appeared a shining throng  
Of angels, praising God, who thus  
Addressed their joyful song:—  
“All glory be to God on high,  
And to the earth be peace;  
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men  
Begin, and never cease!”

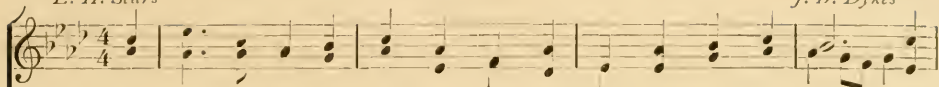


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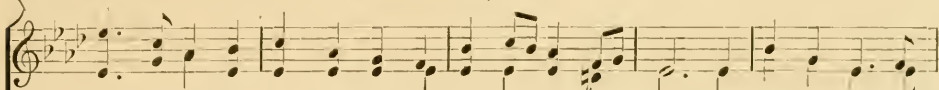
*It Came upon the Midnight clear*

E. H. Sears

J. B. Dykes



1. It came up - on the mid - night clear, That glo - rious song of old, From  
 2. Still thro' the clo - ven skies they come, With peace - ful wings un - furl'd; And  
 3. O ye beneath life's crushing load, Whose form are bend - ing low, Who  
 4. For lo! the days are hast'ning on, By proph - ets seen of old, When



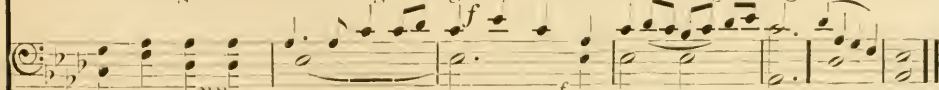
an - gels bending near the earth, To touch their harps of gold: "Peace on the earth, good  
 still their heav'nly mu - sic floats O'er all the wea - ry world; A - bove its sad and  
 toil along the climb - ing way With painful steps and slow, Look now! for glad and  
 with the ev - er - circling years Shall come the time fore - told, When the new heav'n and



will to men, From Heav'n's all - gra - cious King;" The world in sol - emn  
 low - ly plains, They bend on hov - ring wing: And ev - er o'er its  
 gold - en hours Come swift - ly on the wing, O rest beside the  
 earth shall own The Prince of Peace their King, And the whole world send



still - ness lay To hear the an - gels sing, To hear the an - gels sing.  
 Babel sounds The blessed an - gels sing, The blessed an - gels sing.  
 wea - ry road And hear the an - gels sing, And hear the an - gels sing.  
 back the song Which now the an - gels sing, Which now the an - gels sing. A - men.



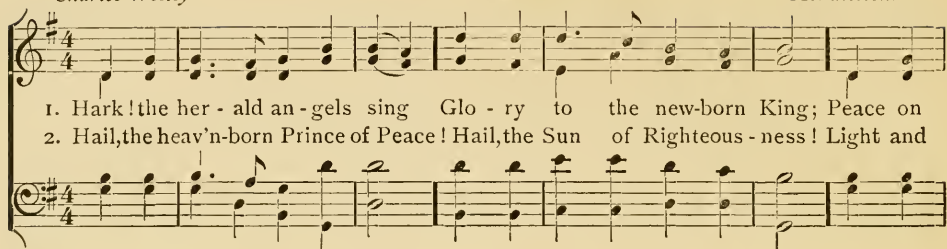
*pp* To hear . . . . . the an - gels sing.  
 The bless - ed an - gels sing.  
 And hear . . . . . the an - gels sing.  
 Which now . . . . . the an - gels sing.

60

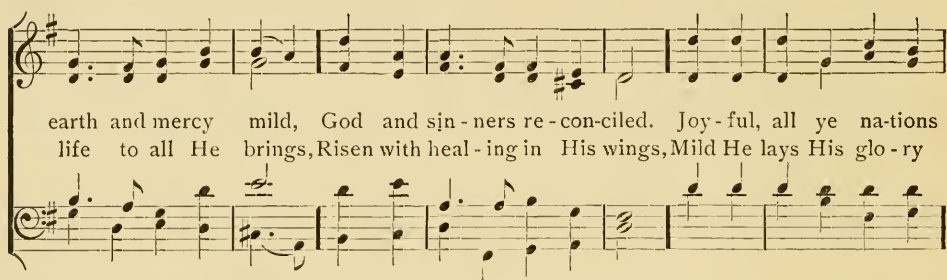
*Hark! the herald Angels sing*

Charles Wesley

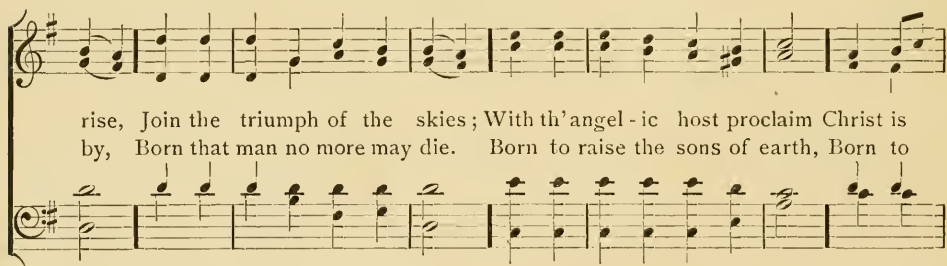
Mendelssohn



1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing Glo - ry to the new-born King; Peace on  
2. Hail, the heav'n-born Prince of Peace! Hail, the Sun of Righteous - ness! Light and



earth and mercy mild, God and sin - ners re - con-ciled. Joy - ful, all ye na-tions  
life to all He brings, Risen with heal - ing in His wings, Mild He lays His glo - ry



rise, Join the triumph of the skies; With th'angel - ic host proclaim Christ is  
by, Born that man no more may die. Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to



born in Beth-le-hem. Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing Glo-ry to the new-born King.  
give them second birth. Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing Glo-ry to the new-born King.

*Org.*

61

*As with gladness Men of Old**W. C. Dix**Paul Ambrose*

1. As with glad-ness men of old Did the guid-ing star be-hold;  
 2. As with joy-ful steps they sped To that low-ly man-ger-bed,  
 3. As they of-fered gifts most rare At that man-ger rude and bare;

As with joy they hailed its light, Lead-ing on-ward, beam-ing bright,—  
 There to bend the knee be-fore Him whom heav'n and earth a-dore;  
 So may we with ho-ly joy Pure and safe from sin's al-loy,

So most gra-cious Lord may we Ev-er-more be led to Thee.  
 So may we with will-ing feet Ev-er seek Thy mer-cy-seat.  
 All our costliest treas-ures bring, Christ! to Thee our heav'n-ly King.

4 Holy Jesus, every day  
 Keep us in the narrow way;  
 And, when earthly things are past,  
 Bring our ransomed souls at last  
 Where they need no star to guide,  
 Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

5 In the heavenly country bright  
 Need they no created light;  
 Thou its light, its joy, its crown,  
 Thou its sun which goes not down;  
 There forever may we sing  
 Alleluias to our King. Amen.

CHRIST'S BIRTH

62

Rejoice, rejoice!

Wm. A. Cauldwell

J. V.

1. O'er the plains where the shepherds watch'd by night, Thro' the air strains of music rang,  
 2. "In the man-ger near by, your King has come As a babe in its mother's arms;  
 3. 'With the tid-ings the dome of heav'n we fill, And the earth with our songs of peace,

And the sky was a-blaze with won-derful light While the angels this anthem sang:  
 He has left for a-while His heav-enly home, With its harps and its waving palms;  
 For to all we proclaim God's love and good-will, And from sorrow and death release.

"Re-joice! re-joice! For we her-ald a new-born King!  
 Re-joice! re-joice! He has come as a gra-cious King!  
 Re-joice! re-joice! Come and wor-ship the Babe your King!



# CHRIST'S BIRTH

Re - joice ! re - joice ! At the tid - ings the an - gels bring !  
 Re - joice ! re - joice ! It is par - don and peace we sing—  
 Re - joice ! re - joice ! Round the world let His prais - es ring,

For we come with the news of Je - sus' birth, And we bear it on ea - ger wing ;  
 We are here to proclaim your Saviour's name, And we bear it on ea - ger wing ;  
 For the mes - sage is sweet which we re - peat, And we bear it on ea - ger wing ;

*ritard.* *a tempo.*  
 There is glo - ry to God and peace on the earth, Re - joice at the news we bring !"  
 He has come to re - deem from sin and from shame, Re - joice at the news we bring !"  
 That the day - star has risen, the shad - ows re - treat, Re - joice at the news we bring !"



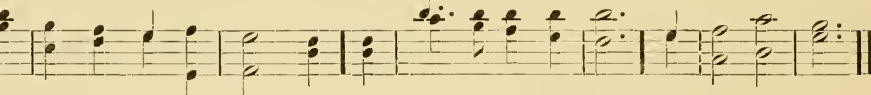
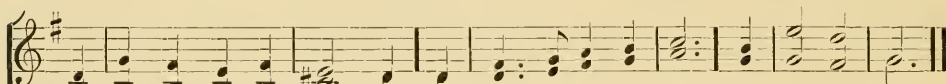
63

*"No room" Within the Dwelling**R. H. Baynes**R. F. Dole*

1. "No room" within the dwelling For Him whose love excelling Towards those who never sought Him,



To earth from heav-en brought Him, Who count-ed not the cost To seek the lost.



2 "No room;" so to the manger  
They bore the kingly stranger;  
But angel hosts attended,  
And angel voices blended,  
Whilst on His mother's breast  
He lay at rest.

3 "No room." O Babe so tender  
To Thee our hearts we render,  
Not meet for Thy posessing,  
Yet make them by Thy blessing  
A home within to dwell,  
Emmanuel.

64

*Joy to the World, the Lord is Come.**Tune—Antioch E♭ major*

1 Joy to the world, the Lord is come!  
Let earth receive her King;  
Let every heart prepare Him room,  
And heav'n and nature sing.

2 Joy to the world, the Saviour reigns,  
Let men their songs employ;

While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,  
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 He rules the world with truth and grace,  
And makes the notions prove  
The glories of His righteousness,  
And wonders of His love.

*Isaac Watts*

65

*Oh come, all ye faithful**Tune—Portuguese Hymn A major*

1 Oh come, all ye faithful,  
Joyfully triumphant,  
To Bethlehem hasten now with glad accord;  
Lo! in a manger  
Sits the King of angels;  
Oh come, let us adore Him,  
||: Oh come, let us adore Him, ||  
Christ the Lord.

2 Raise, raise, choirs of angels!  
Songs of the loudest triumph,  
Through heaven's high arches be your praises  
Now to our God be [poured;  
Glory in the highest;  
Oh come, let us adore Him,  
||: Oh come, let us adore Him, ||  
Christ the Lord.

66

## Joy and Gladness! Joy and Gladness!

*f Animato.* *English*

1. Joy and glad - ness! Joy and glad - ness! Oh, hap - py day!

*f* *p*

Ev - ery thought of sin and sad - ness Chase, chase a - way.

*pp* *cres.*

Heard ye not the an - gels tell - ing, Christ the Lord of might ex - cell - ing,

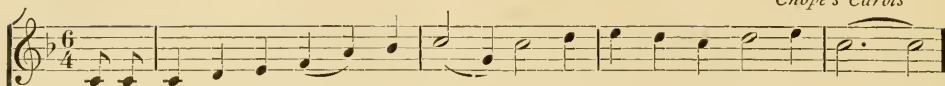
*f* *ff*

On the earth with man is dwell - ing, Clad in our clay?

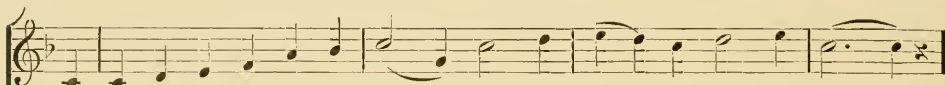
2 With the shepherd-throng around Him,  
Haste we to bow;  
By the angel's sign they found Him;  
We know Him now;  
New-born Babe of houseless stranger.  
Cradled low in Bethlhem's manger,  
Saviour from our sin and danger,  
Jesus, 'tis Thou!

2 In Thy holy footsteps treading,  
Guide, lest we stray:  
From Thy Word of promise shedding  
Light on our way;  
Never leave us nor forsake us,  
Like Thyself in mercy make us,  
And at last to glory take us,  
Jesus, we pray.

67

*In the Field with their Flocks Abiding**Chope's Carols*

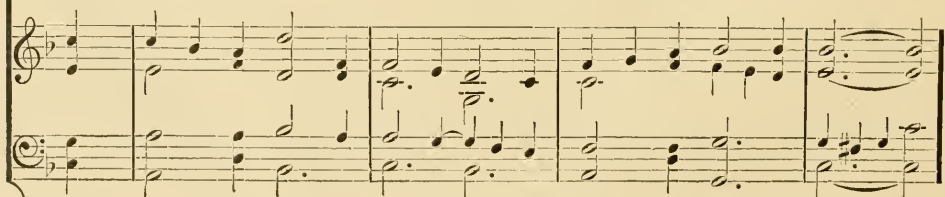
1. In the field with their flocks a - bid - ing They lay on the dew - y ground ;
2. To you in the ci - ty of Da - vid A Saviour is born to - day !
3. And the shep - herds came to the man - ger, And gaz'd on the Ho - ly child ;



And glim - m'ring un - der the star - light, The sheep lay white a - round,  
 And sud - den a host of the heav'nly ones Flashed forth to join the lay. . .  
 And calm - ly o'er that rude cra - dle The vir - gin mo - ther smiled ;



When the Light of the Lord streamed o'er them, And lo ! from the heav'n a - bove,  
 O ne - ver hath sweet - er mes - sage Thrilled home to the sons of men,  
 And the sky in the star - lit si - lence, Seemed full of the an - gel lay ;



# CHRIST'S BIRTH

*rall.*

An an - gel leaned from the Glo - ry And sang his song of love.  
And the heav'ns themselves had ne - ver heard A glad - der choir than then.  
"To you in the ci - ty of Da - vid A Saviour is born to - day."

*CHORUS. Tempo.*

He sang on that bright morn - ing, The song that shall ne - ver cease,  
For they sang that glo - rious ca - ol That ne - ver on earth shall cease,  
Oh, they sang and I ween that ne - ver That ca - rol on earth shall cease.

*ff*

"Glo - ry to God in the high - est, On earth good will and peace."

68

## Shout the glad Tidings

*Tune—Miriam. F Major*

CHO.—Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing; How free to the faithful He offers salvation!  
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King. How His people with joy everlasting are crowned!

1 Zion, the marvelous story be telling,  
The Son of the Highest, how lowly His birth;  
The brightest archangel in glory excelling.

He stoops to redeem thee, he reigns upon earth.

CHO.—Shout the glad tidings, etc.

CHO.—Shout the glad tidings, etc.

3 Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,  
And sweet let the gladsome hosanna arise;  
Ye angels, the full hallelujah be singing;  
One chorus resound through the earth and the skies.

2 Tell how He cometh; from nation to nation,  
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round:

CHO.—Shout the glad tidings, etc.

*W. A. Muhlenberg*

69

Wake and Sing

*R. R. Chope*

*R. R. Chope*

1. Stars all bright are beam - ing From the skies a - bove, Nature's face all

gleam - ing, Shines with Heaven's own love. Wake and sing, good Christ-ians,

CHORUS

On this birth-day Morn, Heaven and earth are tell - ing God for man is born.

2 Here for us abiding,  
Cradled in a stall,  
All His glory hiding,  
See the Lord of all!  
Wake and sing, &c.

3 Born that He might lead us  
From this desert home,—  
Guide our way and feed us,  
Till the end shall come!  
Wake and sing, &c.

4 Thousand thousand blessings  
Sing we for His Love,  
Choral hymns addressing  
To our Lord above.  
Wake and sing, &c.

5 Glory to the Highest,  
For this wondrous Birth!  
Choir of Heaven! thou criest  
Peace to all the earth!  
Wake and sing, &c.

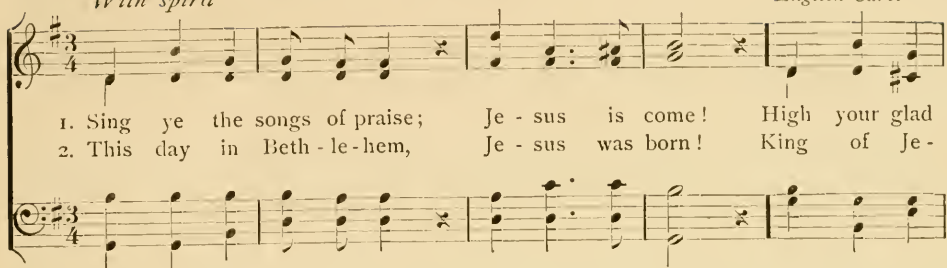


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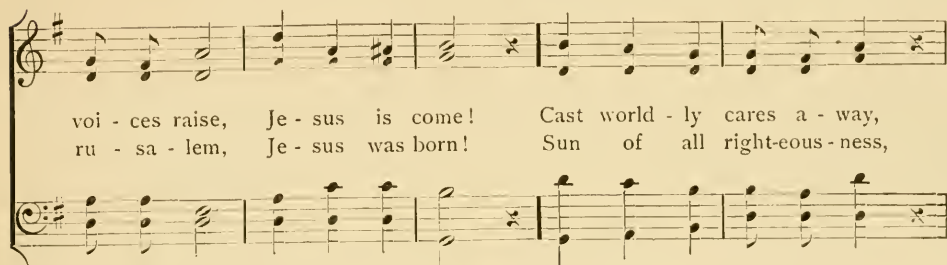
*Sing ye the Songs of Praise*

*With spirit*

*English Carol*



1. Sing ye the songs of praise; Je - sus is come! High your glad  
2. This day in Beth - le - hem, Je - sus was born! King of Je -



voi - ces raise, Je - sus is come! Cast world - ly cares a - way,  
ru - sa - lem, Je - sus was born! Sun of all right-eous - ness,



Worship and ho-mage pay, Wel-come the bless-ed day, Je-sus is come!  
Shi-ning with blessed-ness, Heal-ing our wretchedness, Je-sus was born! A - men.

3 Cleanse us from all our sin,  
Saviour Divine!  
Make our thoughts pure within,  
Saviour Divine!  
Lo! now the heralds sound!  
Carols the love profound,  
Telling of Jesus found,  
Saviour Divine!

4 Save through Thy merit,  
Great Prince of Peace!  
Give Thy good Spirit,  
Great Prince of Peace!  
Let not Thy love depart,  
But holy gifts impart,  
Born into every heart.  
Great Prince of Peace!

71

*Ring out the Bells*

1. *mf* Ring out the bells for Christmas, The hap - py, hap - py day, In win - ter wild, the  
 2. *p* Where'er His sweet lambs gather With - in this gen - tle fold, The Sav - iour dear is  
 3. *f* Then sing your gladsome ca - rols, And hail the new-born Sun; For Christmas light is

Ho - ly Child With - in a cra - dle lay. Oh, won - der - ful! the Sav - iour Is  
 wait - ing near, As in the days of old: In each young heart you see Him, In  
 pass - ing bright, It smiles on ev - ery one. And feast Christ's little chil - dren, His

in a man - ger lone; His pal - ace is a sta - ble, And Ma - ry's arm His throne.  
 ev - ery guileless face You see the Ho - ly Je - sus, Who grew in truth and grace.  
 poor, His or - phan call; For He who chose the man - ger, He lov - eth one and all.

CHRIST'S BIRTH

CHORUS.

Ring out the bells for Christ-mas, The hap - py, hap - py day, Ring  
out the bells for Christ - mas, The hap - py, hap - py day.

The musical score is written for two staves, treble and bass clef, in G major (one sharp). The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The first system shows the beginning of the chorus with the lyrics 'Ring out the bells for Christ-mas, The hap - py, hap - py day, Ring'. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment with the lyrics 'out the bells for Christ - mas, The hap - py, hap - py day.' The piece ends with a double bar line.

72

*Brightest and Best*

*Tune, page 207*

- 1 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!  
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;  
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,  
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.
- 2 Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining;  
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall:  
Angels adore Him, in slumber reclining,  
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all!
- 3 Say shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,  
Odors of Eden, and offerings divine?  
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,  
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?
- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,  
Vainly with gold would His favor secure:  
Richer, by far, is the heart's adoration;  
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

*R. Heber*

73

*Hail! Glorious Morn*

Bessie B. Chittenden

Kate S. Chittenden

1. Hail! glo - rious morn, the earth re-sounds With joy - ous notes of praise ;  
 2. Lo! heav'n it - self, with gates flung wide To earth its glo - ry lends,  
 3. No prin - ces we, to of - fer Him Rich in-cense, myrrh or gold,

From east to west a chain of song Sa - lutes the day of days.  
 And o'er the Sav - iour's low - ly bed, A host an - gel - ic bends.  
 No power of an - gel song have we His prais - es to un - fold ;

Let prin - ces bring the rich - est gems That mon - arch's brows a - dorn,  
 Ce - les - tial hom - age greets the babe, The world shall dare to scorn,  
 But lov - ing hearts and will - ing hands We bring this hap - py morn,

CHRIST'S BIRTH



And kneel with meekness at His feet, The King of kings is born.  
And heav'n - ly strains of praise a - rise, The King of kings is born.  
And sing as on - ly mor - tals can, The King of kings is born.



Sound forth, glad Christ - mas bells, pro - claim The Sav - iour come to earth,



Let hearts re - joice, and voi - ces wake, To cel - e - brate His birth.





74

*Blessed Saviour! Thee I Love*

*George Duffield*

*Spanish Hymn*

1. Bless - ed Sav-iour, Thee I love, All my oth - er joys a - bove;  
 2. Once a - gain be - side the cross, All my gain I count but loss;  
 3. Bless - ed Sav-iour, Thine am I, Thine to live, and Thine to die;

All my hopes in Thee a - bide, Thou my hope, and naught be - side;  
 Earth - ly pleas - ures fade a - way,—Clouds they are that hide my day:  
 Height, or depth, or earth - ly power, Ne'er shall hide my Sav - iour more:

Ev - er let my glo - ry be, On - ly, on - ly, on - ly Thee.  
 Hence, vain shad - ows! let me see Je - sus cru - ci - fied for me.  
 Ev - er shall my glo - ry be On - ly, on - ly, on - ly Thee. A - men.

75

*When I survey the Wondrous Cross*

*Tune—Hamburg. F major*

1 When I survey the wondrous cross  
 On which the Prince of glory died,  
 My richest gain I count but loss,  
 And pour contempt on all my pride,  
 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
 Save in the death of Christ, my God;  
 All the vain things that charm me most,  
 I sacrifice them to His blood.

3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,  
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down;  
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown?  
 4 Were all the realm of nature mine,  
 That were a present far too small;  
 Love so amazing, so divine,  
 Demands my soul, my life, my all.

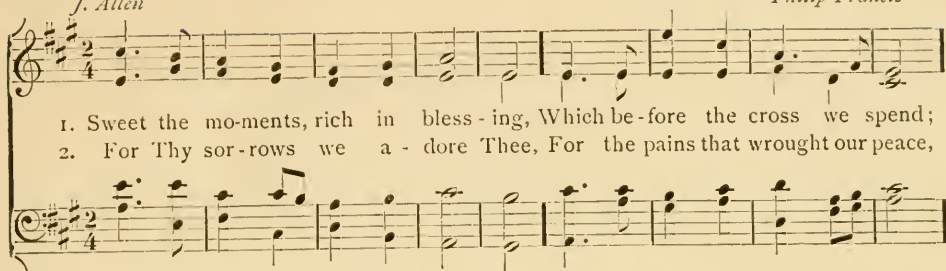
*Isaac Watts*

76

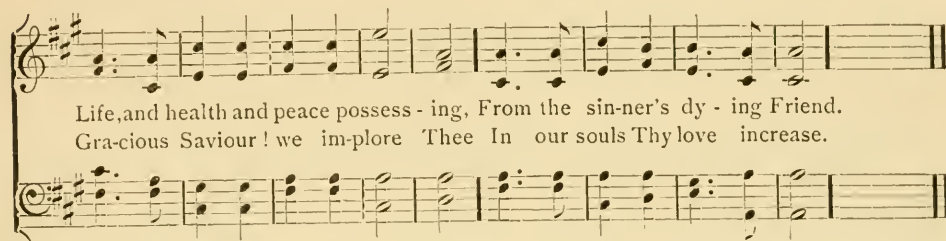
*Sweet the Moments*

*J. Allen*

*Philip Francis*



1. Sweet the mo-ments, rich in bless - ing, Which be-fore the cross we spend;
2. For Thy sor-rows we a - dore Thee, For the pains that wrought our peace,



Life, and health and peace possess - ing, From the sin-ner's dy - ing Friend.  
Gra-cious Saviour! we im-plore Thee In our souls Thy love increase.

- 3 Here we feel our sins forgiven,  
While upon the Lamb we gaze;  
And our thoughts are all of heaven,  
And our lips o'erflow with praise,

- 4 Still in ceaseless contemplation,  
Fix our hearts and eyes on Thee,  
Till we taste Thy full salvation,  
And, unveiled, Thy glories see.

77

*In the Cross of Christ I Glory*

*Tune—Rathbun. C major*

- 1 In the cross of Christ I glory,  
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;  
All the light of sacred story  
Gathers round its head sublime.

- 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,  
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,  
Never shall the cross forsake me:  
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

- 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming  
Light and love upon my way,

From the cross the radiance, streaming,  
Adds more lustre to the day.

- 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,  
By the cross are sanctified;  
Peace is there, that knows no measure,  
Joys that through all time abide,

- 5 In the cross of Christ I glory,  
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;  
All the light of sacred story  
Gathers round its head sublime.

*John Bowring*

78

## Lamb of God!

C. Wesley

J. Booth

1. Lamb of God! Whose bleeding love We now re-call to mind,
2. By Thine ag-o-niz-ing pain, And blood-y sweat, we pray,
3. Let Thy blood, by faith ap-plied, The sin-ner's par-don seal;

Send the an-swer from a-bove, And let us mer-cy find:  
 By thy dy-ing love to man, Take all our sins a-way,  
 Speak us free-ly jus-ti-fied, And all our sick-ness heal:

Think on us, who think on Thee, Ev-ery strug-gling soul re-lease;  
 Burst our bonds, and set us free, From in-i-qui-ty re-lease;  
 By Thy Pas-sion on the tree, Let our griefs and trou-bles cease;

O! remember Cal-va-ry, And bid us go in peace.

peace. A - men.

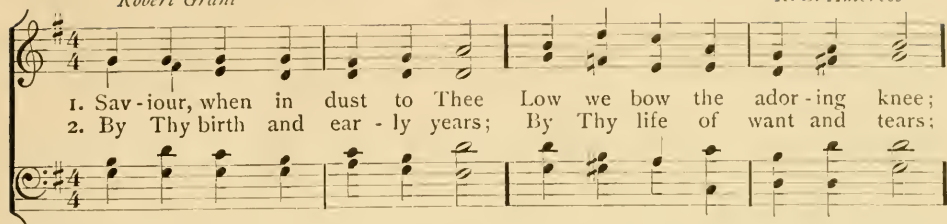
*rall. Org. between  
the verses*

79


*Saviour, when in dust to Thee*

*Robert Grant*

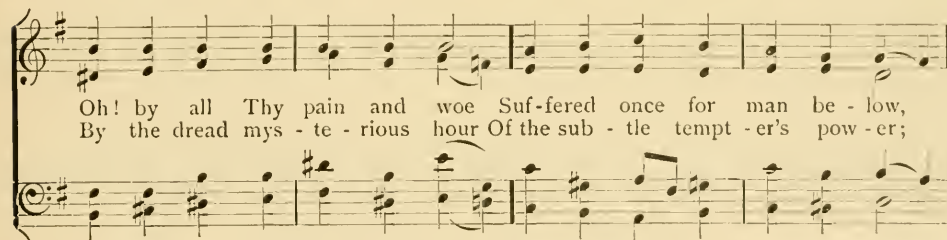
*R. S. Ambrose*



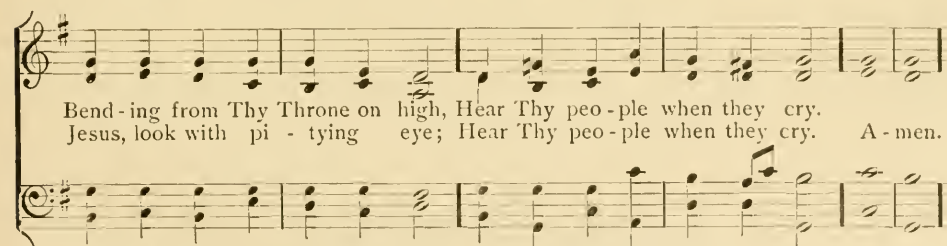
1. Sav - iour, when in dust to Thee Low we bow the ador - ing knee;  
2. By Thy birth and ear - ly years; By Thy life of want and tears;



When, re - pen - tant to the skies Scarce we lift our weep - ing eyes;  
By Thy fast - ing and dis - tress In the lone - ly wil - der - ness;



Oh! by all Thy pain and woe Suf - fer'd once for man be - low,  
By the dread mys - te - rious hour Of the sub - tle tempt - er's pow - er;



Bend - ing from Thy Throne on high, Hear Thy peo - ple when they cry.  
Jesus, look with pi - tying eye; Hear Thy peo - ple when they cry. A - men.

3 By Thine hour of whelming fear;  
By Thine agony and prayer;  
By the purple robe of scorn;  
By Thy wounds, Thy crown of thorns;  
By Thy cross, Thy pangs, and cries;  
By Thy perfect sacrifice;  
Jesus, look with pitying eye;  
Hear Thy people when they cry.

4 By Thy deep expiring groan;  
By the sealed sepulchral stone;  
By Thy triumph o'er the grave;  
By Thy power from death to save;  
Mighty God, ascended Lord,  
To Thy Throne in heaven restored,  
Prince and Saviour, hear our cry;  
Hear our solemn litany.

80

*The Strife is o'er*

*Palestrina*

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

*Org. 8*

1. The strife is o'er, the bat - tle done: The vic - to - ry of life is won:

The song of tri - umph has be - gun,— Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

2 The powers of death have done their worst,  
But Christ their legions hath dispersed;  
Let shouts of holy joy outburst,— Alleluia!

3 The three sad days have quickly sped;  
He rises glorious from the dead;  
All glory to our risen Head! Alleluia!

4 He brake the age-bound chains of hell;  
The bars from heaven's high portals fell:  
Let hymns of praise His triumphs tell: Alleluia!

5 Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee,  
From death's dread sting Thy servants free,  
That we may live, and sing to Thee Alleluia!



81

# Jesus Lives

tr. Frances E. Cox

H. J. Gauntlett

1. Je - sus lives! no long - er now Can thy ter - ors, death, ap -  
 2. Je - sus lives! henceforth is death But the gate of life im -

pal us; Je - sus lives! by this we know Thou, O  
 mor - tal; This shall calm our trem - bling breath When we

grave canst not en - thral us. Hal - le - lu - jah!  
 pass its gloom - y por - tal. Hal - le - lu - jah!

3 Jesus lives! for us He died:  
 Then, alone to Jesus living,  
 Pure in heart will we abide,  
 Praise to Him and glory giving,  
 Hallelujah!

4 Jesus lives! our hearts know well  
 Nought from us His life shall sever  
 Life nor death nor powers of hell  
 Part us now from Christ for ever.  
 Hallelujah!

82

*Christ is Risen*

*Archer T. Gurney*

*A. S. Sullivan*



1. Christ is risen! Christ is risen! He hath burst His bonds in twain; Christ is risen! Christ is [risen!]

Al-le-lu-ia! Swell the strain! For our gain He suffered loss, By di-vine de - cree,

He hath died up-on the cross, But our God is He. Christ is risen! Christ is ris en!

He hath burst His bonds in twain; Christ is risen! Christ is risen! Al-le-lu-ia! swell the strain!

2 See the chains of death are broken;  
Earth below and heaven above  
Joy in each amazing token  
Of His rising, Lord of love;  
He for evermore shall reign  
By the Father's side,  
Till He comes to earth again,  
Comes to claim His Bride.  
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!  
He hath burst His bonds in twain;  
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!  
Alleluia! swell the strain!

3 Glorious angels downward thronging  
Hail the Lord of all the skies;  
Heaven, with joy and holy longing  
For the Word incarnate, cries,  
"Christ is risen! earth rejoice!  
Gleam, ye starry train!  
All creation find a voice;  
He o'er all shall reign."  
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!  
He hath burst His bonds in twain;  
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!  
O'er the universe to reign.

83

## Praise the Lord

Dr. Champneys

1. Praise the Lord, sing Hal - le - lu - jah! Lo! the vic - to - ry is won;  
 2. We have seen His toil and anguish, We have watch'd Him in the hour

Strife and con - flict now are end - ed, And the tri - umph is be - gun.  
 When un - pit - ied and for - sak - en, He en - dured the ty-rant's pow'r.

*rall. e cres.*  
 Bring the sac - ri - fice of prais - es, Our De - liv - er - er to greet;  
 Now we see Him crown'd with glo - ry, And we know our-selves set free;

*a tempo.*  
 Come with joy - ful a - do - ra - tion, Wel-come Him with hon - or meet.  
 He hath rent our bonds a - sun - der, Cap - tive led cap - tiv - i - ty.

3 Mighty One! we bow before Thee,  
 And we own Thee Lord of all;  
 Jesus! Saviour! we adore Thee,  
 At Thy cross we meekly fall.  
 Help us in this time of waiting  
 In Thy strength to follow Thee,  
 That, partakers in Thy warfare,  
 We may share Thy victory.

4 Hallelujah! Christ is risen,  
 And He lives to die no more;  
 To His hand the keys are given,  
 Open is the prison door.  
 Hallelujah! Hallelujah!  
 Now our triumph is begun;  
 Death and hell are spoiled for ever,  
 And the victory is won.

84

*Welcome, happy morning!*

*John Ellerton tr.*

*J. B. Calkin*

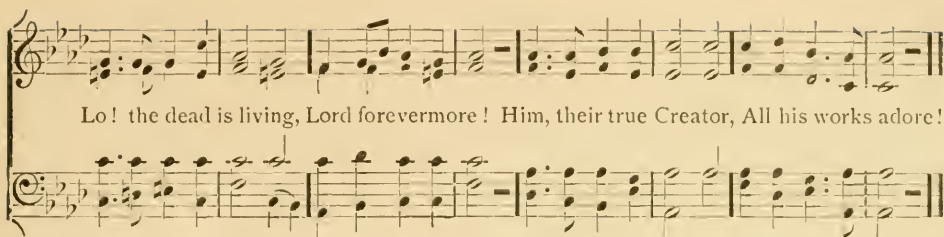
1. Welcome happy morn-ing! Age to age shall say; Hell to - day is vanquished  
 2. Mak-er and Redeem - er, Life and health of all, Thou from heaven beholding

Heav'n is won to - day! Lo! the dead is liv - ing, Lord for ev - er-more!  
 Hu-man na - ture's fall, Of the father's Godhead True and on - ly Son,

REFRAIN.

Him, their true Cre-a - tor, All His work a - dore! } Welcome, hap-py morn - ing!  
 Man-hood to de-liv - er, Manhood didst put on }

Age to age shall say; Hell to-day is vanquished, Heav'n is won to-day!



3 Thou, of life the author,  
 Death didst undergo,  
 Tread the path of darkness,  
 Saving strength to show:  
 Come, then, True and Faithful!  
 Now fulfill Thy word;  
 'T is Thine own third morning;  
 Rise my buried Lord!—REF.

4 Loose the hearts long prisoned,  
 Bound with Satan's chain;  
 All that now is fallen  
 Raise to life again;  
 Show Thy face in brightness,  
 Bid the nations see;  
 Bring again our daylight;  
 Day returns with Thee.—REF.

# 85

## *To Thee and to Thy Christ, O God*

*Tune on page 42*

1 To Thee and to Thy Christ, O God,  
 We sing—we ever sing;  
 For He the lonely winepress trod,  
 Our cup of joy to bring.  
 His glorious arm the strife maintain'd,  
 He march'd in might from far;  
 His robes were with the vintage stain'd,  
 Red with the wine of war.

2 To Thee and to Thy Christ, O God,  
 We sing—we ever sing;  
 For He invaded Death's abode,  
 And robbed him of his sting.  
 The house of dust enthralled no more,  
 For He, the Strong to save,  
 Himself doth guard the silent door,  
 Great Keeper of the grave.

3 To Thee and to Thy Christ, O God,  
 We sing—we ever sing;  
 For he hath crush'd beneath His rod  
 The world's proud rebel king.  
 He plunged in His imperial strength  
 To gulfs of darkness down;  
 He brought His trophy up at length,  
 The foiled usurper's crown.

4 To Thee and to Thy Christ, O God,  
 We sing—we ever sing;  
 For He redeem'd us with His Blood  
 From every evil thing.  
 Thy saving strength His arm upbore,  
 The arm that set us free;  
 Glory, O God, for evermore  
 Be to Thy Christ and Thee.

*Mrs. Couzens*



86

*The Prince of Life*

*Wm. A. Cauldwell*

1. An - gel harps far and wide Hail the Lord a - ris - en; An - gel hands

roll a - side Por - tals of His pris - on. And the hosts of the sky

Ech - o back the joy - ous cry, Vic - to - ry! Vic - to - ry To the Prince of Life.

2 Earth repeat the glad note  
 With thy myriad voices;  
 Round the globe let it float,  
 Earth with Heaven rejoices.  
 Triumph songs banish gloom,  
 Hope's bright flowers now shall bloom,  
 Springing fresh from the tomb  
 Of the Prince of Life.

3 And till time folds its wing,  
 Be the song repeated;  
 Death is robbed of his sting,  
 Hell has been defeated.  
 Never more let us moan  
 Over dear ones who have flown,  
 For they share in the throne  
 Of the Prince of Life.

87

*Hail the day that sees Him rise*

*C. Wesley*

*Wm. H. Monk*

1. Hail the day that sees Him rise, Hal - le - lu - jah! To His throne a -  
bove the skies; Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ, the Lamb for sin - ners given,  
Hal - le - lu - jah! En - ters now the high - est heaven. Hal - le - lu - jah!

2 There for Him high triumph waits;  
Lift your heads, eternal gates!  
He hath conquered death and sin.  
Take the King of glory in. Hallelujah!

3 Lo, the heaven its Lord receives!  
Yet He loves the earth He leaves;  
Though returning to His throne,  
Still He calls mankind His own. Hallelujah!

4 Still for us He intercedes,  
His prevailing death He pleads;  
Near Himself prepares our place.  
He, the first-fruits of our race. Hallelujah!

5 Lord, though parted from our sight  
Far above the starry height,  
Grant our hearts may thither rise,  
Seeking Thee above the skies. Hallelujah!

88

*Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day*

SECOND HYMN

1 Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day,  
Sons of men and angels say;  
Raise your joys and triumphs high!  
Sing, ye heavens! and earth, reply!

2 Love's redeeming work is done,  
Fought the fight, the battle won;  
Lo, our Sun's eclipse is o'er;  
Lo, He sets in blood no more.

3 Lives again our glorious King;  
"Where, O Death is now thy sting?"  
Once He died our souls to save;  
"Where's thy victory, boasting Grave?"

4 Soar we now where Christ has led,  
Following our exalted Head:  
Made like Him, like Him we rise;  
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies!

*C. Wesley*

89

## Golden Harps are Sounding

F. R. Havergal

F. R. Havergal

1. Gold-en harps are sound-ing, An - gel voi-ces ring, Pearly gates are o-pened,  
 2. He who came to save us, He who bled and died, Now is crown'd with gladness  
 3. Pray - ing for His chil - dren In that blessed Place, Call-ing them to glo - ry,

O - pened for the King. Christ the King of Glo - ry, Je - sus, King of Love,  
 At His Fath-er's side. Nev - er - more to suf - fer, Nev - er - more to die,  
 Send - ing them His grace; His bright home pre - par - ing, Lit - tle ones, for you;

Is gone up in tri - umph To His Throne a - bove. All His Work is end - ed,  
 Je - sus, King of Glo - ry Is gone up on high.  
 Je - sus ev - er liv - eth, Ev - er lov - eth too.

Joy - ful - ly we sing; Je - sus hath as - cend - ed! Glo - ry to our King!

90

*My Jesus, I love Thee**B. Luard Selby*

*mf*

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine, For Thee all the  
 2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my

fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my  
 par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the

*cres.*

Sav - iour art Thou, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 't is now.  
 thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 't is now.

3 I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death,  
 And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath;  
 And say when the death-dew lies cold on my brow,  
 If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 't is now.

4 In mansions of glory and endless delight,  
 I'll ever adore Thee in heaven so bright;  
 I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow,  
 If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 't is now.

91

*Nearer, ever nearer*

*Geoffrey Thring*

*A. E. Tozer*

I. Near - er, ev - er near - er, Christ, we draw to Thee,

Deep in ad - o - ra - tion Bend - ing low the knee:

Thou for our re - demp - tion Cam'st on earth to die;

Thou, that we might fol - low, Hast gone up on high,

2 Onward, ever onward,  
Journeying o'er the road  
Worn by saints before us,  
Journeying on to God;  
Leaving all behind us  
May we hasten on,  
Backward never looking  
Till the prize is won.

3 Higher then and higher  
Bear the ransomed soul,  
Earthly toils forgotten,  
Saviour, to its goal;  
Where in joys unthought of  
Saints with angels sing,  
Never weary raising  
Praises to their King.



92

*Saviour and Friend!*

*J. S. B. Monsell  
Tenderly*

*M. Palmer.*

1. Rest of the wea-ry, Joy of the sad, Hope of the drear-y,  
2. Pil-low where ly-ing, Love rests its head; Peace of the dy-ing,

Light of the glad; Home of the stran-ger, Strength to the end,  
Life of the dead; Path of the low-ly, Prize at the end,

Ref-uge from dan-ger, Sav-iour and friend!  
Breath of the ho-ly, Sav-iour and friend! A-men.

3 When my feet stumble,  
I'll to Thee cry;  
Crown of the humble,  
Cross of the high.  
When my steps wander,  
Over me bend,  
Truer and fonder,  
Saviour and Friend!

4 Ever confessing  
Thee, I will raise  
Unto Thee blessing,  
Glory, and praise!  
All my endeavor,  
World without end,  
Thine to be ever,  
Saviour and Friend!

93

## Crown Him

Matthew Bridges

G. J. Elvey

1. Crown Him with ma - ny crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne ;  
 2. Crown Him the Lord of love! Be - hold His hands and side,—

Hark! how the heav'nly an - them drowns All mu - sic but its own!  
 Those wounds, yet vis - i - ble a - bove, In beau - ty glo - ri - fied:

A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for Thee ;  
 No an - gel in the sky Can ful - ly bear that sight,

And hail Him as thy match-less King Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.  
 But down-ward bends His won-d'ring eye At mys - ter - ies so bright.

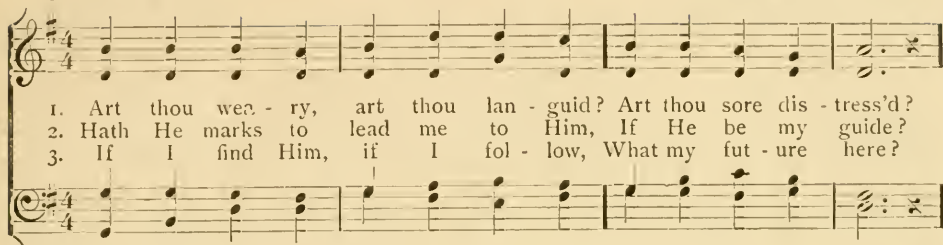
3 Crown Him the Lord of heaven!  
 One with the Father known,—  
 And the blest Spirit through Him given  
 From yonder Triune Throne!  
 All hail, Redeemer, hail!  
 For Thou hast died for me:  
 Thy praise and glory shall not fail  
 Throughout eternity.

94

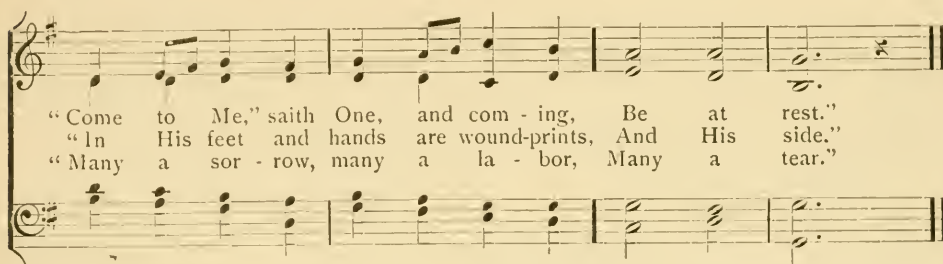
# *Art Thou Weary*

*John Mason Neale*

*Henry William Baker*



1. Art thou wea-ry, art thou lan-guid? Art thou sore dis-tress'd?  
 2. Hath He marks to lead me to Him, If He be my guide?  
 3. If I find Him, if I fol-low, What my fut-ure here?



"Come to Me," saith One, and com-ing, Be at rest."  
 "In His feet and hands are wound-prints, And His side."  
 "Many a sor-row, many a la-bor, Many a tear."

4 If I still hold closely to Him,  
 What hath He at last?  
 "Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,  
 Jordan past."

5 If I ask Him to receive me,  
 Will He say me nay?  
 "Not till earth and not till heaven  
 Pass away."

95

# *All Hail the Power*

*Tune—Coronation. F major*

1 All hail the power of Jesus' Name;  
 Let Angels prostrate fall;  
 Bring forth the royal diadem  
 And crown Him Lord of all.

2 Crown Him, ye morning stars of light,  
 Who fixed this floating ball:  
 Now hail the Strength of Israel's might,  
 And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Crown Him, ye Martyrs of your God,  
 Who from His Altar call;  
 Praise Him whose blood-stained path ye trod,  
 And crown Him Lord of all.

4 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,  
 Ye ransomed from the fall.

Hail Him who saves you by His grace,  
 And crown Him Lord of all.

5 Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line,  
 Whom David Lord did call,  
 The God Incarnate, Man Divine,  
 And crown Him Lord of all.

6 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget  
 The wormwood and the gall,  
 Go spread your trophies at His Feet,  
 And crown Him Lord of all.

7 Let every tribe and every tongue  
 Before Him prostrate fall,  
 And shout in universal song  
 The crownéd Lord of all. Amen

96

*We may not climb the heavenly steeps*

*John G. Whittier*

*Kate S. Chittenden*

1. We may not climb the heavenly steeps To bring the Lord Christ down.  
In vain we search the low - est deeps For Him no depths can drown.

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2 But warm, sweet, tender, even yet  
A present help is He:  
And faith has yet its Olivet,  
And love its Galilee.

3 The healing of the seamless dress  
Is by our beds of pain;  
We touch Him in life's throng and press,  
And we are whole again.

97

*Jesus shall reign*

*I. Watts*

*F. Carr*

1. Jesus shall reign where'er the sun Does his successive journeys run; His kingdom stretch [from  
shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 For Him shall endless prayer be made,  
And endless praises crown His head;  
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise  
With every morning sacrifice.

3 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;  
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;  
The weary find eternal rest,  
And all the sons of want are blest.

98 *The head that once was crowned with thorns*

Thomas Kelly

J. F. Barnett

1. The head that once was crowned with thorns, Is crowned with glo - ry now;  
 2. To them the cross, with all its shame, With all its grace is given;

A roy - al di - a - dem a - dorns The might - y Vic - tor's brow.  
 Their name an ev - er - last - ing name, Their joy the joy of heaven.

The joy of all who dwell a - bove, The joy of all be - low,  
 The cross he bore is life and health, Though shame and death to Him,

*p*

To whom He man - i - fests His love, And grants His name to know.  
 His peo - ple's hope, His peo - ple's wealth, Their ev - er - last - ing theme.



99

*We worship Thee**Frances R. Havergal**H. Smart*

1. O Sav - iour pre - cious Sav - iour, Whom yet un - seen we love,  
 2. O Bring - er of sal - va - tion, 'Who won - drous - ly hast wrought,

O name of might and fav - or, All oth - er names a - bove;  
 Thy - self the rev - e - la - tion Of love be - yond our thought;

## CHORUS

We wor - ship Thee, We bless Thee, To Thee a - lone we sing;

We praise Thee and con - fess Thee, Our ho - ly Lord and King. A - men.

3 In Thee all fullness dwelleth,  
 All grace and power divine;  
 The glory that excelleth,  
 O Son of God, is Thine;—CHO.

4 Oh, grant the consummation  
 Of this our song above,  
 In endless adoration  
 And everlasting love;—CHO.

100

*Oh, for a Shout*

*J. Watts*

*J. B. Dykes*

1. Oh, for a shout of sa - cred joy To God, the sovereign King!  
 2. Je - sus, our God, as - cends on high; His Heav'n-ly guards a - round.

Let ev 'ry land their tongues employ, And hymns of tri - umph sing.  
 At - tend Him ris - ing thro' the sky, With trum - pets' joy - ful sound.

- 3 While angels shout and praise their King, 4 Speak forth His praise with awe profound;  
 Let mortals learn their strains; Let knowledge guide the song;  
 Let all the earth His honors sing; Nor mock Him with a solemn sound.  
 O'er all the earth He reigns. Upon a thoughtless tongue.

101

*Oh, could I Speak*

*Tune—Ariel. E ♭ major*

1 Oh, could I speak the matchless worth,  
 Oh, could I sound the glories forth,  
 Which in my Saviour shine!  
 I'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings,  
 And vie with Gabriel while he sings  
 In notes almost divine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,  
 My ransom from the dreadful guilt  
 Of sin and wrath divine!  
 I'd sing His glorious righteousness,  
 In which all-perfect heavenly dress  
 My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters he bears,  
 And all the forms of love He wears,  
 Exalted on His throne:  
 In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,  
 I would to everlasting days  
 Make all His glories known.

4 Well—the delightful day will come,  
 When my dear Lord will bring me home,  
 And I shall see His face:  
 Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,  
 A blest eternity I'll spend,  
 Triumphant in His grace.

*S. Medley*

102

To Him that Loved

Isaac Watts

W. Pitts.



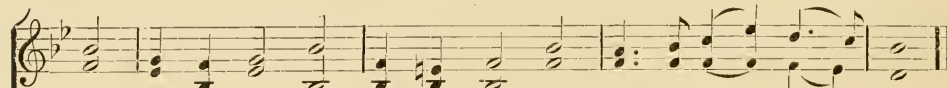
1. To Him that loved the souls of men, And washed us in His blood,  
2. Be - hold, on fly - ing clouds He comes! His saints shall bless the day;



To roy - al hon - ors raised our head, And made us priests to God,—  
While they that pierced Him sad - ly mourn In an - guish and dis - may.



To Him let ev - 'ry tongue be praise, And ev - 'ry heart be love,  
Thou art the First, and Thou the Last; Time cen - tres all in Thee,



All grate - ful hon - ors paid on earth, And no - bler songs a - bove.  
Th' Almight - y God, who was and is, And ev - er - more shall be.

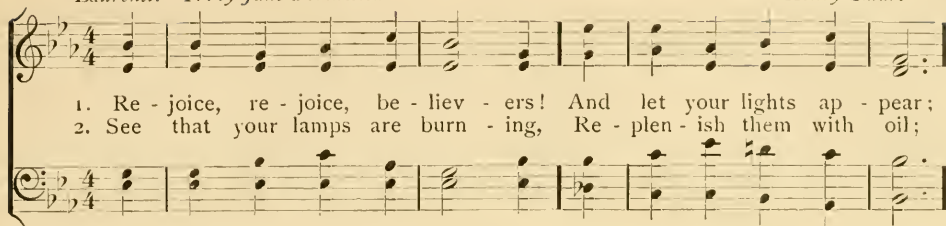


103

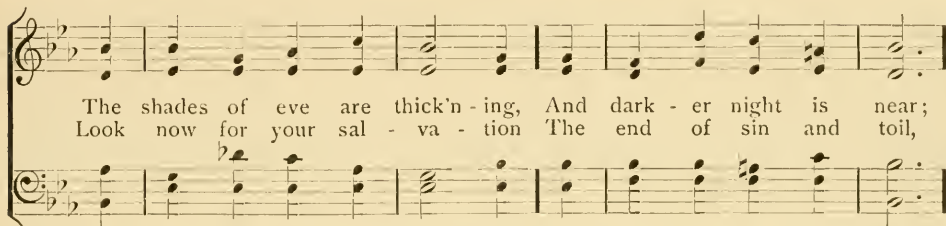
*Rejoice, Rejoice, Believers!*

*Laurenti. Tr. by Jane Borthwick*

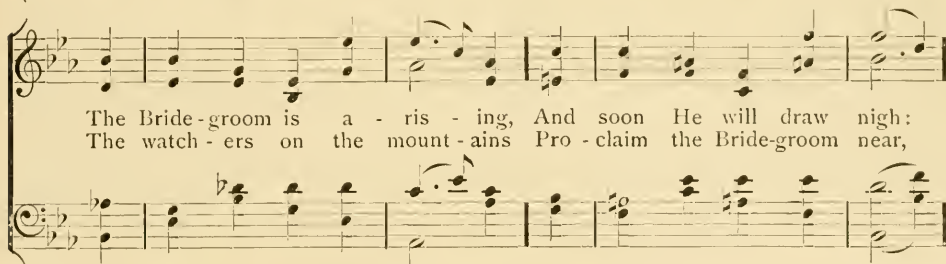
*Henry Smart*



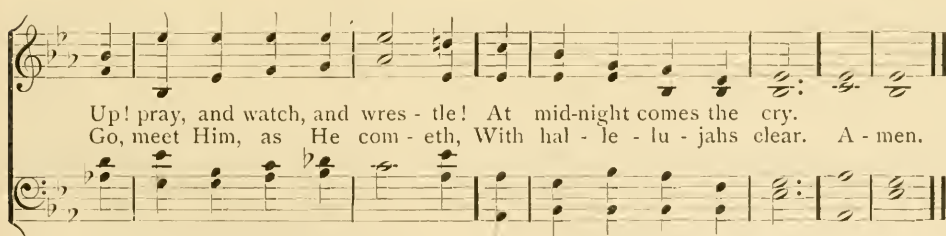
1. Re - joice, re - joice, be - liev - ers! And let your lights ap - pear;  
2. See that your lamps are burn - ing, Re - plen - ish them with oil;



The shades of eve are thick'n - ing, And dark - er night is near;  
Look now for your sal - va - tion, The end of sin and toil,



The Bride-groom is a - ris - ing, And soon He will draw nigh:  
The watch - ers on the mount - ains Pro - claim the Bride-groom near,



Up! pray, and watch, and wres - tle! At mid-night comes the cry.  
Go, meet Him, as He com - eth, With hal - le - lu - jahs clear. A - men.

3 O wise and holy virgins,  
Now raise your voices higher,  
Till, in your jubiliations,  
Ye meet the angel-choir,  
The marriage-feast is waiting,  
The gates wide open stand;  
Up, up, ye heirs of glory!  
The Bridegroom is at hand.

4 Our Hope and Expectation,  
O Jesus, now appear!  
Arise, Thou Sun so longed for,  
O'er this benighted sphere!  
With hearts and hands uplifted,  
We plead, O Lord, to see  
The day of earth's redemption,  
And ever be with Thee.

104

*Crown His head with Endless Blessing*

*William Goode*

*Traditional Melody*

1. Crown His head with end-less bless - ing, Who, in God the Fa-ther's name,

With com-pas - sions nev - er ceas - ing, Comes sal - va - tion to pro - claim.

Hail, ye saints, who know His fav - or, Who with - in His gates are found;

Hail, ye saints, the ex - alted Sav - iour, Let His courts with praise re - sound.

2 Lo, Jehovah we adore Thee ;  
Thee our Saviour! Thee our God!  
From His throne His beams of glory  
Shine through all the world abroad.  
In His word His light arises,  
Brightest beams of truth and grace;  
Bind, oh, bind your sacrifices,  
In His courts your offerings place.

3 Jesus, Thee our Saviour hailing,  
Thee our God in praise we own;  
Highest honors, never failing,  
Rise eternal round Thy throne;  
Now, ye saints, His power confessing,  
In your grateful strains adore;  
For His mercy, never ceasing,  
Flows, and flows for evermore.



105

*Remember Me*

*T. Harveis*

*F. A. J. Hervey*

1. O Thou from whom all good-ness flows! I lift my heart to Thee;  
2. Temp-ta-tions sore ob-struct my way, And ills I can-not flee;

In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes. Good Lord! re-mem-ber me.  
O give me strength, Lord, as my day, : For good re-mem-ber me. A-men.

3 If on my face, for Thy dear name,  
Shame and reproaches be,  
All hail reproach, and welcome shame,  
If Thou remember me.

4 The hour is near; consigned to death,  
I own the just decree;  
Saviour, with my last parting breath  
I'll cry, Remember me!

106

*Thou art the Way*

1 Thou art the Way,—to Thee alone  
From sin and death we flee:  
And He who would the Father seek,  
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.

2 Thou art the Truth,—Thy word alone  
True wisdom can impart:  
Thou only canst instruct the mind,  
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life,—the rending tomb  
Proclaims Thy conquering arm:  
And those who put their trust in Thee,  
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;  
Grant us that way to know,  
That truth to keep, that life to win,  
Whose joys eternal flow.

*George W. Doane.*

THE HOLY SPIRIT

107

*Holy Spirit*

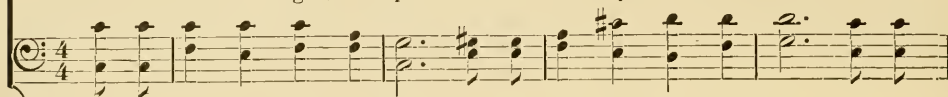
*J. D. Aylward*

*Edwin M. Lott*

*Not too fast.*



1. Ho - ly Spi - rit, come and shine On our souls with beams di - vine, Is-suing  
2. O di - vin - est light, im - part Un - to ev - 'ry faith - ful heart, Plenteous



from Thy ra - diance bright. Come, O Fath - er of the poor, Ev - er  
streams from love's bright flood. But for Thy blest De - i - ty, Noth - ing



boun - teous of Thy store, Come, our heart's un - fail - ing Light.  
pure in man could be; Noth - ing harm - less, noth - ing good.



3 Wash away each sinful stain  
Gently shed Thy gracious rain  
On the dry and fruitless soul.  
Heal each wound and bend each will,  
Warm our hearts benumbed and chill,  
All our wayward steps control.

4 Unto all Thy faithful just,  
Who in Thee confide and trust,  
Deign the seven-fold gift to send.  
Grant us virtue's blest increase,  
Grant a death of hope and peace,  
Grant the joys that never end.

108

*The Comforter*

*Harriet Auber*

*J. B. Dykes*

1. Our blest Re-deem-er, ere He breathed His ten-der, last fare-well,  
2. He came, sweet influence to im-part, A gra-cious wil-ling Guest,

A guide, a Com-fort-er bequeathed, With us to dwell.  
While he can find one hum-ble heart Where-in to rest.

3 And every virtue we possess,  
And every victory won,  
And every thought of holiness  
Is His alone.

4 Spirit of purity and grace!  
Our weakness pitying see;  
Oh, make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,  
And worthier Thee!

109

*Come, Holy Spirit!*

*Tune on page 107*

1 Come, Holy Spirit! calm my mind,  
And fit me to approach my God;  
Remove each vain, each worldly thought,  
And lead me to Thy blest abode.

2 Hast Thou imparted to my soul  
A living spark of holy fire?  
Oh, kindle now the sacred flame;  
Make me to burn with pure desire.

3 A brighter faith and hope impart,  
And let me now my Saviour see;  
Oh, soothe and cheer my burdened heart,  
And bid my spirit rest in Thee.

*John Stewart*

**II O**

*Breathe on me, Breath of God*

*Edwin Hatch*

*J. B. Calkin*

1. Breathe on me, Breath of God, Fill me with life a - new,  
2. Breathe on me, Breath of God, Un - til my heart is pure,

That I may love what Thou dost love, And do what Thou wouldst do.  
Un - til with Thee I will one will, To do or to en - dure. A-men.

3 Breathe on me, breath of God,  
Till I am wholly Thine,  
Till all this earthly part of me  
Glows with Thy fire divine.

4 Breathe on me, Breath of God,  
So shall I never die,  
But live with Thee the perfect life  
Of Thine eternity.

**III**

*Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove!*

*Tune on opposite page*

1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove!  
With all Thy quickening powers,  
Kindle a flame of sacred love  
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look! how we grovel here below,  
Fond of these trifling toys!  
Our souls can neither fly nor go  
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs;  
In vain we strive to rise;

Hosannas languish on our tongues,  
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live  
At this poor dying rate—  
Our love so faint so cold to Thee,  
And Thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove!  
With all Thy quickening powers,  
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
And that shall kindle ours.

*I. Watts*

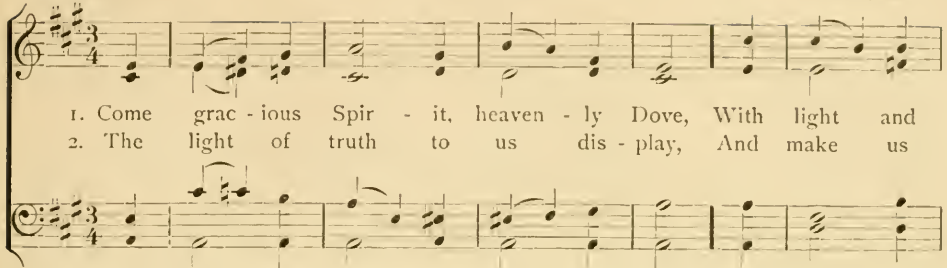
THE HOLY SPIRIT

112

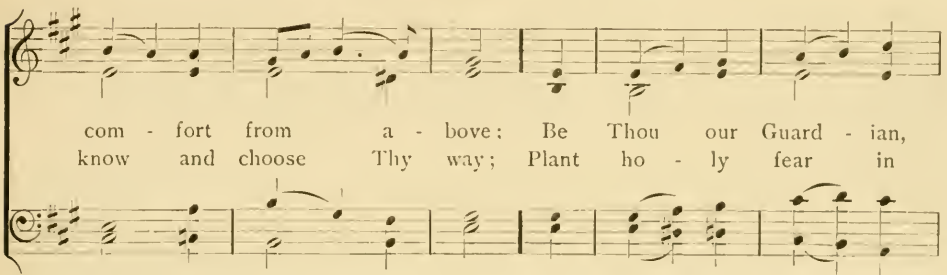
*Come, Gracious Spirit*

*Simon Brozon*

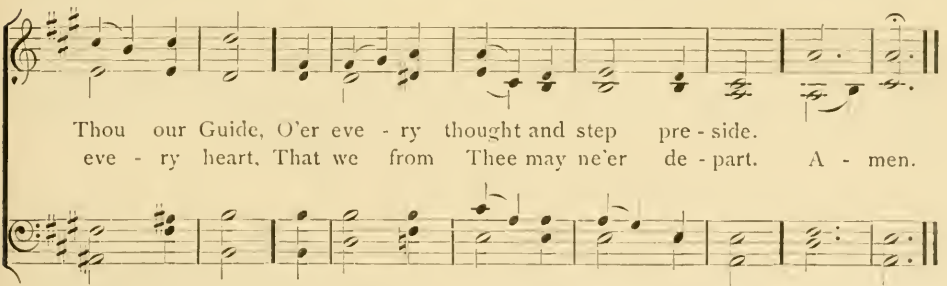
*Pierracini*



1. Come grac - ious Spir - it, heav - en - ly Dove, With light and  
2. The light of truth to us dis - play, And make us



com - fort from a - bove; Be Thou our Guard - ian,  
know and choose Thy way; Plant ho - ly fear in



Thou our Guide, O'er eve - ry thought and step pre - side.  
eve - ry heart, That we from Thee may ne'er de - part. A - men.

3 Lead us to Christ the living way,  
Nor let us from His precepts stray;  
Lead us to holiness, the road  
That we must take to dwell with God.

4 Lead us to heaven, that we may share  
Fulness of joy for ever there;  
Lead us to God, our final rest,  
So be with Him for ever blest.



THE HOLY SPIRIT

113

Come Thou, O Come

Tr. by G. Moultrie

E. J. Hopkins

*A little slower*

1. Come Thou, O come; . . . Sweet-est and kind - li - est, Giv - er of  
2. Come Thou, O come; . . . Help in the hour of need, Strength of the

tran - quil rest Un - to the wea - ry soul; In all anx -  
bro - ken reed, Guide of each lone - ly one; Or - phans' and

i - e - ty With pow'r from Heav'n on high Con - - sole.  
widows' stay, Who tread in life's hard way A - - - lone. A - men.

3 Come Thou, O come;  
Glorious and shadow-free,  
Star of the stormy sea,  
Light of the tempest-tost;  
Harbor our souls to save  
When hope upon the wave  
Is lost.

4 Come Thou, O come;  
Joy in life's narrow path,  
Hope in the hour of death,  
Come, Blessed Spirit, come;  
Lead Thou us tenderly,  
Till we shall find with Thee  
Our Home.

## II 4

*Gracious Spirit, dwell with me**Moderato.*

1. Gracious Spi - rit dwell with me,— I myself would gracious be; And with words that  
 2. Truth-ful Spi - rit dwell with me,— I myself would truth ful be; And with wisdom  
 3. Ten - der Spi - rit dwell with me,— I myself would ten - der be; Shut my heart up

help and heal, Would Thy life in mine reveal; And, with ac - tions bold and meek,  
 kind and clear, Let Thy life in mine appear; And, with ac - tions broth - er - ly,  
 like a flow'r At temp - ta - tion's darksome hour; O - pen it, when shines the sun,

Would for Christ, my Saviour, speak.  
 Speak my Lord's sinceri - ty.  
 And His love by fragrance own. A - men.

4 Holy Spirit, dwell with me,—  
 I myself would holy be;  
 Separate from sin, I would  
 Choose and cherish all things good;  
 And whatever I can be  
 Give to Him who gave me Thee.

## II 5

*Holy Ghost, the Infinite!**Tune on page 199*

1 Holy Ghost, the Infinite!  
 Shine upon our nature's night  
 With Thy blessed inward light,  
 Comforter Divine!

2 We are sinful: cleanse us, Lord:  
 We are faint: Thy strength afford;  
 Lost,—until by Thee restored,  
 Comforter Divine!

3 Like the dew, Thy peace distill;  
 Guide, subdue our wayward will,  
 Things of Christ unfolding still,  
 Comforter Divine!

4 In us, for us, intercede,  
 And with voiceless groanings, plead  
 Our unutterable need,  
 Comforter Divine!

5 In us "Abba, Father," cry,—  
 Earnest of our bliss on high,  
 Seal of immortality,—  
 Comforter Divine!

6 Search for us the depths of God;  
 Bear us up the starry road,  
 To the height of Thine abode,  
 Comforter divine! Amen.

*George Rawson*

## 116

## Come to the Saviour

F. Faber Not too slowly.

Francis John

*mf*

1. Oh! come to the mer - ci - ful Sav - iour who calls you, Oh! come to the  
 2. Oh! come then to Je - sus, whose arms are ex - tend - ed To fold His dear  
 3. Yes, come to the Sav - iour, whose mer - cy grows bright - er The lon - ger you  
 4. Have you sinn'd as none else in the world have be - fore you? Are you blacker than  
 5. Come, come to His feet, and lay o - pen your sto - ry Of suff'ring and

*mf*

Lord who for-gives and for-gets; Tho' dark be the for-tune on earth that be -  
 children in clos - est em-brace; Oh! come, for your ex - ile will short - ly be  
 look at the depth of His love; And fear not! 't is Je - sus! and life's cares grow  
 all oth - er creatures in guilt? Oh, fear not, and doubt not the moth - er who  
 sor-row, of guilt and of shame; For the pardon of sin is the crown of His

falls you, There's a bright home a - bove, where the sun nev - er sets.  
 end - ed, And Je - sus will show you His beau - ti - ful face.  
 light - er As you think of the home and the glo - ry a - bove.  
 bore you Loves you less than the Sav - iour whose blood you have spilt.  
 glo - ry, And the joy of our Lord to be true to His Name.

INVITATION

II7

*Return, and come to God*

H. A. Whitehead

1. Re - turn, and come to God: Cast all your sins a - way;  
2. Say not ye can - not come; For Je - sus bled and died,  
Seek ye the Sav - iour's cleans - ing blood; Re - pent, be - lieve, o - bey!  
That none who ask in hum - ble faith Should ev - er be de - nied.

3 Say not ye will not come;  
'T is God vouchsafes to call;  
And fearful will their end be found,  
On whom His wrath shall fall.

4 Come, then, whoever will;  
Come, while 't is called to-day;  
Seek ye the Saviour's cleansing blood;  
Repent, believe, obey!

II8

*Almost Persuaded*

Tune—"Almost Persuaded."

1 "Almost persuaded" now to believe;  
"Almost persuaded" Christ to receive.  
Seems now some soul to say,  
"Go, Spirit, go Thy way,  
Some more convenient day,  
On Thee I'll call."

2 "Almost persuaded," come, come to-day;  
"Almost persuaded," turn not away.  
Jesus invites you here,  
Angels are lingering near,  
Prayers rise from hearts so dear:  
O wanderer, come!

3 "Almost persuaded," harvest is past!  
"Almost persuaded," doom comes at last!  
"Almost" cannot avail;  
"Almost" is but to fail!  
Sad, sad that bitter wail,—  
"Almost," but lost!

P. P. Bliss

# INVITATION

## II9

### Come!

*H. U. Onderdonk*

*F. H. Cheeswright*

1. The Spi - rit, in our hearts, Is whis - p'ring, "Sin - ner,  
 2. Let him that hear - eth say To all a - bout him,

come;" The bride, the church of Christ, proclaims To all H's children, "Come!"  
 "Come;" Let him that thirsts for right-eous-ness To Christ, the fountain, come.

3 Yes, whosoever will,  
 O let him freely come,  
 And freely drink the stream of life;  
 'T is Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,  
 Declares, "I quickly come:"  
 Lord, even so: we wait Thy hour;  
 O blest Redeemer, come.

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## I20

### Child of Sin and Sorrow

*Tune—"Ava." B♭ major*

1 Child of sin and sorrow,  
 Filled with dismay,  
 Wait not for to-morrow,  
 Yield thee to-day:  
 Heaven bids thee come,  
 While yet there's room.  
 Child of sin and sorrow,  
 Hear and obey.

2 Child of sin and sorrow,  
 Why wilt thou die?  
 Come while thou canst borrow  
 Help from on high;  
 Grieve not that love  
 Which from above,  
 Child of sin and sorrow,  
 Would bring thee nigh.

3 Child of sin and sorrow,  
 Thy moments glide  
 Like the flitting arrow  
 Or the rushing tide;  
 Ere the time is o'er,  
 Heaven's grace implore;  
 Child of sin and sorrow,  
 In Christ confide.

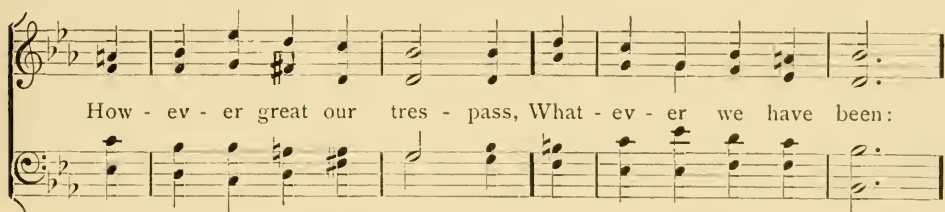
*Thomas Hastings*



121

*To-day Thy mercy calls us**Oswald Allen**John Stainer*

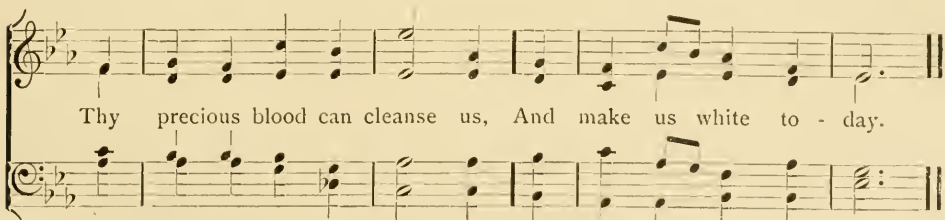

1. To - day Thy mer - cy calls us, To wash a - way our sin,



How - ev - er great our tres - pass, What - ev - er we have been:



How - ev - er long from mer - cy Our hearts have turn'd a - way,



Thy pre - cious blood can cleanse us, And make us white to - day.

2 To-day Thy gate is open,  
And all who enter in  
Shall find a Father's welcome  
And pardon for their sin,  
No question will be asked,  
How often we have come;  
Although we oft have wandered,  
It is our Father's Home!

3 To-day the Father calls us,  
His Holy Spirit waits:  
His blessed angels gather,  
Around the heavenly gates;  
The past shall be forgotten,  
A present joy be given,  
The grace which He has promised,  
A glorious crown in heaven.

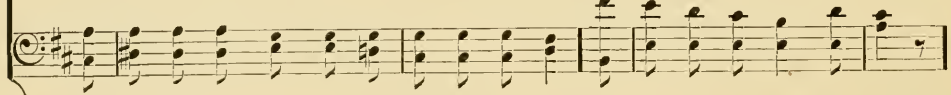
## 122

*The Beautiful Stream**E. Torrey, Jr.**J. B. Calkin*

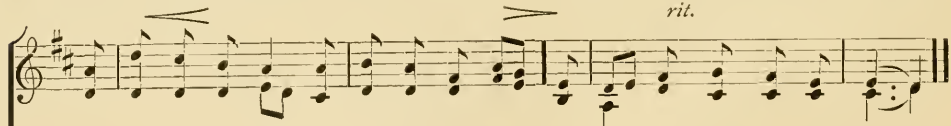
1. O have you not heard of a beau-ti-ful stream That flows thro' our Father's land?
2. Its fountains are deep and its wa-ters are pure, And sweet to the weary soul;
3. This beau-ti-ful stream is the riv-er of life, It flows for all nations free;
4. Oh, will you not drink of the beau-ti-ful stream, And dwell on its peaceful shore?



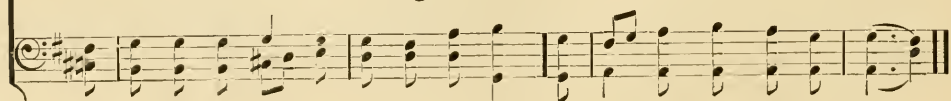
Its waters gleam bright in the heav-en - ly light, And rip - ple o'er gold - en sands.  
 It flows from the throne of Je - ho - vah a - lone: Oh, come where its bright waves roll.  
 A balm for each wound in its wa-ters are found, O sin - ner, it flows for thee.  
 The Spir-it says, "Come, all ye wea-ry ones, home, And wander in sin no more."



Oh, seek that beau - ti - ful stream; Oh, seek that beau - ti - ful stream;



Its wa-ters so free are flow-ing for thee, Oh seek the beau - ti - ful stream.



123

*Come to Jesus!*

1. Come to Je - sus! come a - way; For - sake thy sins, oh, why de - lay?  
His arms are o - pen night and day, He waits to wel - come thee.

2 Come to Jesus! sin no more,  
But on thy bended knees implore,  
And knock in faith at mercy's door,  
He's sure to welcome thee.

3 Come to Jesus! Lift thine eye:  
There's prayer in every contrite sigh  
And every groan, for God is nigh.  
He'll bow His ear to thee.

4 Come to Jesus! cling to Him,  
Hark! how He calls "Come unto Me!  
I cast out none, I'll pardon thee."  
Oh, thou shalt welcome be.

5 Come to Jesus! cling to Him,  
He'll keep thee far from paths of sin,  
Thou shalt at last the vict'ry win;  
And He will welcome Thee.

6 Come to Jesus! Do not stand,  
The Father draws—'tis His command,  
And none shall pluck thee from His hand,  
No—that can never be.

7 Come to Jesus! Lord, I come:  
Weary of sin, no more I'd roam,  
But with my Saviour be at home;  
I know He'll welcome me.

124

*To-day the Saviour calls:*

*Tune—Amoy E major*

1 To-day the Saviour calls;  
Ye wanderers, come!  
O, ye benighted souls,  
Why longer roam!

2 To-day the Saviour calls:  
O, listen now!  
Within these sacred walls  
To Jesus bow.

3 To-day the Saviour calls:  
For refuge fly;  
The storm of justice falls,  
And death is nigh,

4 The Spirit calls to-day,  
Yield to His power;  
O, grieve Him not away;  
'Tis mercy's hour.

*Thomas Hastings*

125

*I love to hear the Story**Emily H. Miller**Cyril Bowdler*

1. I love to hear the sto - ry Which an - gel voi - ces tell,

CHORUS. I love to hear the sto - ry Which an - gel voi - ces tell,

FINE.

How once the King of glo - ry Came down on earth to dwell.

How once the King of glo - ry Came down on earth to dwell.

I am both weak and sin - ful, But this I sure - ly know,

The Lord came down to save me, Be - cause He loved me so.

2 I know my blessed Saviour  
Was once a child like me,  
To show how pure and holy  
His little ones might be;  
And if I try to follow  
His footsteps here below,  
He never will forget me,  
Because He loves me so.  
I love to hear the story, &c.

3 To sing His love and mercy,  
My sweetest songs I'll raise;  
And though I cannot see Him,  
I know He hears my praise;  
For He has kindly promised  
That even I may go  
To sing among His angels,  
Because He loves me so.  
I love to hear the story, &c.

126

*I was a wandering Sheep*

H. Bonar

Francis John

1. I was a wan - d'ring sheep, I did not love the fold;  
 2. The Shep - herd sought His sheep, The Fa - ther sought His child;

I did not love my Shepherd's voice, I would not be con - trolled.  
 He fol - lowed me o'er vale and hill, O'er des - erts waste and wild:

I was a way - ward child; I did not love my home;  
 He found me nigh to death, Fam-ished and faint and lone;

I did not love my Fa-ther's voice, I loved a - far to roam.  
 He bound me with the bands of love, He saved the wan - d'ring one.

3 Jesus my Shepherd is;  
 'T was He that loved my soul,  
 'T was He that washed me in His blood,  
 'T was He that made me whole;  
 'T was He that sought the lost,  
 That found the wandering sheep;  
 'T was He that brought me to the fold,  
 'T is He that still doth keep.

4 No more a wandering sheep,  
 I love to be controlled;  
 I love my tender Shepherd's voice,  
 I love the peaceful fold:  
 No more a wayward child,  
 I seek no more to roam;  
 I love my heavenly Father's voice,  
 I love, I love His home!



127

*Heal me, O my Saviour, heal*

*Godfrey Thring*

*W. H. Monk*

1. Heal me, O my Sav - iour, heal; Heal me as I  
2. Fresh the wounds that sin hath made; Hear the prayers I

sup - pliant kneel; Heal me, and my par - don seal.  
oft have prayed, And in mer - cy send me aid.

3 Thou the true Physician art;  
Thou, O Christ canst health impart,  
Binding up the bleeding heart.

4 Other comforters are gone;  
Thou canst heal, and Thou alone,  
Thou for all my sin atone.

128

*Lord, in this Thy mercy's day*

SECOND HYMN

1 Lord, in this Thy mercy's day  
Ere it pass for aye away,  
On our knees we'll fall and pray.

2 Holy Jesus, grant us tears,  
Fill us with heart-searching fears  
Ere that awful doom appears.

3 Lord, on us Thy spirit pour,  
Kneeling lowly at the door  
Ere it close for evermore.

4 By Thy night of agony,  
By Thy supplicating cry,  
By Thy willingness to die.

5 By Thy tear of bitter woe  
For Jerusalem below,  
Let us not Thy love forego.

6 Grant us 'neath Thy wings a place,  
Lest we lose this day of grace—  
Ere we shall behold Thy face.

*Isaac Williams*

129

*I heard a voice*

*P. Stryker*

*L. Spohr*

1. I heard a voice, the sweet - est voice That mor - tal ev - er heard;

Oh! how it made my heart re - joice, And eve - ry feel - ing stirred!

'Twas Je - sus spoke to me so mild He called me to His side,

And said, al-though with heart de - filed, I might in Him con - fide.

2 I saw His face, the fairest face  
That mortal ever saw;  
I longed the Saviour to embrace,  
From Him new life to draw.  
"Come unto Me," He kindly said,  
"And I will give Thee rest;  
The ransom-price I fully paid—  
Repent! believe! be blest!"

3 I felt His love, the strongest love  
That mortal ever felt;  
Oh! how it drew my soul above,  
And made my hard heart melt!  
My burden at His feet I laid,  
And knew the joy of heaven,  
As in my willing ear he said  
The blessed word, "*Forgiven!*"

130

*I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus*

Frances R. Havergal

R. P. Stewart

1. I am trust-ing Thee, Lord Je - sus, Trust-ing on - ly Thee!  
 2. I am trust-ing Thee for par - don, At Thy feet I bow;  
 Trust-ing Thee for full sal - va - tion, Great and free.  
 For Thy grace and ten - der mer - cy, Trust - ing now.

3 I am trusting Thee to guide me;  
 Thou alone shalt lead,  
 Every day and hour supplying  
 All my need,

4 I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus;  
 Never let me fall;  
 I am trusting Thee for ever,  
 And for all.

131

*I am coming to the Cross*

W. McDonald

W. G. Fischer

1, I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;  
 REF.—I am trust - ing, Lord, in Thee, Dear Lamb of Cal - va - ry;  
 I am count - ing all but dross; I shall full sal - va - tion find.

Hum-bly at Thy cross I bow; Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee;  
 Long has evil dwelt within;  
 Jesus sweetly speaks to me,  
 I will cleanse you from all sin.

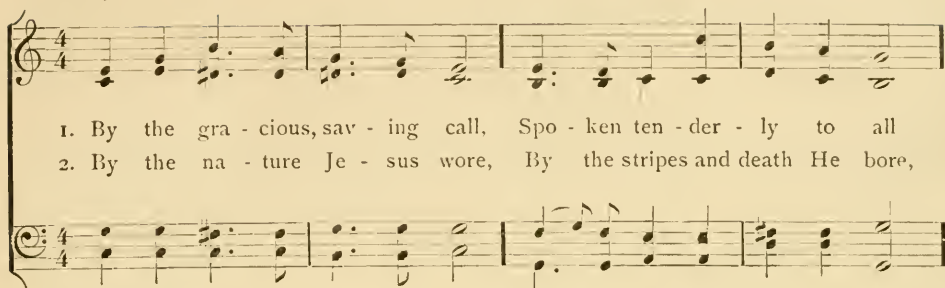
3 Here I give give my all to Thee,—  
 Friends and time and earthly store;  
 Soul and body Thine to be—  
 Wholly Thine for evermore.

132

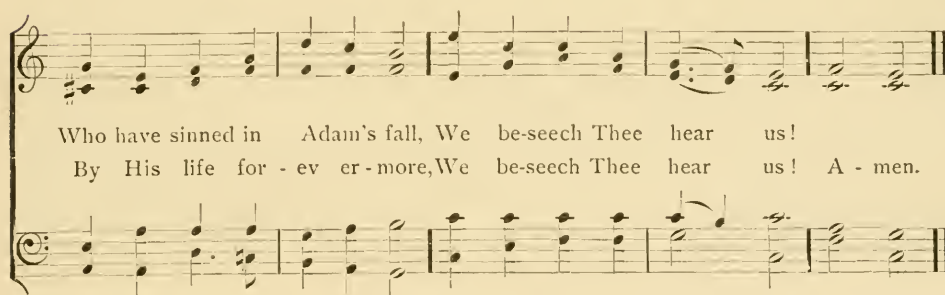
*By the Gracious, Saving Call*

*Hervey*

*F. A. J. Hervey*



1. By the gra - cious, sav - ing call, Spo - ken ten - der - ly to all  
 2. By the na - ture Je - sus wore, By the stripes and death He bore,



Who have sinned in Adam's fall, We be-seech Thee hear us!  
 By His life for - ev er - more, We be-seech Thee hear us! A - men.

3 By the love that longs to bless,  
 Pitying our sore distress,  
 Leading us to holiness,  
 We beseech Thee hear us!

4 By the love so calm and strong,  
 Patient still to suffer wrong,  
 And our day of grace prolong,  
 We beseech Thee hear us!

5 By the love that speaks within,  
 Calling us to flee from sin,  
 And the joy of gladness win,  
 We beseech Thee hear us!

6 By the love that bids Thee spare,  
 By the Heaven Thou dost prepare,  
 By Thy promises to prayer,  
 We beseech Thee hear us!

133

*Redeemed, Restored, Forgiven*

Henry W. Baker

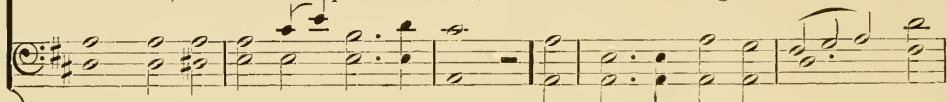
Traditional Melody



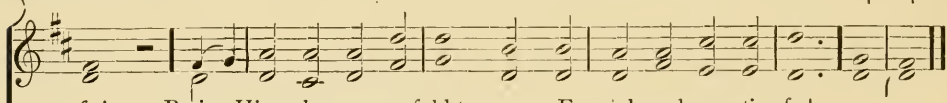
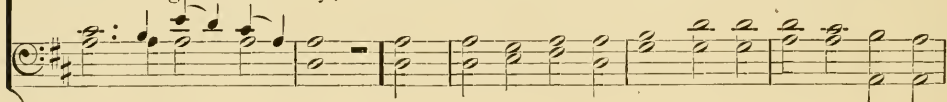
1. Redeemed, restored, for-giv-en, Through Jesus' precious Blood, Heirs of His home in  
2. Once on the drear-y mount-ain We wandered far and wide, Far from the cleansing



Heav - en, O praise our pardoning God! Praise Him in tune - ful mea-sures, Who  
Foun - tain, Far from the pier - ced Side; But Je - sus sought and found us, And



gave His Son to die; Praise Him whose sevenfold treasures Enrich and sancti-  
washed our guilt a - way; With cords of love He bound us To be His own for



fy! Praise Him whose sevenfold treasures En-rich and sanc-ti - fy!  
aye With cords of love he bound us To be His own for aye. A-men.



3 Dear Master, Thine the glory  
Of each recovered soul;  
Ah! who can tell the story  
Of love that made us whole?  
Not ours, not ours the merit;  
Be thine alone the praise,  
And ours a thankful spirit  
To serve Thee all our days.

4 Now keep us, Holy Saviour.  
In Thy true love and fear;  
And grant us of Thy favor  
The grace to persevere;  
Till, in Thy new creation,  
Earth's time-long travail o'er,  
We find our full salvation,  
And praise Thee evermore.



I34

*Self and Christ*

*A. Monod*

*W. H. Monk*

1. Oh, the bit - ter shame and sor - row, That a time could  
2. Yet He found me: I be - held Him Bleed - ing on the

ev - er be When I let the Sav-iour's pi - ty Plead in vain, and  
accursed tree, Heard Him pray, "For-give them, Fa-ther;" And my wist - ful

proud - ly an - swer'd, "All of self, and none of Thee."  
heart said faint - ly, "Some of self, and some of Thee." A - men.

3 Day by day His tender mercy,  
Healing, helping, full and free,  
Sweet and strong, and ah! so patient,  
Brought me lower, while I whisper'd,  
"Less of self, and more of Thee."

4 Higher than the highest heavens,  
Deeper than the deepest sea,  
Lord, Thy love at last hath conquer'd;  
Grant me now my soul's desire,  
"None of self, and all of Thee."

I35

H. Bonar

*I lay my sins on Jesus*

S. S. Wesley

1. I lay my sins on Je - sus, The spotless Lamb of God; He bears them all and  
frees us From the ac - curs - ed load; I bring my guilt to Jesus, To wash my crimson  
stains White in His blood most prec - ious, Till not a stain re - mains.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus;  
All fulness dwells in Him;  
He healeth my diseases,  
He doth my soul redeem:  
I lay my griefs on Jesus,  
My burdens and my cares;  
He from them all releases,  
He all my sorrows shares.

3 I long to be like Jesus,  
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;  
I long to be like Jesus,  
The Father's holy child:  
I long to be with Jesus  
Amid the heavenly throng,  
To sing with saints His praises,  
And learn the angels' song.

I36

*Lord, Thy mercy now entreating*

*Tune on page 190*

1 Lord, Thy mercy now entreating,  
Low before Thy throne we fall,  
Our misdeeds to Thee confessing,  
On Thy name we humbly call.  
Sinful thoughts, and words unloving,  
Rise against us one by one;  
Acts unworthy, deeds unthinking,  
Good that we have left undone:

2 Precious moments idly wasted,  
Precious hours in folly spent;  
Christian vow and fight unheeded,  
Scarce a thought to wisdom lent:  
Lord, Thy mercy still entreating,  
We with shame our sins would own  
From henceforth, the time redeeming,  
May we live to Thee alone.

137

*Lord, I confess to Thee*

H. Bonar

E. J. Hopkins

1. Lord, I con - fess to Thee Sad - ly my sin; All I am

tell I Thee, All I have been, Purge Thou my sin a - way,

*slower.*

Wash Thou my soul this day, Lord, make me clean. A - men.

2 Faithful and just art Thou,  
 Forgiving all;  
 Loving and kind art Thou,  
 When poor ones call;  
 Lord, let the cleansing blood,  
 Blood of the Lamb of God  
 Pass o'er my soul.

3 Then all is peace and light  
 This soul within :  
 Thus shall I walk with Thee,  
 The loved unseen :  
 Leaning on Thee, my God,  
 Guided along the road,  
 Nothing between.

138

*Take up thy Cross*

*Tune on page 200*

1 Take up thy cross, the Saviour said,  
 If thou would'st My disciple be;  
 Deny thyself, the world forsake,  
 And humbly follow after Me.

2 Take up thy cross : let not its weight  
 Fill thy weak spirit with alarm;  
 His strength shall bear thy spirit up,  
 And brace thy heart, and nerve thine arm.

3 Take up thy cross then in His strength,  
 And calmly e'ery danger brave :  
 'T will guide thee to a better home,  
 And lead to victory o'er the grave.

4 Take up thy cross, and follow Christ,  
 Nor think till death to lay it down;  
 For only he who bears the cross  
 May hope to wear the glorious crown.

139

*I heard the voice of Jesus say*

H. Bonar

J. B. Dykes

*p* *rall* *tempo*

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to me and rest;

*Org.*

Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast;"

*Quicker* *mf*

I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry, and worn, and sad;

*f* *ff*

I found in Him a rest - ing place, And He has made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
 "Behold, I freely give  
 The living water, thirsty one,  
 Stoop down, and drink, and live;"  
 I came to Jesus, and I drank  
 Of that life giving stream;  
 My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,  
 And now I live in Him.

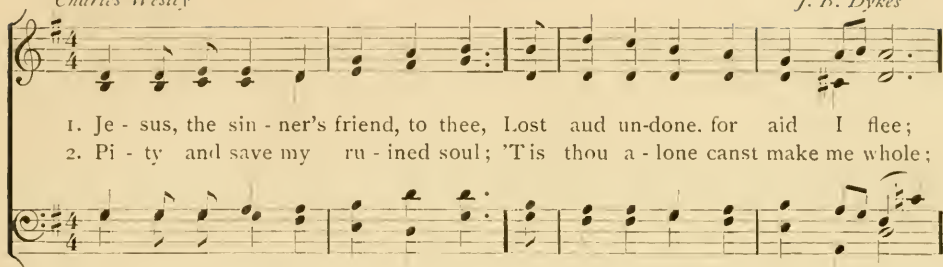
3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
 "I am this dark world's Light;  
 Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,  
 And all thy day be bright:"  
 I looked to Jesus, and I found  
 In Him, my Star, my Sun;  
 And, in that Light of life, I'll walk  
 Till traveling days are done.

140

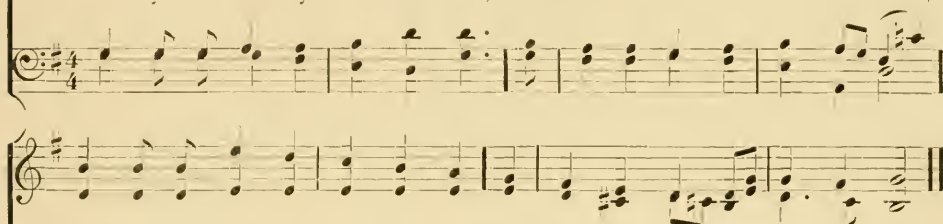
*Jesus the Sinner's Friend*

Charles Wesley

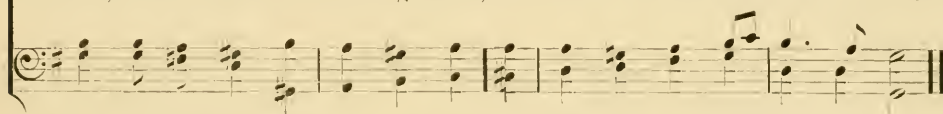
J. B. Dykes



1. Je - sus, the sin - ner's friend, to thee, Lost and un-done. for aid I flee;  
2. Pi - ty and save my ru - ined soul; 'Tis thou a - lone canst make me whole;



Wea - ry of earth, my - self, and sin, O - pen thine arms and take me in.  
Dark, till in me thine im - age shine, And lost I am till thou art mine.



3 At last I own it cannot be  
That I should fit myself for thee:  
Here, then, to thee I all resign:  
Thine is the work, and only thine.

4 What can I say thy grace to move?  
Lord, I am sin,—but thou art love:  
I give up every plea beside,  
Lord, I am lost,—but thou hast died!

141

*Just as I am*

*Tune—Page 4*

1 Just as I am, without one plea,  
But that Thy Blood was shed for me,  
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee.  
O Lamb of God, I come.

2 Just as I am, though tossed about  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
Fightings and fears within, without,  
O Lamb of God, I come.

3 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind:  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find.  
O Lamb of God, I come,

4 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,  
Because Thy promise I believe,  
O Lamb of God, I come.

5 Just as I am (Thy love unknown  
Has broken every barrier down.)  
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,  
O Lamb of God, I come.

6 Just as I am, of that free love,  
The breadth, length, depth, and height to  
prove.  
Here for a season, then above,  
O Lamb of God, I come. Amen.

Charlotte Elliott



142

*Dear Saviour ever at my side*

*F. W. Faber*

*Harriette B. Judd*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The melody is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the notes.

I. { Dear Sav - iour ev - er at my side, How lov - ing Thou must be, }  
 { To leave Thy Home in Heaven to guard A sin - ful one like me! }

Thy beau - ti - ful and shin - ing Face I see not, though so near;

The sweet-ness of Thy soft, low Voice, I am too deaf to hear.

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2 I cannot feel Thee touch my hand  
 With pressure light and mild,  
 To check me as my mother did,  
 When I was but a child:  
 But I have felt Thee in my thoughts,  
 Fighting with sin for me;  
 And when my heart loves God I know  
 The sweetness is from Thee.

3 And when, dear Saviour, I kneel down,  
 Morning and night, to prayer,  
 Something there is, within my heart,  
 Which tells me Thou art there.  
 Yes, when I pray Thou prayest too,—  
 Thy prayer is all for me;  
 But when I sleep Thou sleepest not,  
 But watchest patiently.

143

*I hear Thy welcome voice*

*Tune—Welcome Voice*

1 I hear The welcome voice,  
 That calls me, Lord to Thee,  
 For cleansing in Thy precious blood,  
 That flowed on Calvary.

CHO.—I am coming, Lord!  
 Coming now to Thee;  
 Wash me, cleanse, in thy blood  
 That flowed on Calvary!

2 Though coming weak and vile,  
 Thou dost my strength assure;  
 Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,  
 Till spotless all, and pure.—CHO.

3 'T is Jesus calls me on  
 To perfect faith and love,  
 To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,  
 For earth and heaven above.—CHO.

*L. Hartsough*

## 144

*Hark, the Sound of the Fight**F. W. Faber**Charles H. Lloyd*

1. Hark, the sound of the fight hath gone forth, And we must not tar-ry at home;

For our Lord from the south and the north Has commanded His sol-diers to come.

We must on, with our ban-ner unfurled; We must on: it is Je-sus who leads;

We must has-ten to conquer the world With the sign of the Lamb who bleeds.

2 We must stand to our colors like men;  
 Our Lord is a leader to love;  
 For the wounded he heals, and the slain  
 He crowns in His city above.  
 We must march to the battle with speed,  
 Upon earth our duty is strife;  
 Oh, blest are the soldiers who bleed  
 For the Saviour who died to give life.

3 There is Jesus in heaven above,  
 There is Jesus on earth below,  
 And His the one standard we love.  
 And His the one watchword we know.  
 Let us sing the new song of the Lamb;  
 Let us sing round our banner so brave;  
 Let us sing of that bountiful blood  
 That was shed to redeem and to save.

## 145

*Soldiers of the Captain**With spirit.*

1. Sol-diers of the Cap-tain! Stand for Him and fight, Hardness glad en - dur - ing,  
Ar-mor'd in His might! He is the great Vic - tor Praised in an-gels' songs,

## REFRAIN.

Glo - ry of each sol - dier Who to Him be - longs. Sol-diers of the Cap-tain!  
Stand for Him and fight, Hardness glad en-dur - ing, Armor'd in His might. A - - men.

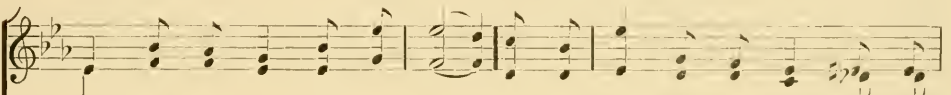
2 Take ye, then, the helmet,  
Breastplate, shield, and sword—  
Thus equipped, for battle  
Ready at His word:  
Fierce though be the warfare,  
Sure is the renown—  
And, though dark the conflict,  
Bright the promised crown.  
Soldiers of the Captain! &c,

3 Jesus! Captain! help us  
Soldiers good to be—  
Living, dying, ever,  
Fighting, Lord, for Thee:  
Eager to march forward,  
In those ranks of Thine—  
Waiting but the order  
From Thy voice divine!  
Soldiers of the Captain! &c.

146

*We are Soldiers of Christ**T. B. Pollock**E. C. A. Chepmell*

1. We are sol - diers of Christ, Who is might - y to save, And His  
 2. We are bro - thers and com - rades, we stand side by side, And our  
 3. We will watch read - y armed if the tempt - er draw near, If he



ban - ner the cross is un - furled; We are pledged to be faith - ful and  
 faith and our hope are the same; And we think of the Cross on which  
 come with a frown or a smile; We will heed not his threats, nor his



stead - fast and brave A - gainst Sa - tan, the flesh and the world.  
 Je - sus has died, When we bear the re-proach of His Name.  
 flat - ter - ies hear, Nor be tak - en by storm or by wile.



- 4 Now let each cheer his comrade, let hearts beat as one,  
 While we follow where Christ leads the way.  
 'T were dishonor to yield, or the battle to shun,  
 We will fight, and will watch, and will pray.
- 5 Though the warfare be weary, the trial be sore,  
 In the might of our God we will stand;  
 Oh, what joy to be crowned and be pure evermore  
 In the peace of our own Fatherland!

147

*Breast the wave, Christian**J. Stammers**J. V.*

1. Breast the wave, Chris-tian, When it is strong - est, Watch for day, Chris-tian,  
 2. Fight the fight, Chris-tian, Je - sus is o'er thee; Run the race, Chris-tian,  
 3. Lift the eye, Chris-tian, just as it clos - eth; Raise the heart, Chris-tian,

when night is long - est; On - ward and on - ward still be thine en -  
 heaven is be - fore thee: He who hath pro - mised all, fal - ter - eth  
 ere it re - pos - eth, Noth - ing thy soul from the Sav - iour shall

deav - or, The rest that re - main - eth en - dur - eth for - ev - er.  
 nev - er, Oh, trust in the love that en - dur - eth for - ev - er!  
 sey - er, Soon Thou shalt mount up - ward to praise Him, for - ev - er.

*Ped.*

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148

*My soul, be on thy guard**Tune—Laban C major*

1 My soul, be on thy guard,  
 Ten thousand foes arise;  
 And hosts of sin are pressing hard  
 To draw thee from the skies

2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray!  
 The battle ne'er give o'er;  
 Renew it boldly every day,  
 And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,  
 Nor lay thine armor down;  
 Thine arduous work will not be done,  
 Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death  
 Shall bring thee to thy God!  
 He'll take thee at thy parting breath,  
 Up to His blest abode.

*George Heath*



## I49

*My Saviour, be Thou near me**T. A. Stowell**W. H. Longhurst*

1. My Saviour, be Thou near me When Sa-tan doth as - sail, To strengthen and pro -

tect me, That he may not pre - vail. When sor - rows come up - on me, And

days are dark and sad, My Sav-iour, be Thou near me. And I shall still be glad.

2 My Saviour, be Thou near me  
In sickness and in pain,  
To teach my spirit patience,  
To make my sorrow gain  
When heart and flesh are failing,  
Receive my parting breath;  
My Saviour, be Thou near me,  
To comfort me in death.

3 And then, forever near Thee,  
Safe in that happy place  
Where angels sing Thy praises,  
And saints behold Thy face;  
My joy shall be Thy Presence,  
Yes, this my heaven will be,  
My Saviour will be near me  
Thro' all eternity.

## I50

*Am I a soldier of the Cross**Tune—Christmas E♭ major*

1 Am I a soldier of the cross,  
A follower of the Lamb?  
And shall I fear to own His cause,  
Or blush to speak His name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies  
On flowery beds of ease,  
While others fought to win the prize,  
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?  
Must I not stem the flood?  
Is this vile world a friend to grace,  
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign:  
Increase my courage, Lord;  
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
Supported by Thy word.

*L. Watts*

## 151

*Watch and pray*

Charlotte Elliott

Kate S. Chittenden

I. Chris-tian, seek not yet re- pose, Cast Thy dreams of ease a- way;

Thou art in the midst of foes: Watch and pray. . .

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2 Gird thy heavenly armor on,  
Wear it ever night and day;  
Ambushed lies the evil one,  
Watch and pray.

3 Hear the victors who o'ercame;  
Still they mark each warrior's way;  
All with warning voice exclaim,—  
Watch and pray.

4 Hear, above all, hear thy Lord;  
Him thou lovest to obey;  
Hide within thy heart His word,  
Watch and pray.

5 Watch, as if on that alone  
Hung the issue of the day;  
Pray that help may be sent down;  
Watch and pray.

## 152

*Awake my Soul*

Tune—Christmas E♭ major

1 Awake, my soul; stretch every nerve,  
And press with vigor on;  
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,  
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around  
Hold thee in full survey;  
Forget the steps already trod,  
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all animating voice  
That calls thee from on high:  
'Tis his own hand presents the prize  
To thine uplifted eye;—

4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,  
Which shall new lustre boast,  
When victors' wreaths and monarch's gems  
Shall blend in common dust.

Philip Doddridge

153

## Lord, we stand before Thy Throne

Mrs. Parsons

Philip Armes

*p*

1. Lord, we stand be - fore Thy Throne; Thee our Lord and God we own,  
2. How can we, a fee - ble band, Sa - tan's gath - ered hosts withstand,

*cres.*

And to Thee, and Thee a - lone, All our lives re - sign!  
How re - sist, with sword in hand, Hell's u - ni - ted pow'rs?

*p* *p*

Then, if Thou our Lead - er art, Strengthen Thou the faint - ing heart,  
Sav - iour, in Thy Name we go, Thou hast conquered ev - 'ry foe;

*cres.* *f*

Cour - age, pa - tience, help im - part; Keep us whol - ly Thine.  
And if Thou Thy strength be - stow, Sav - ing Help is ours. A - men.

3 For above our mortal sight,  
In the land of endless light,  
Stand the victors robed in white.  
Strike their harps and sing—  
Jesus triumphed when He rose,  
Jesus conquered all our foes:  
Now His hand the Crown bestows,  
Glory to our King!

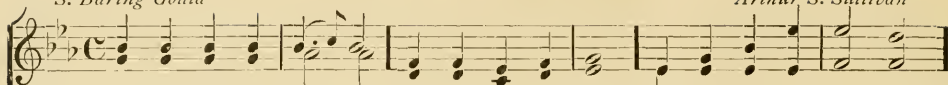
4 Lord, if we Thy cross will bear,  
We may hope Thy joy to share,  
With Thy ransomed ones to wear  
Crown and palm on high!  
Hear us then, we humbly pray,  
Take our hearts, ourselves, to-day;  
'Neath Thy banner may we stay  
Faithful till we die.

## 154

## Onward, Christian soldiers

S. Baring Gould

Arthur S. Sullivan



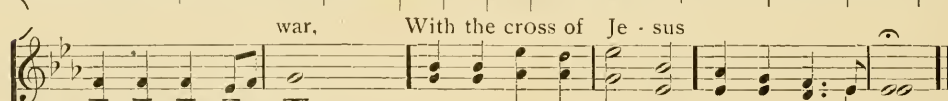
1. Onward, Christian sol-diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus  
2. Like a might-y ar-my, Moves the church of God, Brothers, we are tread-ing



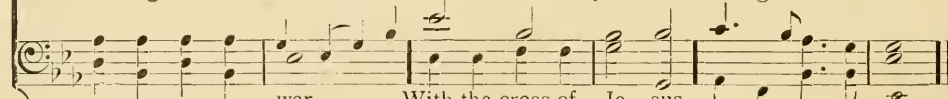
Go-ing on be-fore; Christ the Roy-al Mas-ter, Leads against the foe;  
Where the saints have trod: We are not di-vid-ed, All one bod-y we,



For-ward in-to bat-tle See His banners go. Onward, Christian sol-diers,  
One in hope and doc-trine, One in char-i-ty.



war, With the cross of Je - sus  
Marching as to war, With the Cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be-fore.



3 Crowns and thrones may perish,  
Kingdoms rise and wane,  
But the Church of Jesus  
Constant will remain;  
Gates of hell can never  
'Gainst that church prevail,  
We have Christ's own promise,  
And that cannot fail.  
Onward, Christian soldiers, &c.

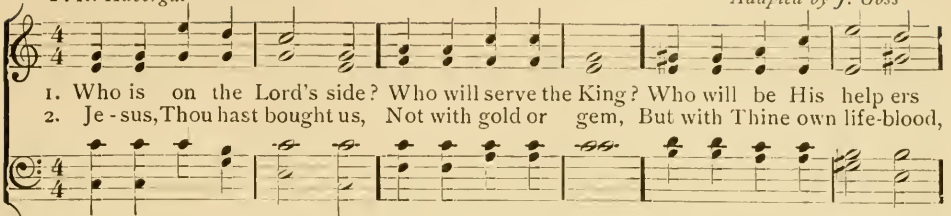
4 Onward, then, ye people,  
Join our happy throng,  
Blend with ours your voices  
In the triumph song—  
Glory, laud and honor,  
Unto Christ the King,  
This, through countless ages,  
Men and angels sing.  
Onward, Christian soldiers, &c.

155

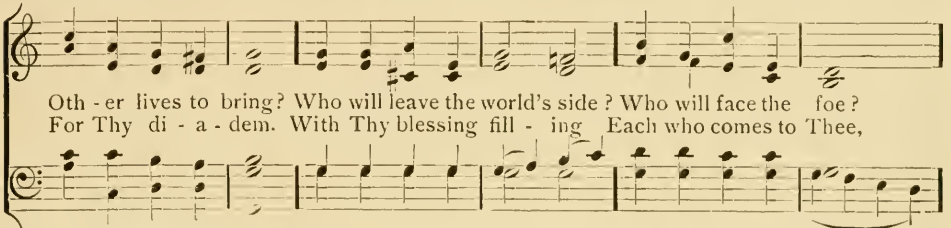
*Who is on the Lord's side*

*F. R. Havergal*

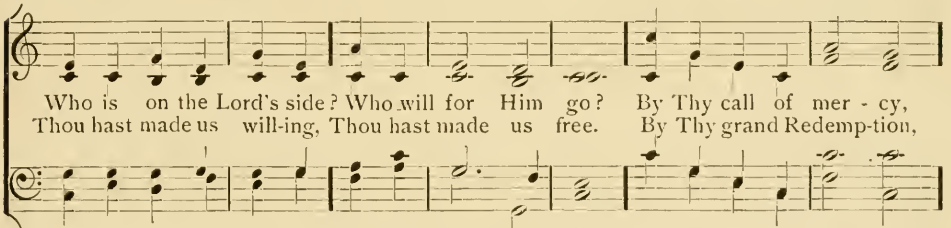
*Adapted by J. Goss*



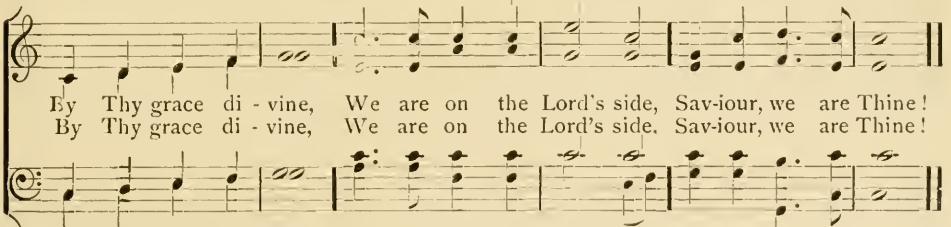
1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His help ers  
2. Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Not with gold or gem, But with Thine own life-blood,



Oth - er lives to bring? Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe?  
For Thy di - a - dem. With Thy blessing fill - ing Each who comes to Thee,



Who is on the Lord's side? Who will for Him go? By Thy call of mer - cy,  
Thou hast made us will - ing, Thou hast made us free. By Thy grand Redemp - tion,



By Thy grace di - vine, We are on the Lord's side, Sav - iour, we are Thine!  
By Thy grace di - vine, We are on the Lord's side. Sav - iour, we are Thine!

3 Fierce may be the conflict,  
Strong may be the foe,  
But the King's own army  
None can overthrow.  
Round His standard ranging,  
Victory is secure!  
For His truth unchanging  
Makes the triumph sure.  
Joyfully enlisting  
By Thy grace divine,  
We are on the Lord's side,  
Saviour, we are Thine!

4 Chosen to be soldiers  
In an alien land,  
"Chosen, called, faithful,"  
For our Captain's band  
In the service royal,  
Let us not grow cold:  
Let us be right loyal,  
Noble, true, and bold.  
Master, Thou wilt keep us,  
By Thy Grace divine.  
Always on the Lord's side,  
Saviour, always Thine!



156

*We march to Victory*

G. Moultrie

J. Barnby

4/4 time signature. Treble and bass staves. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#).

We march, we march to vic - to - ry, With the cross of the Lord be -

Continuation of the melody and accompaniment.

fore us, With His lov - ing eye look - ing down from the sky, And His

Continuation of the melody and accompaniment. The system includes a repeat sign and a key signature change to one flat (Bb).

ho - ly arm spread o'er us, His ho - ly arm spread o'er us. o'er us.

His arm spread

*1st two verses.* *Last verse only.*

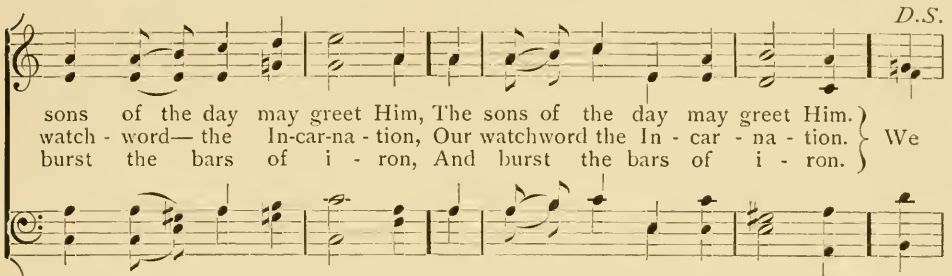
Continuation of the melody and accompaniment. The system includes a repeat sign and a key signature change to one flat (Bb).

1. We come in the might of the Lord of light, With ar - mor bright to  
 2. Our sword is the Spir - it of God on high, Our hel - met His sal -  
 3. And the choir of . . . an - gels with song a - waits Our march to the gol - den

# CONFLICT



meet Him And we put to flight the armies of night That the  
va - tion; Our ban - ner the cross of Cal - va - ry, Our  
Zi - on; For our Cap - tain has broken the braz - en gates, And



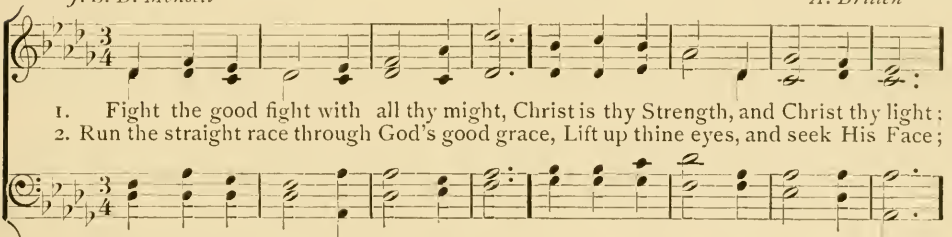
sons of the day may greet Him, The sons of the day may greet Him. }  
watch - word — the In - car - na - tion, Our watchword the In - car - na - tion. } We  
burst the bars of i - ron, And burst the bars of i - ron. }

157

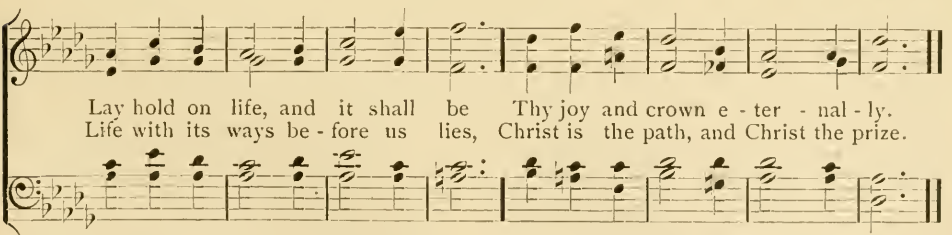
## Fight the good fight

J. S. B. Monsell

A. Britten



1. Fight the good fight with all thy might, Christ is thy Strength, and Christ thy light;  
2. Run the straight race through God's good grace, Lift up thine eyes, and seek His Face;




Lay hold on life, and it shall be Thy joy and crown e - ter - nal - ly.  
Life with its ways be - fore us lies, Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.


3 Cast care aside, lean on thy Guide:  
His boundless mercy will provide;  
Trust, and thy trusting soul shall prove  
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

4 Faint not nor fear, His arms are near,  
He changeth not, and thou art dear:  
Only believe, and thou shalt see  
That Christ is all in all to thee.


158

*The trumpet call of duty**Alfred H. Miles.**Lausanne Psalter*



1. The trum - pet call of du - ty Is sound - ing on the air!  
2. Wher - ev - er pride op - press - es, Wher - ev - er ills a - bound,



It calls for strength and beau - ty, It calls the brave and fair.  
Wher - ev - er wrong dis - tress - es, Our bat - tle field is found.



It calls to strife and sor - row, To pres - ent toil and pain;  
Wher - ev - er du - ty calls us, And conscience bids us go,



But vic - to - ry to - mor - row Shall be e - ter - nal gain.  
What - ev - er else be - falls us, We can but tri - umph know.

159

*Courage, Brother! do not Stumble*

Norman Macleod

Arthur S. Sullivan

1. Cour-age, broth-er! do not stum-ble, Tho' thy path be dark as night;  
 There's a star to guide the hum-ble, Trust in God, and do the right.  
 Tho' the road be long and dreary, And the end be out of sight, Tread it brave-ly,  
 strong or wea-ry, Trust in God, trust in God, trust in God, and do the right.

2 Perish "policy" and cunning,  
 Perish all that fears the light,  
 Whether losing, whether winning,  
 Trust in God and do the right.  
 Shun all forms of guilty passion,  
 Fiends can look like angels bright:  
 Heed no custom, school, or fashion,  
 Trust in God, and do the right.

3 Some will hate thee, some will love thee,  
 Some will flatter, some will slight;  
 Cease from man, and look above thee,  
 Trust in God, and do the right.  
 Simple rule and safest guiding,  
 Inward peace and shining light,  
 Star upon our path abiding,  
 Trust in God, and do the right.

## 160

*King of Glory!**Mrs. Mitchell**R. Stewart*

1. King of glo - ry! Sav - iour dear! Grant us grace to per - se - vere;  
 2. Once for Thee the Cru - ci - fied, Many a faith - ful mar - tyr died,

Lead - er of the hosts of God, May we tread where Thou hast trod!  
 How can we Thy chil - dren show All our love for all Thy woe?

3 Bearing calmly for our Lord  
 Thoughtless jest or spiteful word;  
 Curbing angry speech and tear,  
 Strong in Thee to persevere.

4 Persevere, Thy yoke is light;  
 Persevere, Thy crown is bright;  
 Persevere, and we shall sing,  
 In the palace of our King!

## 161

*One more day's work for Jesus**B♭ major*

1 One more day's work for Jesus,  
 One less of life for me!  
 But heaven is nearer,  
 And Christ is dearer,  
 Than yesterday to me;  
 His love and light  
 Fill all my soul to-night.—CHO.

2 One more day's work for Jesus!  
 How sweet the work has been,  
 To tell the story,  
 To show the glory,  
 Where Christ's flock enter in!  
 How it did shine  
 In this poor heart of mine!—CHO.

3. One more day's work for Jesus—  
 Oh, yes, a weary day;  
 But heaven shines clearer,  
 And rest comes nearer,  
 At each step of the way;  
 And Christ in all—  
 Before His face I fall.—CHO.

4 Oh, blessed work for Jesus!  
 Oh, rest at Jesus' feet!  
 There toil seems pleasure.  
 My wants are treasure,  
 And pain for Him is sweet.  
 Lord, if I may,  
 I'll serve another day!—CHO.

*A. Warner*



162

*Work, for the Night is coming*

*S. Dyer*

1. Work, for the night is com - ing; Work, thro' the morning hours;

Work, while the dew is spark - ling; Work 'mid the spring - ing flowers.

Work, when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow - ing sun:

Work, for the night is com - ing When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,  
Work through the sunny noon;  
Fill brightest hours with labor,  
Rest will come sure and soon:  
Give every flying minute  
Something to keep in store:  
Work, for the night is coming  
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,  
Under the sunset skies;  
While their bright tints are glowing  
Work, for the daylight flies:  
Work till the last beam fadeth,  
Fadeth to shine no more;  
Work, while the night is darkening  
When man's work is o'er.

163

*While the Sun is shining*

*T. A. Stowell*

*Walter Macfarren*



1. While the sun is shin - ing, Bright - ly in the sky,  
2. Work for God in heav - en, Seek the Sav - iour's face,

Ere His rays de - clin - ing, Tell that night is nigh;  
Plead to be for - giv - en, Strive to grow in grace;

Ere the shad - ows fall - ing, Length - en on our way,  
Watch a - gainst temp - ta - tion, Watch, and fight and pray,

Hark! a voice is call - ing, "Work while it is day."  
Each in his own sta - tion, "Work while it is day."

3 Work, but not in sadness,  
For your Lord above;  
He will make it gladness  
With His smile of love.  
When that Lord returning  
Knocketh at the gate,  
Let your lights be burning,  
Be like men who wait.


4 Happy then the meeting,  
When you see His face;  
Welcome then the greeting  
From the Throne of grace—  
"Good and faithful servant,  
Of my Father blest,  
Now your work is ended,  
Enter into rest."

164


*Purer yet and purer*

Goethe

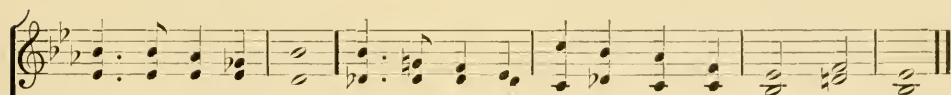
Kate S. Chittenden



1. Pur - er yet and pur - er I would be in mind, Dear - er yet and  
2. Calm - er yet and calm - er Tri - al bear and pain, Sur - er yet and



dear - er Eve - ry du - ty find; Hop - ing still and trust - ing  
sur - er Peace at last to gain; Suffer - ing still and do - ing,



God with-out a fear, Pa - tient-ly be - liev-ing He will make all clear.  
To his will re - signed, And to God sub - du - ing Heart and will and mind.

3 Higher yet and higher  
Out of clouds and night,  
Nearer yet and nearer  
Rising to the light—  
Light serene and holy,  
Where my soul may rest,  
Purified and lowly,  
Sanctified and blest.

4 Quicker yet and quicker  
Ever onward press,  
Firmer yet and firmer  
Step as I progress:  
Oft these earnest longings  
Swell within my breast,  
Yet their inner meaning  
Ne'er can be expressed.

165

*Far from my Heavenly Home*

*H. F. Lyte*

*John Wilkes*

*Not too slow*

1. Far from my heaven - ly home, Far from my Fa - ther's breast,  
2. My spir - it home - ward turns, And fain would thith - er flee;

Faint - ing I cry, "Blest Spir - it, come, And speed me to my rest."  
My heart, O Zi - on, droops and yearns, When I re - mem - ber Thee. A - men.

3 To Thee, to Thee I press  
A dark and toilsome road;  
When shall I pass the wilderness,  
And reach the saints' abode?

4 God of my life, be near;  
On Thee my hopes I cast;  
O guide me through the desert here,  
And bring me home at last.

166

*Father! whate'er of earthly bliss*

*Tune—Naomi D major*

1 Father! whate'er of earthly bliss  
Thy sovereign will denies,  
Accepted at Thy throne of grace,  
Let this petition rise:

2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,  
From every murmur free;  
The blessings of Thy grace impart.  
And make me live to Thee.

3 "Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine:  
My Life and death attend;  
Thy presence through my journey shine,  
And crown my journey's end."

*A. Steele*

167

*Father, hear the Prayer we offer!*

*John W. Tufts*

1. Fa - ther, hear the prayer we of - fer! Not for ease our prayer shall be,  
2. Not for - ev - er in green pas - tures Do we ask our way to be:

But for strength, that we may ev - er Live our lives cou - ra - geous - ly.  
But by steep and rug - ged pathways Would we strive to climb to Thee. A - men.

3 Not for ever in still waters  
Would we ask that we may stay,  
But would win the living fountains  
From the rocks along the way.

4 Be our strength in hours of weakness;  
In our wanderings be our guide;  
Through endeavor, failure, danger,  
Father! be Thou at our side.

From "Pilgrim Songs," by per. of Cong'l S. S. and Pub. Soc.

168

*Come, Thou Fount of every Blessing*

*Tune "Nettleton." F major*

1 Come, Thou Fount of every blessing,  
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;  
Streams of mercy never ceasing,  
Call for songs of loudest praise.  
Teach me some melodious sonnet,  
Sung by flaming tongues above;  
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it!  
Mount of Thy redeeming love.

2 Oh, to grace how great a debtor,  
Daily I'm constrained to be!  
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,  
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.  
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—  
Prone to leave the God I love;  
Here 's my heart, oh take and seal it!  
Seal it for Thy courts above.

*R. Robinson*



169

*Lead us, Heavenly Father**James Edmeston**Gounod*

1. Lead us, heaven-ly Fa-ther, lead us O'er the world's tem-pest-u-ous sea;

Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us, For we have no help but Thee;

Yet pos-sess-ing Ev-ery bless-ing, If our God our Fa-ther be.

2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;  
 All our weakness Thou dost know;  
 Thou didst tread this earth before us;  
 Thou didst feel its keenest woe;  
     Lone and dreary,  
     Faint and weary,  
 Through the desert Thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God, descending,  
 Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;  
 Love with every passion blending,  
 Pleasure that can never cloy;  
     Thus provided,  
     Pardoned, guided,  
 Nothing can our peace destroy.

170

*While we lowly bow*

1 While we lowly bow before Thee,  
Wilt Thou, gracious Saviour, hear?  
We are poor and needy sinners,  
Full of doubt and full of fear;  
Gracious Saviour,  
Make us humble and sincere.

2 Fill us with Thy Holy Spirit;  
Sanctify us by Thy grace;  
Oh, incline us more to love Thee,  
And in dust our souls abase.  
Hear us, Saviour,  
And unveil Thy glorious face.

3 None in vain did ever ask Thee  
For the Spirit of Thy love;  
Hear us, then, dear Saviour, hear us;  
Grant an answer from above;  
Blesséd Saviour,  
Hear and answer from above.

*D. C. Colcsworthy*

171

*Lord, I believe*

*J. R. Wreford*

*A. H. Mann*

1. Lord, I be-lieve; Thy power I own; Thy word I would o - bey;  
2. Lord, I be-lieve; but gloom - y fears Some-times be - dim my sight;

I wan - der com - fort - less and lone, When from Thy truth I stray.  
I look to Thee with prayers and tears, And cry for strength and light.

3 Lord, I believe; but oft, I know,  
My faith is cold and weak:  
My weakness strengthen, and bestow  
The confidence I seek.

4 Yes! I believe; and only Thou  
Canst give my soul relief:  
Lord, to Thy truth my spirit bow:  
"Help Thou mine unbelief!"

172

*More like Jesus would I be*

F. C. Van Alstyne  
*Dolce.*

John Naylor

1. More like Je - sus would I be, Let my Sav - iour dwell in me;  
2. More like Je - sus, while I go, Pil - grim in this world be - low;

*Dolce.*

Fill my soul with peace and love, Make me gen - tle as a dove.  
Poor in spir - it would I be,— Let my Saviour dwell in me. A - men.

3 He will teach me how to live,  
All my sinful thoughts forgive;  
Pure in heart I still would be,—  
Let my Saviour dwell in me.

4 Born of Him, through grace renewed,  
By His love my will subdued,  
Rich in faith I still would be,—  
Let my Saviour dwell in me.

173

*Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah*

Time—"Sicilian Hymn." E major

1 Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,  
Pilgrim through this barren land;  
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;  
Hold me with Thy powerful hand;  
Bread of heaven,  
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open Thou the crystal fountain  
Whence the healing streams do flow;  
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar  
Lead me all my journey through;  
Strong Deliverer,  
Be Thou still my Strength and Shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
Bid my anxious fears subside;  
Death of Death! and hell's Destruction!  
Land me safe on Canaan's side;  
Songs of praises  
I will ever give to Thee. Amen.

W. Williams

174

*O Jesus, I have promised**J. E. Bode,**J. W. Elliott*

1. O Je - sus, I have prom - ised To serve Thee to the end;

Be Thou for - ev - er near me, My Mas - ter and my Friend!

I shall not fear the bat - tle. If Thou art by my side,

Nor wan - der from the path - way, If Thou wilt be my Guide. A - men.

2 O! Let me feel Thee near me—  
 The world is ever near;  
 I see the sights that dazzle,  
 The tempting sounds I hear.  
 My foes are ever near me,  
 Around me and within;  
 But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,  
 And shield my soul from sin.

3 O Jesus, Thou hast promised  
 To all who follow Thee.  
 That where Thou art in glory  
 There shall Thy servant be;  
 And, Jesus, I have promised  
 To serve Thee to the end;  
 O, give me grace to follow  
 My Master and my Friend!

I75

*Jesus calls Us*

*C. F. Alexander*

*W. H. Jude*

1. Jē - sus calls us; o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild, rest - less sea,  
 2. Je - sus calls us from the wor - ship Of the vain world's gold-en store,

Day by day His sweet voice sound-eth, Say - ing "Christian fol - low me:"  
 From each i - dol that would keep us, Say - ing "Christian love me more."

3 In our joys and in our sorrows,  
 Days of toil and hours of ease,  
 Still He calls in cares and pleasures,  
 "Christian, love Me more than these."

4 Jesus calls us : by Thy mercies,  
 Saviour, may we hear Thy call,  
 Give our hearts to Thine obedience.  
 Serve and love Thee best of all.

I76

*The Friend Unseen*

*C. H. Bowne*

1. O Christ, our God, Who with Thine own hast been,  
 2. Make eve - ry heart that is Thy dwell - ing - place

Our spir - its cleave to Thee, the Friend un - seen.  
 A wa - tered gar - den filled with fruits of grace. A - men.



# ASPIRATION

3 Each holy purpose help us to fulfill;  
Increase our faith to feed upon Thee still.

4 O Grant us peace, that by Thy peace possessed,  
Thy life within us we may manifest.

5 So shall we pass our days in holy fear,  
In joyful consciousness that Thou art near.

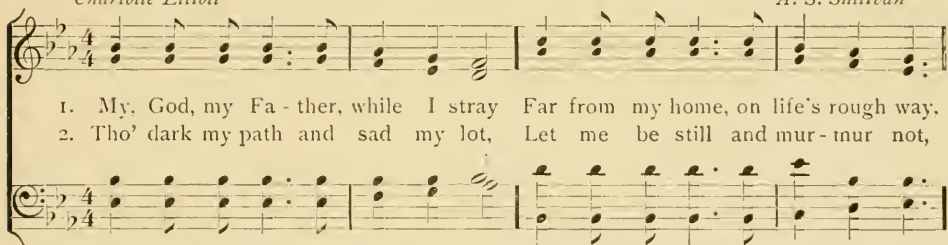
6 So shalt Thou be for ever, loving Lord,  
Our Shield and our exceeding great Reward.

I77

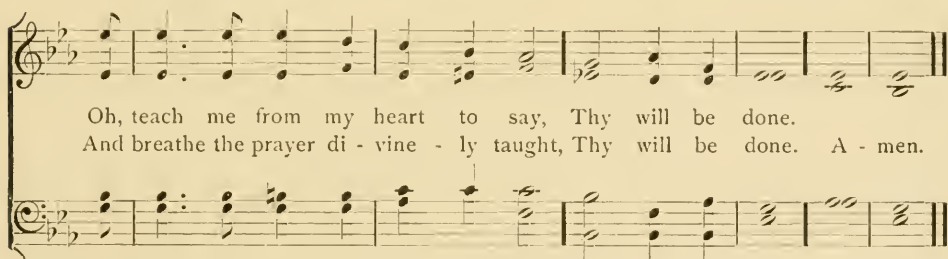
## Thy will be done

Charlotte Elliott

A. S. Sullivan



1. My, God, my Fa - ther, while I stray Far from my home, on life's rough way,  
2. Tho' dark my path and sad my lot, Let me be still and mur - mur not,



Oh, teach me from my heart to say, Thy will be done.  
And breathe the prayer di - vine - ly taught, Thy will be done. A - men.

3 Renew my will from day to day,  
Blend it with Thine, and take away  
All that now makes it hard to say  
Thy will be done.

4 Let but my fainting heart be blest  
With Thy sweet spirit for its guest,  
My God, to Thee I leave the rest :  
Thy will be done.

I 78

*How good Thou art to me!*

R. W. Landis

Kate S. Chittenden

1. How good Thou art to me! Oh may I ev - er be Faith - ful and  
2. Should tri - als dark and drear Be my al - lot - ment here, Till all earth's

true to Thee, Thou God of love; And be it e'er my will Thy pleas - ure  
hopes ap - pear To fade a - way; Let joy my spir - it fill To see there -

to ful - fill, Whose love shall guide me still To realms a - bove.  
in Thy will, To lead me on - ward still In Thy blest way.

3 Faithful and true Thou art,  
O still Thy grace impart,  
Till my whole life and heart  
From sin be free;  
Till I shall live Thy praise,  
Love Thee in all Thy ways;  
Yea, every moment raise  
Some note to Thee.

4 O Christ receive my prayer!  
I would Thine image bear  
Would still Thy guidance share,  
Till life retires;  
Oh make me Thine for aye;  
Thine while on earth I stay,  
And Thine where endless day  
Its joy inspires.

179

*Jesus! Lover of my Soul*

C. Wesley

J. B. Dykes

1. Je - sus! Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,  
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help-less soul on Thee;

*Fine.*

While the wa - ters near - er roll, While the tem - pest still is high;  
*D.S.*—Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; O re - ceive my soul at last!  
Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me!  
*D.S.*—Cov - er my de - fence-less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.

*D.S.*

Hide me, O my Sav - iour! hide, Till the storm of life is past;  
All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;

3 Thou, O Christ! art all I want;  
More than all in Thee I find;  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick and lead the blind,  
Just and holy is Thy Name,  
I am all unrighteousness;  
Vile and full of sin I am,  
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,  
Grace to cover all my sin,  
Let the healing streams abound,  
Make and keep me pure within;  
Thou of life the Fountain art:  
Freely let me take of Thee:  
Spring Thou up within my heart,  
Rise to all eternity.

180

*Break Thou the Bread of Life**M. A. Lathbury**Paul Ambrose*

1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst  
 2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord. To me— to me— As Thou didst

break the loaves Be - side the sea; Be - yond the sa - cred page I seek Thee,  
 bless the bread By Gal - i - lee; Then shall all bond - age cease, All fet - ters

Lord; My spir - it pants for Thee, O liv - ing Word!  
 fall; And I shall find my peace, My All in All! A - men.

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181

*More love to Thee, O Christ*

SECOND HYMN

1 More love to Thee, O Christ,  
 More love to Thee!  
 Hear Thou the prayer I make,  
 On bended knee;  
 This is my earnest plea,  
 More love, O Christ, to Thee,  
 More love to Thee!

2 Once earthly joy I craved.  
 Sought peace and rest;  
 Now Thee alone I seek,  
 Give what is best;  
 This all my prayer shall be,  
 More love, O Christ, to Thee,  
 More love to Thee!

3 Then shall my latest breath  
 Whisper Thy praise;  
 This be the parting cry  
 My heart shall raise,  
 This still its prayer shall be,  
 More love, O Christ, to Thee,  
 More love to Thee!

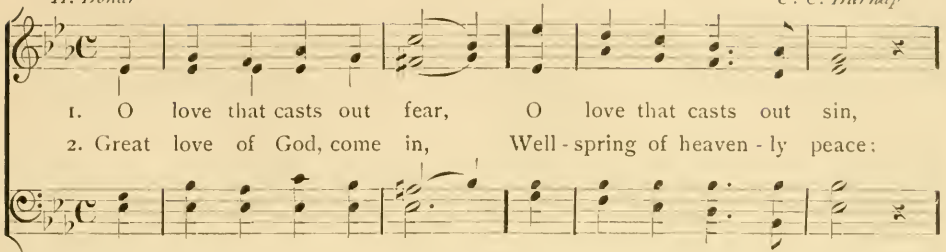
*Elizabeth Prentiss*

182

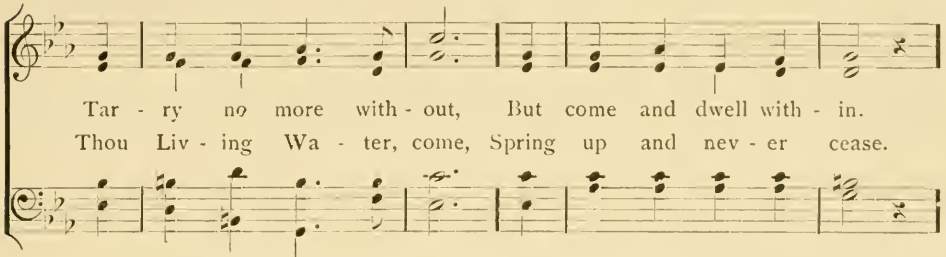
*O Love that casts out Fear*

H. Bonar

U. C. Burnap



1. O love that casts out fear, O love that casts out sin,  
2. Great love of God, come in, Well-spring of heaven-ly peace;



Tar-ry no more with-out, But come and dwell with-in.  
Thou Liv-ing Wa-ter, come, Spring up and nev-er cease.



True sun-light of the soul, Sur-round me as I go;  
Love of the liv-ing God, Of Fa-ther and of Son,



So shall my way be safe, My feet no stray-ing know.  
Love of the Ho-ly Ghost, Fill Thou each need-y one.



183

*Not for our Sins alone**H. Twells**W. H. Monk*

1. Not for our sins a - lone Thy mer - cy, Lord, we sue ; Let fall Thy pitying  
 2. The holi - est hours we spend In prayer up - on our knees, The times when most we  
 glance On our de - vo-tions, too, What we have done for Thee, And what we think to do.  
 deem Our songs of praise will please, Thou Searcher of all hearts, Forgiveness pour on these.

3 And all the gifts we bring,  
 And all the vows we make,  
 And all the acts of love  
 We plan for Thy dear sake,  
 Into Thy pardoning thought,  
 O God of mercy, take.

4 Bow down Thine ear and hear !  
 Open Thine eyes and see !  
 Our very love is shame,  
 And we must come to Thee  
 To make it of Thy grace  
 What Thou would'st have it be.

184

*Rise, my Soul**R. Seagrave**James Nares*

1. { Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy better portion trace ; } Sun and moon and stars  
 { Rise from transitory things Toward heaven, thy native place ; } [decay ;  
 Time shall soon this earth remove ; Rise, my soul, and haste away To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,  
Nor stay in all their course :  
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun :  
Both speed them to their source :  
So a soul that 's born of God  
Pants to view His glorious face,  
Upward tends to His abode,  
To rest in His embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn ;  
Press onward to the prize ;  
Soon our Saviour will return,  
Triumphant in the skies ;  
Yet a season, and you know  
Happy entrance will be given,  
All our sorrows left below,  
And earth exchanged for heaven.

185

*God made me for Himself*

*Henry W. Baker*

*Kate S. Chittenden*

1. God made me for Him - self, to serve Him here With  
2. All need - ful grace was mine, thro' His dear Son, Whose

love's pure ser - vice and in fil - ial fear; To show His praise ; for  
life and death, my full sal - va - tion won; Thy grace that would have

Him to la - bor now, Then see His glo - ry where the an - gels bow.  
strengthened me, and taught; Grace that would crown me when my work was wrought.

3 And I, poor sinner, cast it all away ;  
Lived for the toil or pleasure of each day ;  
As if no Christ had shed His precious blood,  
As if I owed no homage to my God.

4 O Holy Spirit, with Thy fire divine,  
Melt into tears this thankless heart of mine ;  
Teach me to love what once I seemed to hate,  
And live to God, before it be too late.

186

*I've found a Friend*

*J. G. Small*

*Arthur S. Sullivan*

1. I've found a Friend: O! such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew Him!

He drew me with the cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him:

And round my heart still close - ly twine Those ties which nought can sev - er,

For I' am His, and He is mine, For ev - er and for - ev - er

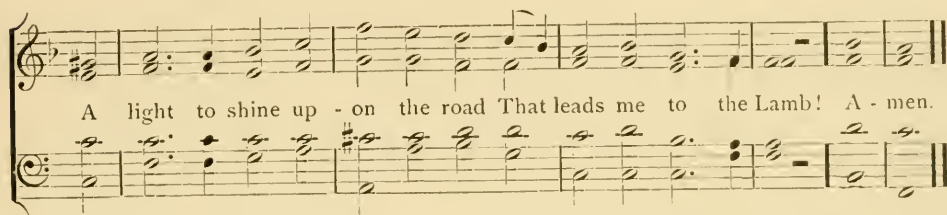
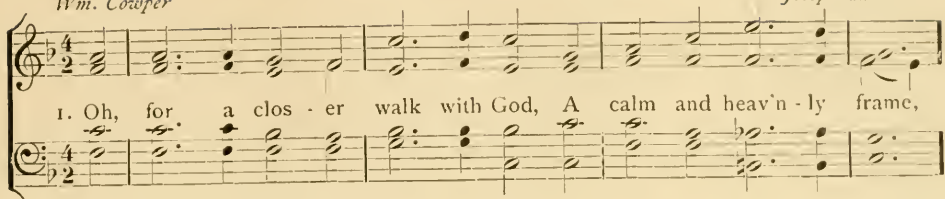
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| <p>2 I've found a Friend; O! such a Friend!<br/>         He bled, He died to save me;<br/>         And not alone the gift of life,<br/>         But His own Self He gave me.<br/>         Nought that I have my own I call,<br/>         I hold it for the Giver:<br/>         My heart, my strength, my life, my all,<br/>         Are His, and His forever.</p> | <p>3 I've found a Friend; O! such a Friend!<br/>         So kind and true, and tender,<br/>         So wise a Counsellor and Guide,<br/>         So mighty a Defender.<br/>         From Him, who loves me now so well,<br/>         What power my soul can sever?<br/>         Shall life?—or death?—or earth?—or hell?<br/>         No! I am His forever.</p> |
|---|---|

187

*Oh, for a closer walk with God*

Wm. Cowper

Joseph Smith



2 Where is the blessedness I knew  
When first I saw the Lord?  
Where is the soul-refreshing view  
Of Jesus and His word.

3 What peaceful hours I then enjoyed!  
How sweet their memory still!  
But they have left an aching void  
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O Holy Dove, return,  
Sweet messenger of rest;  
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,  
And drove Thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,  
Whate'er that idol be,  
Help me tear it from Thy throne,  
And worship only Thee.

188

*There is an Eye that never sleeps*

## SECOND HYMN

1 There is an Eye that never sleeps,  
Beneath the wing of night;  
There is an Ear that never shuts,  
When sink the beams of light.

2 There is an arm that never tires,  
When human strength gives way;  
There is a love that never fails,  
When earthly loves decay.

3 But there's a power which man can wield  
When mortal aid is vain,  
That Eye, that Arm, that Love to reach,  
That listening Ear to gain.

4 That power is prayer, which soars on high  
Through Jesus to the throne,  
And moves the Hand, which moves the world,  
To bring salvation down.

189

*Thou hidden Love of God**Charles Wesley**John Stainer*

1. Thou hid - den love of God, whose height, Whose depth un - fath - omed,

no man knows; I lan-guish for Thy beau - teous light. In -

*Voices in unison.*  
- ly I sigh for Thy re - pose; My heart is pained, nor

*Harmony.*  
can it be At rest, till it finds rest in Thee. A - men.

2 O hide this self from me, that I  
No more, but Christ in me may live;  
My vile affections crucify,  
Nor let one hidden lust survive!  
In all things nothing may I see,  
Nothing desire apart from Thee.

3 Each moment draw from earth away  
My heart that lowly waits Thy call;  
Speak to my inmost soul and say,  
"I am thy Love, thy God, thy All!"  
To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,  
To taste Thy love, be all my choice.



190

*Forgive, O Lord*

*L. F.*

*Langdon Colborne*

1. All our sin - ful words and ways, All our wast - ed hours and days,  
All our pride and love of praise. Forgive, us Lord, for Jesus' sake A - men.

2 All the mischief we have wrought,  
All forbidden things we've sought,  
All the sin of others taught,  
Forgive, O Lord, for Jesus' sake.

3 All the help we need each day,  
That we may not fall away,  
Or from Jesus go astray,  
Oh, give us Lord, for Jesus' sake.

4 Faith, to see Thee ever near,  
Hope, to check each foolish fear,  
Constant strength to persevere,  
Oh, give us, Lord, for Jesus' sake.

5 Every needful gift of grace,  
Till we reach the holy place,  
Where we shall behold Thy Face,  
Oh, give us, Lord, for Jesus' sake.

191 *We have not known Thee as we ought*

*Tune on opposite page*

1 We have not known Thee as we ought,  
Nor learned Thy wisdom, grace, and pow'r;  
The things of earth have fill'd our thought,  
And trifles of the passing hour,  
Lord, give us light Thy truth to see,  
And make us wise in knowing Thee.

2 We have not feared thee as we ought,  
Nor bowed beneath Thine awful eye,  
Nor guarded deed, and word, and thought,  
Remembering that God was nigh.  
Lord, give us faith to know Thee near,  
And grant the grace of holy fear.

3 We have not loved Thee as we ought,  
Nor cared that we are loved by Thee;  
Thy presence we have coldly sought,  
And feebly longed Thy face to see.  
Lord, give a pure and loving heart  
To feel and own the love Thou art.

4 We have not served Thee as we ought,  
Alas! the duties left undone.—  
The work with little fervor wrought,—  
The battles lost, or scarcely won!  
Lord, give the zeal, and give the might,  
For Thee to toil, for Thee to fight.

*J. B. Pollock*

192

*We beseech Thee, hear us**Vernon Hutton**T. Morley*

1. Heaven - ly Fa - ther, let Thy light Break up - on our blind - ed sight,  
2. Je - sus, who didst suf - fer pain, To re - lease from er - ror's chain.

Chase a - way the shades of night, We be - seech Thee, hear us.  
Man's lost Par - a - dise to gain, Je - sus, Sav - iour, hear us. A - men.

3 Seek for those who careless roam,  
Bring the wanderers safely home,  
May Thy glorious Kingdom come,  
Jesus, Saviour, hear us.

5 Come and breathe new life within,  
Rescue souls from death and sin,  
Teach the careless Heaven to win,  
Blessed Spirit, Hear us.

4 Blessed Spirit, heavenly Lord,  
Speak with power the saving Word,  
How the lost may be restored,  
Blessed Spirit hear us.

6 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Loving those who need Thee most,  
Raise the fallen, save the lost,  
We beseech Thee, hear us,

193

*Jesus! I live to Thee*

*John Austin*

*Schumann*

1. Je - sus I live to Thee, The love - li - est and best:  
2. Je - sus I live to Thee. When - ev - er death shall come;

My life in Thee. Thy life in me, In Thy blest love I rest.  
To die in Thee, is life to me. In my e - ter - nal home.

3 Whether to live or die,  
I know not which is best;  
To live in Thee is bliss to me,  
To die is endless rest.

4 Living or dying, Lord,  
I ask but to be Thine:  
My Life in Thee, Thy life in me,  
Makes heaven for ever mine.

194

*Thine for ever! God of love*

*Tune on page 130*

1 Thine for ever! God of love,  
Hear us from Thy Throne above;  
Thine for ever may we be,  
Here and in eternity.

2 Thine for ever! Oh, how blest  
They who find in Thee their rest!  
Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend,  
Oh, defend us to the end.

3 Thine for ever! Lord of life,  
Shield us through our earthly strife.  
Thou, the Life, the Truth, the Way  
Guide us to the realms of day.

4 Thine for ever! Shepherd, keep  
Us Thy weak and trembling sheep  
Safe alone beneath Thy care,  
Let us all Thy goodness share.

5 Thine for ever! Thou our Guide;  
All our wants by Thee supplied;  
All our sins by Thee forgiven!  
Lead us, Lord from earth to heaven!

*M. F. Maude*

CONSECRATION

195

*Take my Life, and let it be,*

*F. R. Havergal*

*Kate S. Chittenden*

1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - cra - ted, Lord, to Thee.  
2. Take my hands and let them move At the im - pulse of Thy love.

Take my moments and my days, Let them flow in ceaseless praise.  
Take my feet and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee. A - men.

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3 Take my voice, and let me sing  
Always, only, for my King.  
Take my lips, and let them be  
Filled with messages from Thee.

4 Take my love, my Lord, I pour  
At Thy feet its treasured store.  
Take myself, and I will be  
Ever, only, all for Thee.

196

*Must Jesus bear the cross alone*

*Tune—Maitland B♭ major*

1 Must Jesus bear the cross alone,  
And all the world go free?  
No, there's a cross for every one,  
And there's a cross for me.

2 The consecrated cross I'll bear,  
Till death shall set me free;  
And then go home my crown to wear,  
For there's a crown for me.

3 And palms shall wave, and harps shall ring  
Beneath heaven's arches high;  
The Lord that lives, the ransomed sing,  
That lives no more to die.

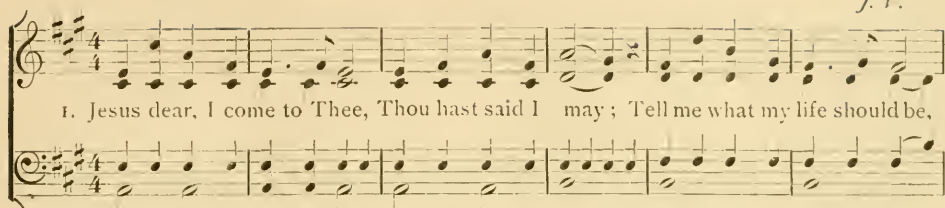
4 Oh, precious cross! oh, glorious crown!  
Oh, resurrection day!  
Ye angels, from the stars come down,  
And bear my soul away.

*T. Shepherd*

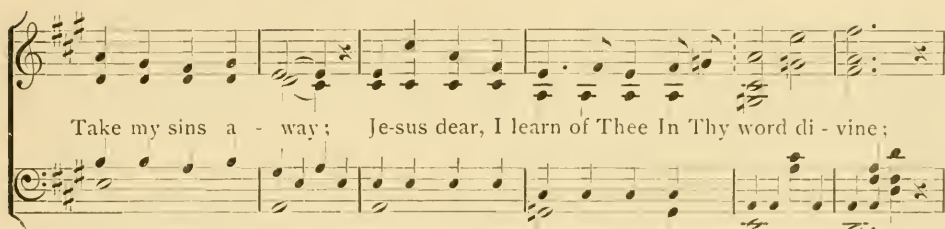
197

*Jesus dear, I come to Thee*

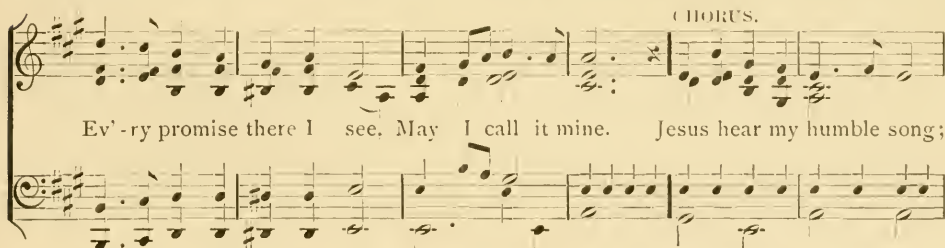
J. V.



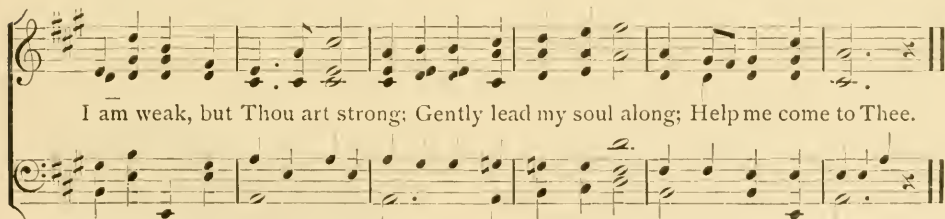
1. Jesus dear, I come to Thee, Thou hast said I may; Tell me what my life should be,



Take my sins a - way; Je-sus dear, I learn of Thee In Thy word di - vine;



CHORUS.  
Ev'-ry promise there I see, May I call it mine. Jesus hear my humble song;



I am weak, but Thou art strong; Gently lead my soul along; Help me come to Thee.

2 Jesus, dear. I long for Thee,  
Long Thy peace to know,  
Grant those purer joys to me,  
Earth can ne'er bestow:  
Jesus, dear, I cling to Thee;  
When my heart is sad,  
Thou wilt kindly speak to me,  
Thou wilt make me glad.—CHO.

3 Jesus, dear I trust in Thee,  
Trust Thy tender love;  
There's a happy home for me,  
With Thy saints above;  
Jesus, I would come to Thee,  
Thou hast said I may:  
Tell me what my life should be,  
Take my sins away.—CHO.



198

*Present with the two or three*

Arthur S. Sullivan

1. Pres - ent with the two or three, Deign, most gra - cious  
God to be, While we lift our souls to Thee. A - men.

2 Jesus! by Thy blood alone,  
Who didst for our sins atone.  
Dare we come before Thy throne

3 Thou who knowest all our need,  
Grant the prayer of faith to plead,  
Teach us how to intercede.

4 Holy Spirit, from on high  
Helping our infirmity,  
Aid us in our feeble cry.

5 Glory to the Father, Son,  
Holy Spirit, Three in one,  
While the endless ages run.

199

*Jesus, keep me near the Cross*

1 Jesus, keep me near the cross :  
There a precious fountain.  
Free to all, a healing stream.  
Flows from Calvary's mountain.

CHO.—In the cross, In the cross,  
Be my glory ever,  
Till my raptured soul shall find  
Rest beyond the river.

2 Near the Cross, a trembling soul,  
Love and mercy found me;  
There the bright and morning star  
Sheds its beams around me.—CHO.

3 Near the Cross! oh, Lamb of God,  
Bring its scenes before me;  
Help me walk from day to day,  
With its shadow o'er me.—CHO.

F. C. Van Alstyne

CONSECRATION

200

*Saviour! I follow on*

*Chas. S. Robinson*

*S. S. Wesley*

1. Sav - iour! I fol - low on, Guid - ed by Thee, See - ing not  
 2. Riv - en the rock for me Thirst to re - lieve, Man - na from  
 3. Sav - iour! I long to walk Clo - ser with Thee; Led by Thy

yet the hand That lead - eth me; Hushed be my heart and still, Fear I no  
 heav - en falls Fresh ev - ery eve; Nev - er a want sev - ere Caus - eth my  
 guid - ing hand, Ev - er to be; Con - stant - ly near Thy side, Quickened and

fur - ther ill; On - ly to meet Thy will My will shall be.  
 eye a tear, But Thou dost whis - per near, "On - ly be - lieve!"  
 pu - ri - fied, Liv - ing for Him who died Free - ly for me! A - men.

201

*Saviour! Thy dying Love*

SECOND HYMN

1 Saviour! Thy dying love  
 Thou gavest me;  
 Nor should I ought withhold,  
 Dear Lord, from Thee;  
 In love my soul would bow,  
 My heart fulfill its vow;  
 Some offering bring Thee now,  
 Something for Thee.

2 O'er the blest mercy-seat,  
 Pleading for me,  
 My feeble faith looks up,  
 Jesus, to Thee:

Help me the cross to bear,  
 Thy wondrous love declare,  
 Some song to raise, or prayer,  
 Something for Thee.

3 Give me a faithful heart—  
 Likeness to Thee,  
 That each departing day  
 Henceforth may see  
 Some work of love begun,  
 Some deed of kindness done,  
 Some wanderer sought and won,  
 Something for Thee.

*Sylvanus D. Phelps*

202

*My heart is resting, O my God*

1. My heart is rest - ing, O my God, I will give  
thanks and sing; My heart is at . . . the  
se - cret source Of ev - 'ry pre - cious thing.

2 I thirst for springs of heavenly life,  
And here all day they rise;  
I seek the treasure of Thy love,  
And close at hand it lies.

3 I have a heritage of joy.  
That yet I must not see;  
The hand that bled to make it mine,  
Is keeping it for me.

4 There is a certainty of love,  
That sets my heart at rest;  
A calm assurance for to-day  
That to be poor is best.

5 A prayer, reposing on His truth,  
Who hath made all things mine:  
That draws my captive will to Him,  
And makes it one with thine.

203

*Oh, happy day*

*Tune—Happy day G major*

1 Oh, happy day, that fixed my choice  
On Thee, my Saviour, and my God!  
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,  
And tell its raptures all abroad.

CHO.—Happy day, happy day,  
When Jesus washed my sins away!  
He taught me how to watch and pray,  
And live rejoicing every day,  
Happy day, happy day.  
When Jesus washed my sins away!

2 Oh, happy bond, that seals my vows  
To Him who merits all my love!  
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,  
While to that sacred shrine I move.—CHO.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;  
I am my Lord's, and He is mine:  
He drew me, and I followed on,  
Charmed to confess the voice divine.—CHO.

*P. Doddridge*

CONSECRATION

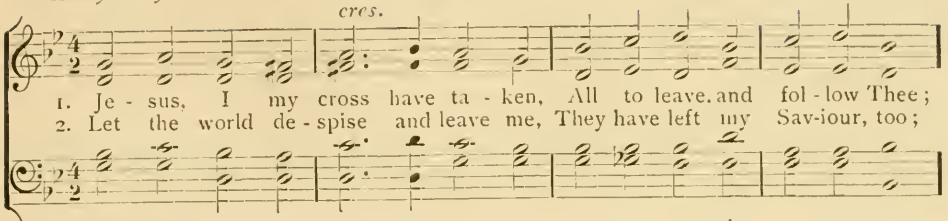
204

*Jesus, I my Cross have taken*

Henry F. Lyte

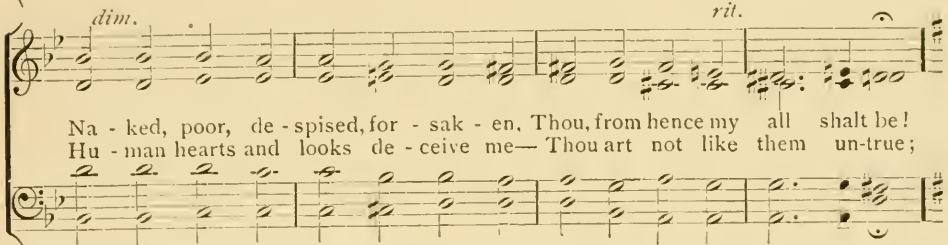
J. Barnby

*cres.*



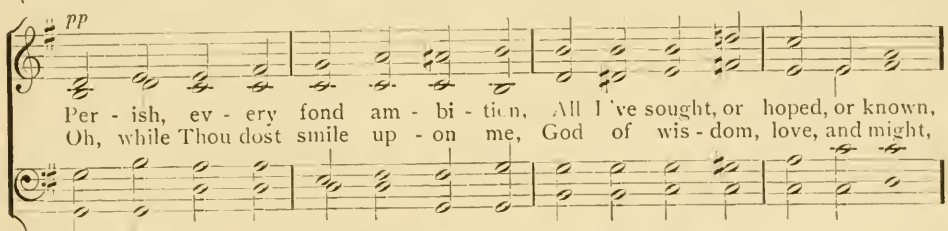
1. Je - sus, I my cross have ta - ken, All to leave, and fol - low Thee;  
2. Let the world de - spise and leave me, They have left my Sav - iour, too;

*dim.* *rit.*



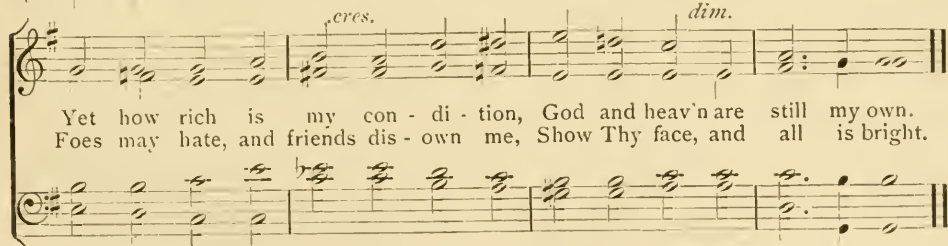
Na - ked, poor, de - spised, for - sak - en, Thou, from hence my all shalt be!  
Hu - man hearts and looks de - ceive me— Thou art not like them un - true;

*pp*



Per - ish, ev - ery fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known,  
Oh, while Thou dost smile up - on me, God of wis - dom, love, and might,

*cres.* *dim.*



Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and heav'n are still my own.  
Foes may hate, and friends dis - own me, Show Thy face, and all is bright.

3 Man may trouble and distress me,  
'T will but drive me to Thy breast;  
Life with trials hard may press me;  
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest!  
Oh, 't is not in grief to harm me,  
While Thy light is left to me;  
Oh, 't were not in joy to charm me,  
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

4 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!  
Come, disaster, scorn and pain!  
In Thy service, pain is pleasure,  
With Thy favor, loss is gain.  
I have called Thee—Abba, Father!  
I have stayed my heart on Thee!  
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,  
All must work for good to me.

205

*Give up all for Jesus*

*F. E. Belden*

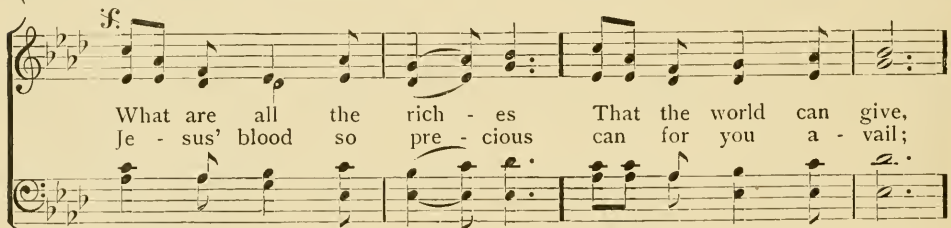
*C. H. Cellier*



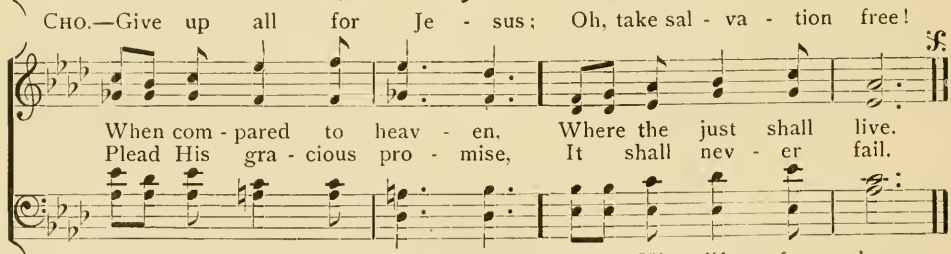
1. Give up all for Je - sus, Wea - ry child of sin!  
2. Give up all for Je - sur, He is call - ing you;



What are earth - ly pleas - ures, If His love you win?  
Trust in His sal - va - tion, He will lead you through;



What are all the rich - es That the world can give,  
Je - sus' blood so pre - cious can for you a - vail;



CHO.—Give up all for Je - sus; Oh, take sal - va - tion free!  
When com - pared to heav - en, Where the just shall live.  
Plead His gra - cious pro - mise, It shall nev - er fail.

Give up all for Je - sus; He gave His life for thee.

3 Give up all for Jesus,  
Keeping back no part!  
Give your best affections,  
Give Him all your heart:  
For your full redemption  
He has paid the cost!  
Come while he is waiting,  
Or you must be lost!—CHO.

4 Wondrous gifts He offers!  
Bliss without alloy;  
Earth exchanged for heaven—  
Grief, for endless joy:  
Come, for he is calling,  
Swift the moments fly;  
Hasten to the Saviour,  
He is passing by!—CHO.



206

*Not your own; but His ye are*

*F. R. Havergal*

*J. Barnby*

1. Not your own; but His ye are, Who has paid a price untold  
For your life exceeding far All earth's store of gems and gold.  
With the precious blood of Christ—Ransom treasure all unpriced,  
Full redemption is procured, Full salvation is assured. Amen.

2 Not your own! to Him ye owe  
All your life and all your love;  
Live, that ye His praise may show  
Who is yet all praise above.  
Every day and every hour,  
Every gift and every power,  
Consecrate to Him alone  
Who hath claimed you for His own.

3 Teach us, Master, how to give  
All we have and are to Thee;  
Grant us, Saviour, while we live  
Wholly only Thine to be.  
Henceforth be our calling high,  
Thee to serve and glorify;  
Thine for ever, not our own—  
Thine for ever, Thine alone!

207

*Saviour, while my heart is tender*

*John Burton*

*Kate S. Chittenden*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "I. Sav-our while my heart is ten-der, I would yield that heart to Thee; All my powers to Thee sur-ren-der, Thine, and on-ly Thine, to be." The score includes a repeat sign at the end of the first line of music.

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2 Take me now, Lord Jesus, take me,  
Let my faithful heart be Thine :  
Thy devoted servant make me,  
Fill my soul with love divine.

4 Let me do Thy will or bear it,  
I would know no will but Thine ;  
Should'st Thou take my life, or spare it,  
I that life to Thee resign.

3 Send me, Lord, where Thou wilt send me,  
Only do Thou guide my way ;  
May Thy grace through life attend me,  
Gladly then shall I obey.

5 Thine I am, O Lord for ever,  
To Thy service set apart ;  
Suffer me to leave Thee never ;  
Seal Thine image on my heart.

208

*Jesus demands this heart of mine*

*Tune on page 177*

1 Jesus demands this heart of mine—  
Demands my wish, my joy, my care ;  
But ah ! how dead to things divine,  
How cold, my best affections are !

2 'T is sin, alas ! with dreadful power,  
Divides my Saviour from my sight ;

O for one happy, shining hour  
Of sacred freedom, sweet delight !

3 Oh, let Thy love shine forth and raise  
My captive powers from sin and death,  
And fill my heart and life with praise,  
And tune my last expiring breath.

*Anna Steele*

209

*Jesus, Thou art standing**Wm. W. How**A. S. Sullivan*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of four systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

1. O Je - sus Thou art stand - ing Out - side the fast closed door,  
In low - ly pa - tience wait - ing To pass the thresh - old o'er: We  
bear the name of Chris - tians. His name and sign we bear: Oh,  
shame, thrice shame up - on us! To keep Him stand - ing there. A - men.

2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking:  
And lo! that hand is scarred,  
And thorns Thy brow encircle,  
And tears Thy face have marred:  
Oh, love that passeth knowledge,  
So patiently to wait!  
Oh, sin that hath no equal,  
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesus, Thou art pleading  
In accents meek and low,—  
"I died for you, my children,  
And will ye treat me so?"  
O Lord, with shame and sorrow  
We open now the door:  
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,  
And leave us nevermore!

210

*O Love that wilt not let me go*

G. Matheson  
Slow

A. L. Peace

1. O love that wilt not let me go, . . . I rest my  
2. O light that follow-est all my way, . . . I yield my

wea-ry soul in Thee, I give Thee back the life I owe,  
flickering torch to Thee, My heart re-stores its gold-en ray,

That in Thine o-cean depths its flow May rich-er ful-ler be.  
That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day May bright-er fair-er be.

3 O joy that seekest me through pain,  
I cannot close my heart to Thee;  
I trace the rainbow through the rain,  
And feel the promise not in vain.  
That morn shall tearless be.

4 O cross that liftest up my head,  
I dare not ask to fly from Thee;  
I lay in dust life's glory dead,  
And from the ground there blossoms red  
Life that shall endless be.

211

*Jesus, my all*

Tune on page 136

1 Lord, at Thy mercy seat,  
Humbly I fall;  
Pleading Thy promise sweet,  
Lord, hear my call:  
Now let Thy work begin,  
Oh, make me pure within,  
Cleanse me from every sin,  
Jesus, my all.

2 Hark! how the words of love  
Tenderly fall,  
Ere to the realms above,  
Heard is my call;  
Now every doubt is flown,  
Broken my heart of stone,  
Lord, I am Thine alone,  
Jesus my all.

F. C. Van Alstyne

212

*Saviour, teach me, day by day*

*Jane Leason*

1. Sav - iour teach me day by day, Love's sweet less - on to o - bey;  
2. With a child - like heart of love, At Thy bid - ding may I move;

Sweet - er less - on can - not be— Lov - ing Him who first loved me.  
Prompt to serve and fol - low Thee, Lov - ing Him who first loved me.

3 Teach me all Thy steps to trace,  
Strong to follow in Thy grace,  
Learning how to love from Thee,  
Loving Him who first loved me.

4 Thus may I rejoice to show  
That I feel the love I owe;  
Singing, till Thy face I see,  
Of His love who first loved me.

213

*Stand up!*

*Tune—Webb E♭ major*

1 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!  
Ye soldiers of the cross;  
Lift high His royal banner,  
It must not suffer loss:  
From victory unto victory  
His army shall He lead,  
Till every foe is vanquished,  
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!  
The trumpet call obey;  
Forth to the mighty conflict,  
In this His glorious day:  
"Ye that are men now serve Him,"  
Against unnumbered foes;  
Let courage rise with danger,  
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!  
Stand in His strength alone;  
The arm of flesh will fail you—  
Ye dare not trust your own:  
Put on the gospel armor,  
And watching unto prayer,  
Where duty calls or danger,  
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!  
The strife will not be long;  
This day, the noise of battle,  
The next, the victor's song:  
To Him that overcometh,  
A crown of life shall be;  
He with the King of glory  
Shall reign eternally!

*G. Duffield*



214

*Weary of wandering from my God*

*C. Wesley*

*W. H. Longhurst*

1. Wea - ry of wan - dering from my God, And now made  
2. O Je - sus full of par - doning grace, More full of

will - ing to re - turn, I hear, and bow me to the rod;  
grace than I of sin. Yet once a - gain I seek Thy face;

For Thee, not with - out hope. I mourn; I have an  
O - pen Thine arms and take me in, And free - ly

Ad - vo - cate a - bove, A Friend be - fore the throne of love.  
my back - slid - ings heal, And love the faith - less sin - ner still. A - men.

3 Thou know'st the way to bring me back,  
My fallen spirit to restore;  
O for Thy truth and mercy's sake  
Forgive, and bid me sin no more;  
The ruins of my soul repair,  
And make my heart a house of prayer.

4 Ah, give me, Lord, the tender heart  
That trembles at the approach of sin;  
A godly fear of sin impart,  
Implant, and root it deep within,  
That I may dread Thy gracious power,  
And never dare offend Thee more.

215

*He careth for me**G. A. Burdett*

1. Sweet praises I sing in hymns to the Lord; My Saviour and King, Je -

ho - vah a - dored; Who fixed earth's foun-da - tions, who formed the deep sea;

Who spake the cre - a - tion yet "car - eth for me."

2 Though poor my estate, though humble my name  
 He cares not for that, He loves me the same:  
 While breasting life's ocean, though fierce the waves be,  
 In storm or commotion, "He careth for me."

3 My road may be long, dark sorrow betide;  
 I'll cheerful go on, while He is my guide.  
 He knows all my weakness, whate'er it may be.  
 In toil, pain, and sickness, "He careth for me."

4 Then raise, O my tongue, a song to His name;  
 In notes loud and long His goodness proclaim;  
 While birds in the forest, with earth, sky and sea,  
 All join in the chorus, "He careth for me."

From "The Students' Hymnal." SILVER, BURDETT & Co., Publishers.

216

*Far out on the desolate billow**R. W. Raymond**Ferd. Silcher*

1. Far out on the des-o-late bil - low, The sail - or sails the sea,  
 2. Far down in the earth's dark bos - om, The min - er mines the ore;  
 3. Forth in - to the dread - ful bat - tle The stead - fast sol - dier goes,  
 4. Lord, grant as we sail life's o - cean, Or delve in its mines of woe;

A - lone with the night and the temp - est, Where countless dan - gers be.  
 Death lurks in the dark be - hind him, And hides in the rock be - fore.  
 No friend when he lies a dy - ing His eyes to kiss and close.  
 Or fight in its ter - ri - ble con - flict, This com - fort all to know.

## CHORUS.

Yet, nev - er a - lone is the chris - tian, Who lives by faith and prayer;  
 Yet, nev - er a - lone is the chris - tian, Who lives by faith and prayer;  
 Yet, nev - er a - lone is the chris - tian, Who lives by faith and prayer;  
 That, nev - er a - lone is the chris - tian, Who lives by faith and prayer;

For God is a Friend un - fail - ing, And God is eve - ry - where.

217

*Holy Father, Thou hast taught me**B. Luard Selby*

*mf*

1. Ho - ly Fa - ther, Thou hast taught me I should live to Thee a - lone ;

*dim*

Year by year Thy hand hath brought me On through dan - gers oft un-known.

*p*

When I wan - dered Thou hast found me : When I doubt - ed sent me light ;

*mf*

Still Thine arm has been a - round me. All my paths were in Thy sight. A-men.

2 In the world will foes assail me,  
 Craftier, stronger far than I ;  
 And the strife may never fail me,  
 Well I know, before I die.  
 Therefore, Lord, I come believing  
 Thou canst give the power I need :  
 Through the prayer of faith receiving  
 Strength—the Spirit's strength, indeed.

3 I would trust in Thy protection,  
 Wholly rest upon Thine arm :  
 Follow wholly Thy direction.  
 Thou, mine only guard from harm !  
 Keep me from mine own undoing,  
 Help me turn to Thee when tried.  
 Still my footsteps, Father, viewing.  
 Keep me ever at Thy side.

## 218

*Every day**M. Butler**Henry Lahee*


1. Look - ing up - ward ev - ery day, Sun - shine on our fa - ces;  
Press - ing on - ward ev - ery day Toward the heav - en - ly pla - ces. A - men.

2 Growing every day in awe,  
For Thy Name is holy;  
Learning every day to love  
With a love more lowly.

3 Walking every day more close  
To our Elder Brother;  
Growing every day more true  
Unto one another.

4 Leaving every day behind  
Something which might hinder;  
Running swifter every day,  
Growing purer, kinder.

5 Lord, so pray we every day  
Hear us in Thy pity,  
That we enter in at last  
To the Holy City.

## 219

*Rock of Ages**Tune "Toplady." B♭ major*

1 Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee;  
Let the water and the blood,  
From Thy side, a healing flood,  
Be of sin the double cure,  
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Should my tears forever flow,  
Should my zeal no languor know,  
All for sin could not atone;  
Thou must save, and Thou alone;  
In my hand no price I bring;  
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

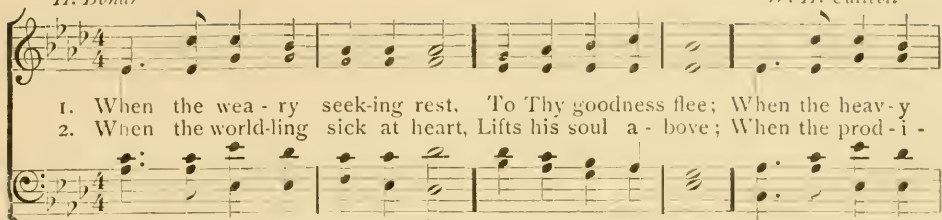
3 Nothing in my hand I bring,  
Simply to Thy cross I cling;  
Naked, come to Thee for dress;  
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;  
Vile, I to the fountain fly,  
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When mine eyelids close in death,  
When I rise to worlds unknown,  
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,—  
Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee.

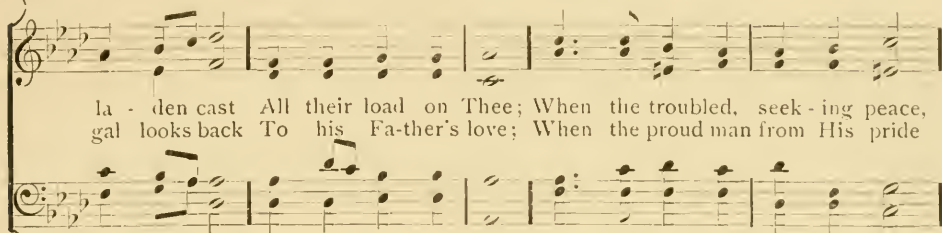
*A. M. Toplady*



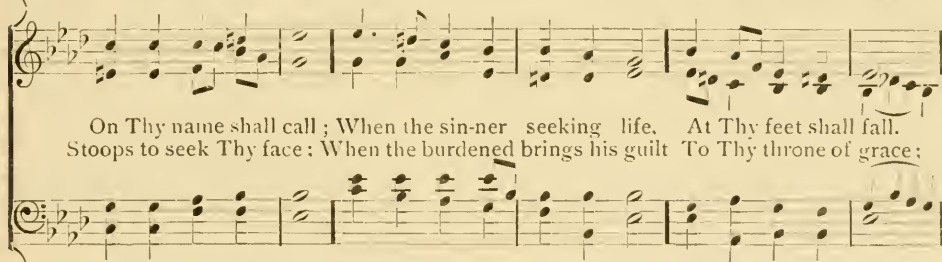
220

*When the weary, seeking rest**H. Bonar**W. H. Callcott*



1. When the wea - ry seek - ing rest, To Thy goodness flee; When the heav - y  
2. When the world - ling sick at heart, Lifts his soul a - bove; When the prod - i -



la - den cast All their load on Thee; When the troubled, seek - ing peace,  
gal looks back To his Fa - ther's love; When the proud man from His pride



On Thy name shall call; When the sin - ner seeking life, At Thy feet shall fall.  
Stoops to seek Thy face; When the burdened brings his guilt To Thy throne of grace;



REFRAIN. *Slow.*  
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry, In heaven, Thy dwelling - place on high.

3 When the stranger asks a home,  
All his toils to end;  
When the hungry craveth food,  
And the poor a friend;  
When the sailor on the wave  
Bows the fervent knee;  
When the soldier on the field  
Lifts his heart to Thee; — REF.

4 When the man of toil and care,  
In the city crowd,  
When the shepherd on the moor,  
Names the name of God;  
When the learned and the high,  
Tired of earthly fame,  
Upon higher joys intent,  
Name the blessed Name; — REF.

## 221

*Saviour, lead me Thine to be**E. H. Nevin*

1. Sav - iour lead me Thine to be, Con - stant - ly to trust in Thee:

Trust Thy wis - dom me to guide; Trust Thy good - ness to pro - vide;

Trust Thy sav - ing love and power: Trust Thee eve - ry day and hour:

2 Trust Thee as the only light  
In the darkest hour of night;  
Trust in sickness, trust in health:  
Trust in poverty and wealth:  
Trust in joy and trust in grief,  
Trust Thy promise for relief:

3 Trust Thy blood to cleanse my soul;  
Trust Thy grace to make me whole;  
Trust Thee living, dying too;  
Trust Thee all my journey through;  
Trust Thee till my feet shall be  
Planted on the crystal sea.

## 222

*What a Friend we have in Jesus**Tune—What a Friend F major*

1 What a friend we have in Jesus,  
All our sins and griefs to bear!  
What a privilege to carry  
Everything to God in prayer!  
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,  
Oh, what needless pain we bear,  
All because we do not carry  
Everything to God in prayer!

2 Have we trials and temptations?  
Is there trouble anywhere?  
We should never be discouraged,—  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
Can we find a friend so faithful,  
Who will all our sorrows share?  
Jesus knows our every weakness—  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

*H. Bonar.*

223

*How sweet the name of Jesus sounds**John Newton**F. H. Cheeswright*

1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear!  
 2. It makes the wound - ed Spir - it whole, And calms the troub - led breast;

It soothes his sor - rows; heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear.  
 'Tis man - na to the hun - gry soul, And to the wea - ry rest.

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3 Weak is the effort of my heart,  
 And cold my warmest thought;  
 But when I see Thee as Thou art,  
 I'll praise Thee as I ought.

4 Till then, I would Thy love proclaim  
 With every fleeting breath;  
 And may the music of Thy name  
 Refresh my soul in death.

224

*Christ's Sympathy*

## SECOND HYMN.

1 There is no sorrow, Lord, too light  
 To bring in prayer to Thee;  
 There is no anxious care too slight  
 To wake Thy sympathy,

2 Thou who hast trod the thorny road  
 Wilt share each small distress;  
 The love which bore the greater load  
 Will not refuse the less.

3 There is no secret sigh we breathe  
 But meets Thine ear divine;  
 And every cross grows light beneath  
 The shadow, Lord, of Thine.

4 Life's ills without, sin's strife within,  
 The heart would overflow,  
 But for that love which died for sin,  
 That love which wept with woe.

*Jane Crewdson*

225

*Jesus is our Shepherd**German*

1. Je - sus is our Shepherd, wip - ing ev - ery tear; Fold - ed in His bos - om,

what have we to fear? On - ly let us fol - low whith - er He doth lead,

To the thirst - y des - ert, or the dew - y mead.

2 Jesus is our Shepherd, well we know His voice;  
 How its gentlest whisper makes the heart rejoice!  
 Even when it chideth, tender is its tone;  
 None but He shall guide us, we are His alone.

3 Jesus is our Shepherd, for the sheep He bled;  
 Every Lamb is sprinkled with the blood He shed;  
 Then on each He setteth His own secret sign,  
 "They have my Spirit, these," saith He, "are mine."

4 Jesus is our Shepherd, guarded by His arm,  
 Though the wolves may raven, none can do us harm;  
 When we tread death's valley, dark with fearful gloom  
 We will fear no evil, victors o'er the tomb.

## 226

*Look to Jesus**A. L. Peace*

1. Look to Je - sus! till re - viv - ing, Faith and love thy life-springs swell,  
 2. Look to Je - sus, prayer - ful wak - ing Where thy feet on ros - es tread;

Strength for all good things de - riv - ing: Je - sus hath done all things well.  
 Fol - low, world-ly pomp for - sak - ing, With thy cross where He hath led.

Work, while it is called to - day, Works which shall not fade a - way.  
 Baf - fled shall the tempt - er flee, And God's an - gels come to thee.

3 Look to Jesus, when, dark lowering,  
 Perils thy horizon dim;  
 Once from Him a band fell cowering:  
 Calm in tempests, look on Him;  
 Wind and billow, fire and flood,—  
 Forward! brave by trusting God.

4 Look to Jesus still to shield thee,  
 When no longer thou mayest live:  
 In that last need, He will yield thee  
 Peace the world can never give:  
 He who finished all for thee  
 Takes thee, then, with Him to be.

## 227

*Jesus, who knows full well**Tune "Langton." E $\flat$  major*

1 Jesus, who knows full well  
 The heart of every saint,  
 Invites us all our griefs to tell,  
 To pray and never faint.

2 He bows His gracious ear,—  
 We never plead in vain;  
 Then let us wait till He appear.  
 And pray, and pray again.

3 Jesus, the Lord, will hear  
 His chosen when they cry:  
 Yes, though He may a while forbear,  
 He'll help them from on high.

4 Then let us earnest cry,  
 And never faint in prayer;  
 He sees, He hears, and, from on high,  
 Will make our cause His care.

*J. Newton*



228

*As helpless as a child**James D. Burns**Henry Smart*

1. As help-less as a child who clings fast to his fa-ther's arm,

And casts His weak-ness on the strength that keeps Him safe from harm;

So I, my Fa-ther cling to Thee, and thus I, eve-ry hour,

Would link my earth-ly fee-ble-ness to Thine al-might-y power. A-men.

2 As truthful as a child, who looks up in his mother's face,  
And all his accidents and griefs forgets in her embrace:  
So I, to Thee, my Saviour, look, and in Thy face divine  
Can read the love that will sustain as weak a faith as mine.

3 As loving as a child, who sits close by his parent's knee,  
And knows no want while he can have that sweet society;  
So sitting at Thy feet, my heart would all its love out-pour,  
And pray that Thou wouldst teach me, Lord, to love Thee more and more.

229

*Come my Soul Thou must be waking**Harriette B. Judd*

1. Come my soul thou must be wak - ing, Now is break - ing O'er the earth an -  
oth - er day; Come to Him who made this splendor, See thou render All thy fee - ble  
strength can pay, See thou ren - der All thy fee - ble strength can pay.

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2 Pray that He may ever prosper  
Each endeavor  
When thine aim is good and true!  
But that He may ever thwart thee,  
||: And convert thee  
When thou evil wouldst pursue. :||

3 Only God's free gifts abuse not,  
Light refuse not,  
But His Spirits' voice obey;  
Thou with Him shalt dwell, beholding  
||: Light enfolding  
All things in unclouded day. :||

230

*He leadeth me!**Tune—He leadeth me D major*

1 He leadeth me! O blessed thought!  
O words with heavenly comfort fraught!  
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,  
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

REF.—He leadeth me! He leadeth me!  
By His own hand He leadeth me!  
His faithful follower I would be,  
For by His hand He leadeth me.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,  
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,

By waters still, o'er troubled sea,—  
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me!

3 Lord! I would clasp Thy hand in mine,  
Nor never murmur or repine;  
Content whatever lot I see,  
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

4 And when my task on earth is done,  
When Thy grace the victory's won,  
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,  
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

*J. H. Gilmore*

231

*Mark the lilies how they grow**Wm. A. Cauldwell**A. S. Sullivan*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass staff for the piano accompaniment and a single staff for the voice. The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 4/4. The piano part consists of chords and single notes, while the voice part has a melody with lyrics. The first system includes a forte (f) dynamic marking. The lyrics are: '1. Mark the lilies how they grow, 'Tis your Fa - ther robes them so, Nor can earth - ly monarch shine With a beau - ty so di - vine.'

2 See the birds that skim the air—  
 'Tis your Heavenly Father's care  
 To supply the food for all,  
 Watch their rise and note their fall.

3 May He thus provide for you,  
 Feed you, clothe you, watch you too,  
 Make you as the lily fair,  
 Joyous as the birds of air.

232

*How firm a foundation**Tune, "Portuguese Hymn. A major*

1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord!  
 Is laid for your faith in His excellent word!  
 What more can He say, than to you He hath said,—  
 To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled?

2 "Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dismayed,  
 For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;  
 I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,  
 Upheld by my gracious, omnipotent hand.

3 "E'en down to old age all my people shall prove  
 My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;  
 And then, when gray hairs shall their temples adorn,  
 Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

4 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,  
 I will not—I will not desert to His foes;  
 That soul—though all hell should endeavor to shake,  
 I'll never—no never—no never forsake!"

*G. Keith*

233

*Now I have found a Friend**Henry J. M. Hope**A. S. Sullivan*

1. Now I have found a Friend; Je - sus is mine;— His love shall  
nev - er end; Je - sus is mine; Tho' earthly joys decrease, Tho' earth-ly  
friendships cease, Now I have last - ing peace: Je - sus is mine.

2 Though I grow poor and old,  
Jesus is mine;  
Though I grow faint and cold,  
Jesus is mine;  
He shall my wants supply;  
His precious blood is nigh,  
Naught can my hope destroy;  
Jesus is mine.

3 When earth shall pass away,—  
Jesus is mine,—  
In the great judgment day,—  
Jesus is mine,—  
Oh! what a glorious thing,  
Then to behold my King,  
On tuneful harp to sing,  
Jesus is mine.

234

*I'm but a stranger here*

## SECOND HYMN

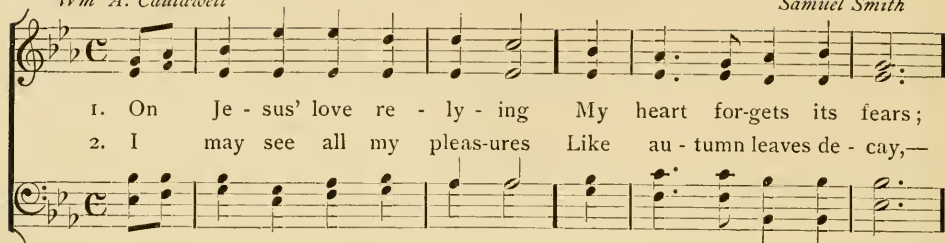
1 I'm but a stranger here,  
Heaven is my home;  
Earth is a desert drear,  
Heaven is my home.  
Danger and sorrow stand  
Round me on every hand;  
Heaven is my fatherland,  
Heaven is my home.

2 What though the tempest rage,  
Heaven is my home,  
Short is my pilgrimage,  
Heaven is my home.

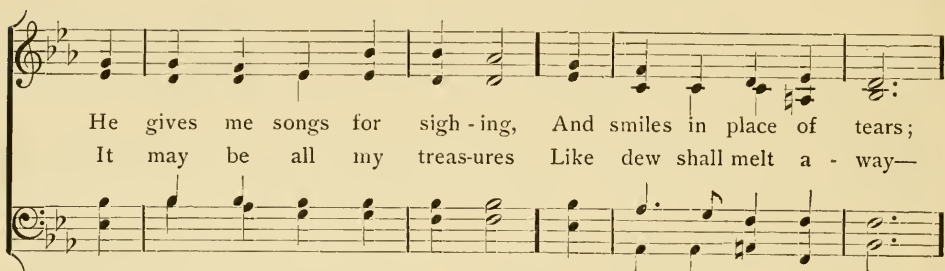
Time's cold and wintry blast  
Soon will be overpast;  
I shall reach home at last,  
Heaven is my home.

3 There at my Saviour's side,  
Heaven is my home;  
I shall be glorified,  
Heaven is my home.  
There are the good and blest,  
Those I loved most and best,  
There, too, I soon shall rest,  
Heaven is my home.

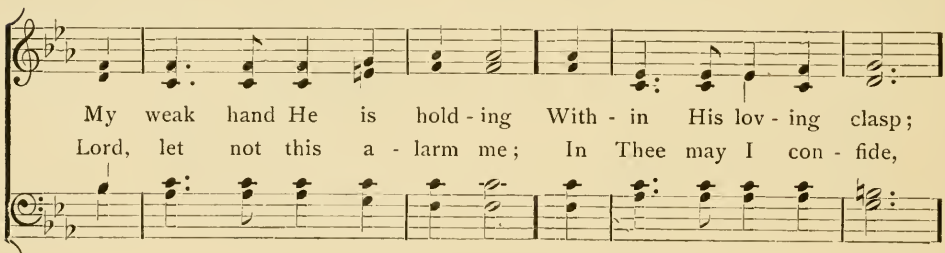
235

*On Jesus' love relying**Wm A. Cauldwell**Samuel Smith*


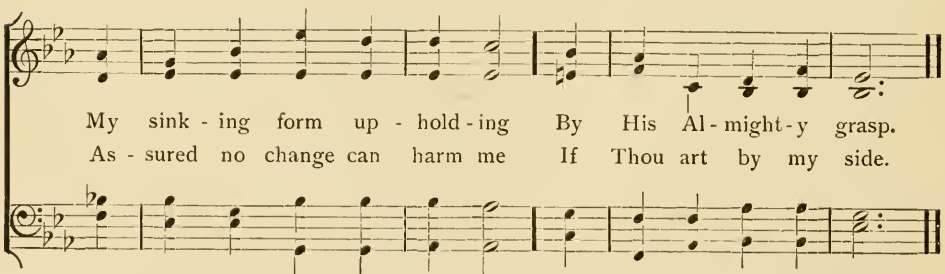
1. On Je - sus' love re - ly - ing My heart for - gets its fears;  
2. I may see all my pleas - ures Like au - tumn leaves de - cay,—



He gives me songs for sigh - ing, And smiles in place of tears;  
It may be all my treas - ures Like dew shall melt a - way,—



My weak hand He is hold - ing With - in His lov - ing clasp;  
Lord, let not this a - larm me; In Thee may I con - fide,



My sink - ing form up - hold - ing By His Al - might - y grasp.  
As - sured no change can harm me If Thou art by my side.



236

*On our way rejoicing**Thos. Kelly  
Joyous.**Frances Ridley Havergal*

1. On our way re-joic-ing as we homeward move, Hearken to our prais-es,

O Thou God of love! Is there grief or sad-ness? Thine it can-not be!

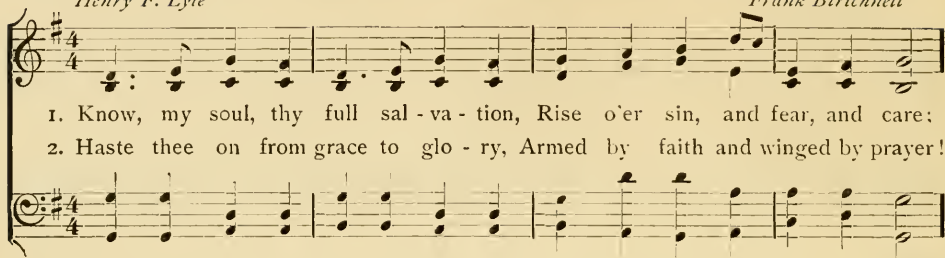
CHORUS.  
Is our sky be-cloud-ed? Clouds are not from Thee! On our way re-joic-ing

as we homeward move, Hearken to our prais-es, O Thou God of love! A-men.

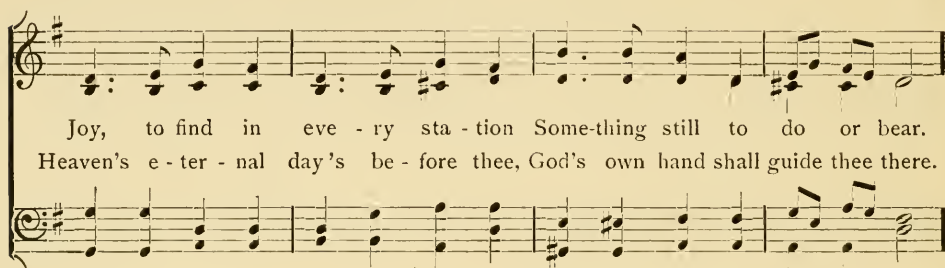
2 On our way rejoicing gladly let us go;  
Conquered hath our Leader, vanquished is our foe!  
Christ without, our safety, Christ within, our joy;  
Who, if we be faithful, can our hope destroy?

3 Unto God the Father joyful songs we sing:  
Unto God the Saviour thankful hearts we bring;  
Unto God the Spirit bow we and adore,  
On our way rejoicing now and evermore.

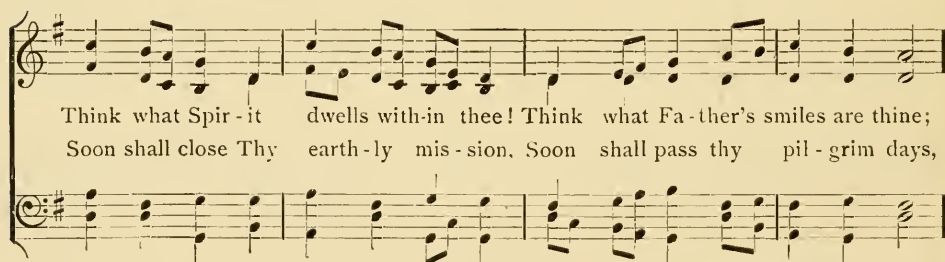
237

*Know, my soul, thy full Salvation**Henry F. Lyte**Frank Birtchnell*


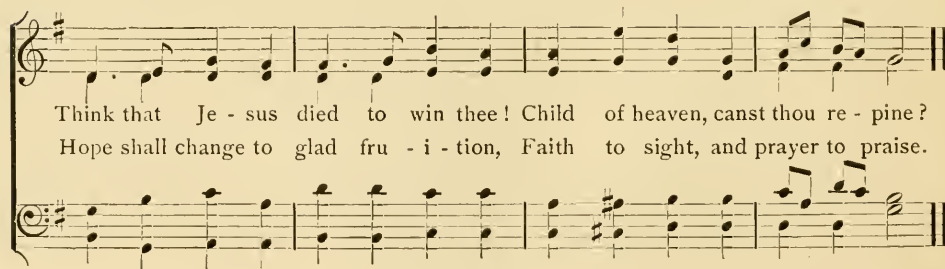
1. Know, my soul, thy full sal - va - tion, Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;  
2. Haste thee on from grace to glo - ry, Armed by faith and winged by prayer!



Joy, to find in eve - ry sta - tion Some-thing still to do or bear.  
Heaven's e - ter - nal day's be - fore thee, God's own hand shall guide thee there.



Think what Spir - it dwells with-in thee! Think what Fa - ther's smiles are thine;  
Soon shall close Thy earth - ly mis - sion, Soon shall pass thy pil - grim days,



Think that Je - sus died to win thee! Child of heaven, canst thou re - pine?  
Hope shall change to glad fru - i - tion, Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

## 238

*Call Jehovah thy Salvation**Tune on opposite page*

1 Call Jehovah Thy salvation,  
Rest beneath the Almighty's shade;  
In His secret habitation  
Dwell, and never be dismayed:  
There no tumult can alarm thee,  
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare;  
Guile nor violence can harm thee,  
In eternal safeguard there.

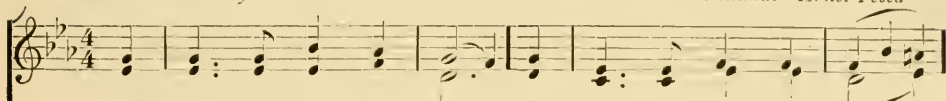
2 From the sword, at noon-day wasting,  
From the noisome pestilence,  
In the depth of midnight, blasting,  
God shall be thy sure defence:

Fear not Thou the deadly quiver,  
When a thousand feel the blow;  
Mercy shall thy soul deliver,  
Though ten thousand be laid low.

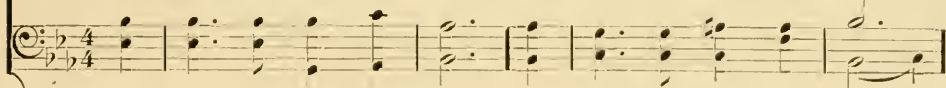
3 Since, with pure and firm affection,  
Thou on God hast set thy love,  
With the wings of His protection,  
He will shield thee from above;  
Thou shalt call on Him in trouble,  
He will hearken, He will save;  
Here, for grief reward thee double,  
Crown with life beyond the grave.

*J. Montgomery*

## 239

*My times are in Thy hand**Wm. Freeman Lloyd**Alexander Ernst Fesca*

1. "My times are in Thy hand;" My God I wish them there:  
2. "My times are in Thy hand;" What - ev - er they may be;



My life, my soul, my all, I leave En - tire - ly to Thy care.  
Pleas - ing or pain - ful, dark or bright. As best may seem to Thee.



3 "My times are in Thy hand,  
Why should I doubt or fear?  
My Father's hand will never cause  
His child a needless tear.

4 "My times are in Thy hand:  
I always trust in Thee;  
Till I possess the promised land,  
And All Thy glory see.

240

*Since Jesus is my friend**C. Winkworth, tr.**E. Sweetser*

1. Since Je - sus is my friend, And I to Him be - long,  
2. He whis - pers in my breast Sweet words of ho - ly cheer,

It mat - ters not what foes in - tend, How - ev - er fierce and strong.  
How they who seek in God their rest Shall ev - er find Him near.

3 My heart for gladness springs;  
It cannot more be sad;  
For very joy it smiles and sings,—  
Sees naught but sunshine glad,

4 The sun that lights mine eyes  
Is Christ the Lord I love;  
I sing for joy of that which lies  
Stored up for me above.

241

*I hear the Saviour say**Tune—Al's to Christ E♭ major*

1 I hear the Saviour say,  
Thy strength indeed is small;  
Child of weakness, watch and pray,  
Find in me thine all in all.

CHO.—Jesus paid it all,  
All to Him I owe;  
Sin had left a crimson stain;  
He washed it white as snow.

2 Lord, now indeed I find  
Thy power, and Thine alone,  
Can change the leper's spots,  
And melt the heart of stone.—CHO.

3 For nothing good have I  
Whereby Thy grace to claim—  
I'll wash my garment white  
In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.—CHO.

4 When from my dying bed  
My ransomed soul shall rise,  
Then "Jesus paid it all"  
Shall rend the vaulted skies.—CHO.

5 And when before the throne  
I stand in Him complete,  
I'll lay my trophies down,  
All down at Jesus' feet.—CHO.

*E. M. Hall*

## 242

*Come to Me**Charlotte Elliott**Paul Ambrose*

1. With tear - ful eyes I look a-round; Life seems a dark and storm-y sea;  
2. It tells me of a place of rest; It tells me where my soul may flee;

Yet, 'mid the gloom I hear a sound, A heaven - ly whis - per, "Come to Me."  
O to the wea - ry, faint, oppressed. How sweet the bid - ding, "Come to Me."

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3 "Come, for all else must fail and die;  
Earth is no resting-place for thee;  
To heaven direct thy weeping eye,  
I am thy portion; Come to Me."

4 O voice of mercy, voice of love,  
In conflict, grief, and agony,  
Support me, cheer me from above;  
And gently whisper, "Come to Me."

## 243

*Jesus, Saviour, pilot me**Tune—Pilot B♭ major*

1 Jesus, Saviour, pilot me,  
Over life's tempestuous sea:  
Unknown waves before me roll,  
Hiding rock and treacherous shoal;  
Chart and compass came from Thee:  
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

2 As a mother stills her child,  
Thou canst hush the ocean wild,  
Boisterous waves obey Thy will

When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"  
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,  
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,  
And the fearful breakers roar  
Twixt me and the peaceful rest,  
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,  
May I hear Thee say to me,  
"Fear not. I will pilot Thee!"

*Edward Hopper*



244

*Sometimes a Light surprises*

W. Cooper

J. Hullah

1. Some-times a light sur-pris-es The Christian while He sings;  
2. In ho-ly con-tem-pla-tion, We sweet-ly then pur-sue

It is the Lord who ris-es. With heal-ing on His Wings!  
The theme of God's sal-va-tion, And find it ev-er new:

When com-forts are de-clin-ing, He grants the soul a-gain  
Set free from pres-ent sor-row, We cheer-ful-ly can say,

A sea-son of clear shin-ing, To cheer it af-ter rain.  
Let the un-known to-mor-row Bring with it what it may!

3 It can bring with it nothing,  
But He will bear us through;  
Who gives the lilies clothing,  
Will clothe His people too;  
Beneath the spreading heavens,  
No creature but is fed;  
And He who feeds the ravens,  
Will give His children bread.

4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither.  
Their wonted fruit should bear,  
Though all the field should wither,  
Nor flocks nor herds be there,  
Yet God the same abiding  
His praise shall tune my voice,  
For, while in Him confiding,  
I cannot but rejoice.

245

*The Lord will provide**J. Newton**H. J. Gauntlett*

1. Tho' trou- bles as - sail, and dan - gers af - fright, Tho' friends should all

fail, and foes all u - nite, Yet one thing se - cures us, what - ev - er be -

tide, The prom - ise as - sures us, "The Lord will pro - vide."

2 The birds, without barn or storehouse, are fed ;  
 From them let us learn to trust for our bread :  
 His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,  
 So long as 't is written, "The Lord will provide."

3 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,  
 The word of His grace shall comfort us through :  
 Not fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side,  
 We hope to die shouting, "The Lord will provide."

246

*Thy Word, O Lord**Albert Midlane**J. B. Dykes*

1. Thy word, O Lord, Thy precious word a-lone, Can lead me on; By this, un-  
til the darksome night be gone, Lead Thou me on! Thy word is light, Thy  
word is life and power; By it, oh, guide me in each try-ing hour! A-men.

2 Whate'er my path, led by the word, 'tis good: 3 Led by aught else, I tread the devious way,  
Oh, lead me on! Oh, lead me on!  
Be my poor heart Thy blessed word's abode, Speak, Lord, and help me ever to obey,  
Lead Thou me on! Lead Thou me on!  
Thy Holy Spirit gives the light to see. [Thee. My every step shall be then well defined,  
And leads me by Thy word, close following And all I do according to Thy mind.

247

*Lead, kindly Light!*

1 Lead, kindly Light! amid the encircling I loved the garish day, and spite of fears,  
Lead Thou me on; [gloom, Pride ruled my will. Remember not past  
The night is dark, and I am far from home. years.  
Lead Thou me on;  
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see 3 So long Thy power has blessed me, sure it  
The distant scene; one step enough for me. Will lead me on [still  
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till  
The night is gone;  
2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on;  
And with the morn those angel faces smile  
I loved to choose and see my path; but now Which I have 'loved long since and lost  
Lead Thou me on: awhile!.

*J. H. Newman*

248

*Through the Love of God*

Mary B. Peters

Welsh Melody

1. Thro' the love of God our Sav-iour, All will be well; Free and changeless  
is His fa-vor; All, all is well. Precious is the blood that healed us;  
Per-fect is the grace that sealed us; Strong the hand stretched out to shield us; All must be [well.]

2 Though we pass through tribulation,  
All will be well;  
Ours is such a full salvation;  
All, all is well.  
Happy still in God confiding,  
Fruitful, if in Christ abiding,  
Holy, through the Spirit's guiding,  
All must be well.

3 We expect a bright to-morrow;  
All will be well;  
Faith can sing through days of sorrow,  
All, all is well.  
On our Father's love relying,  
Jesus every need supplying,  
Or in living or in dying,  
All must be well.

249

*Safe in the arms of Jesus*

1 Safe in the arms of Jesus,  
Safe on His gentle breast,  
There by His love o'ershaded,  
Sweetly my soul shall rest.  
Hark! 't is the voice of angels,  
Borne in a song to me,  
Over the fields of glory,  
Over the Jasper sea.

2 Safe in the arms of Jesus,  
Safe from corroding care,  
Safe from the world's temptations,  
Sin cannot harm me there.

Free from the blight of sorrow,  
Free from my doubts and fears:  
Only a few more trials,  
Only a few more tears.

3 Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,  
Jesus has died for me;  
Firm on the Rock of Ages  
Ever my trust shall be.  
Here let me wait with patience,  
Wait till the night is o'er;  
Wait till I see the morning  
Break on the golden shore.

## 250

*Simply trusting every day*

Edgar Page

Philip Armes

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like. Dynamics include *cres.* (crescendo), *p* (piano), and *dim.* (diminuendo). The lyrics are printed below the staff.

1. Sim - ply trust - ing eve - ry day, Trust - ing through a storm - y way;  
 2. Bright - ly doth his Spir - it shine In - to this poor heart of mine;

Ev - en when my faith is small, Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.  
 While He leads I can - not fall, Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.

3 Singing, if my way is clear;  
 Praying, if the path is drear;  
 If in danger, for Him call;  
 Trusting Jesus, that is all.

4 Trusting Him while life shall last,  
 Trusting him till earth is past;  
 Till within the jasper wall,  
 Trusting Jesus, that is all.

## 251

*Fade, fade each earthly joy*

Tune on page 53

1 Fade, fade each earthly joy,  
 Jesus is mine;  
 Break every tender tie,  
 Jesus is mine.  
 Dark as the wilderness,  
 Earth has no resting place,  
 Jesus alone can bless,  
 Jesus is mine.

2 Tempt not my soul away,  
 Jesus is mine;  
 Here would I ever stay,  
 Jesus is mine.

Perishing things of clay  
 Born but for one brief day,  
 Pass from my heart away;  
 Jesus is mine.

3 Farewell, ye dreams of night,  
 Jesus is mine;  
 Lost in this dawning bright,  
 Jesus is mine.  
 All that my soul has tried  
 Left but a dismal void;  
 Jesus has satisfied;  
 Jesus is mine.

H. Bonar



252 *Tranquil and peaceful is the path to heaven*

F. F. Fleming

1. Tran - quil and peace - ful is the path to heaven, Where now so  
 2. There life is bliss - ful, shall the spir - it tremble? Bright heaven-ly  
 3. There our lost rose - buds in our hands shall open; Love, pure and

man - y fresh from earth's ripe vin - tage, So man - y hap - py,  
 an - gels wait to lead us yon - der; There dwell the spir - its  
 ho - ly, in our bos - oms glow - ing, Flows from the Fa - ther,

high and bless - ed spir - its, Wait to re - ceive us.  
 pu - ri - fied by suffer - ing, Bless - ing and bless - ed.  
 source of eve - ry bless - ing, Liv - ing and lov - ing.

Use slurs for second hymn.

## 253

*O Holy Saviour!*

## SECOND HYMN.

- 1 O holy Saviour! Friend unseen,  
 Since on Thine arm Thou bidst me lean;  
 Help me throughout life's changing scene,  
 By faith to cling to Thee!
- 2 What though the world deceitful prove:  
 And earthly friends and hopes remove;  
 With patient, uncomplaining love,  
 Still would I cling to Thee!
- 3 If e'er I seem to tread alone  
 Life's weary waste, with thorns o'ergrown:  
 Thy voice of love in gentlest tone,  
 Still whispers, "Cling to Me."
- 4 If faith and hope are often tried,  
 I'll ask not, need not aught beside;  
 So safe, so calm, so satisfied,  
 The soul that clings to Thee!

Charlotte Elliott

254

*The King of Love my Shepherd is**W. H. Baker**J. B. Dykes*

1. The King of love my shepherd is, Whose good - ness fail - eth nev - er :  
 2. Where streams of liv - ing wa - ters flow My ran-somed soul He lead - eth,

I noth - ing lack if I am His, And He is mine for - ev - er.  
 And, where the ver - dant pastures grow, With food ce - les - tial feed - eth. A - men.

3 Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,  
 But yet in love He sought me,  
 And on His shoulder gently laid,  
 And home, rejoicing, brought me.

4 And so through all the length of days,  
 Thy goodness faileth never;  
 Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise  
 Within Thy house for ever.

255

*Solid Rock**Tune "Solid Rock." G major*

1 My hope is built on nothing less  
 Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;  
 I dare not trust the sweetest frame,  
 But wholly lean on Jesus' name :  
 On Christ the solid rock, I stand ;  
 All other ground is sinking sand.

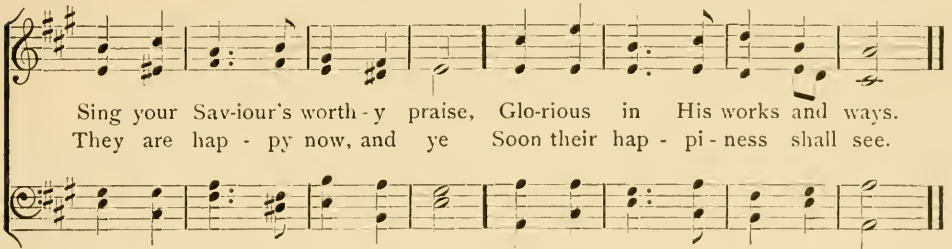
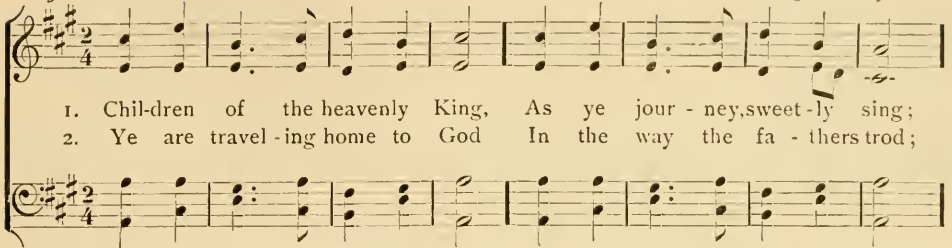
2 When darkness seems to veil His face,  
 I rest on His unchanging grace;  
 In every high and stormy gale,

My anchor holds within the vail ;  
 On Christ the solid rock, I stand ;  
 All other ground is sinking sand.

3 His oath, His covenant, and blood,  
 Support me in the whelming flood :  
 When all around my soul gives way,  
 He then is all my hope and stay :  
 On Christ, the solid rock, I stand ;  
 All other ground is sinking sand.

*E. Mote*

256

*Children of the Heavenly King**John Cormick**Ignace Pleyel*

3 Fear not, brethren : joyful stand  
On the borders of your land ;  
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,  
Bids you undismayed go on.

4 Lord, submissive make us go,  
Gladly leaving all below ;  
Only Thou our Leader be,  
And we still will follow Thee.

257

*When I walk in God's clear sunlight**Tune, "What a Friend we have in Jesus." F major*

1 When I walk in God's clear sunlight,  
With its beauty beaming fair,  
Or when shadows seem to gather,  
I may see him everywhere.

REF.—He will lead me, He will lead me,  
Be my true and constant Guide ;  
He will lead me, He will lead me,—  
In His love I may abide.

2 Though amid the deepest darkness,  
I may surely trust the Lord :

He hath never yet forsaken—  
He will keep His promised word.—REF.

3 Though all friendships may be broken,  
And the hand of death be laid,  
In His might and love confiding,  
I shall never be afraid.—REF.

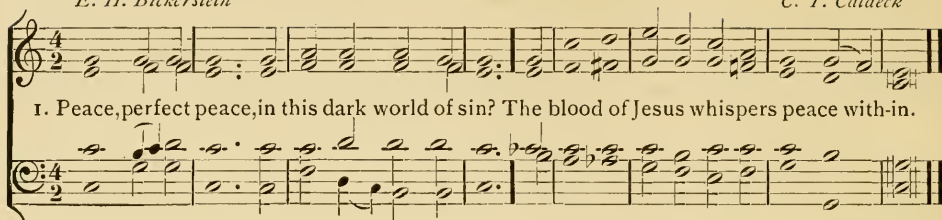
4 When to me shall come the glory  
Of the heavenly mansions bright,  
Still the song I will be singing  
In that home of pure delight.—REF.

258

*Peace, perfect peace*

*E. H. Bickersteth*

*C. T. Caldeck*



1. Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin? The blood of Jesus whispers peace with-in.

2 Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed?  
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

3 Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?  
On Jesus' bosom nought but calm is found.

4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?  
In Jesus' keeping we are safe and they.

5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?  
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?  
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

7 It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,  
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

259

*Sweet Saviour!*

*Tune on page 8*

1 Sweet Saviour! in Thy pitying grace  
Thy sweetness to our souls impart;  
Thou only Lover of our race  
Give healing to the wounded heart;  
Oh! hear Thy contrite servants' cry,  
And save us, Jesus! lest we die.

2 Long-suffering Jesus! hear our prayer  
Who weep before Thee in our shame;  
We have no hope but Thee; O spare,  
Lord, spare us from th' undying flame;  
Oh! hear Thy contrite servants' cry,  
And save us, Jesus! lest we die.

3 All we have broken Thy command;  
Lord, help us for Thy mercies' sake;  
Deliver us from Satan's hand;  
And safely to Thy Kingdom take;  
Oh! hear Thy contrite servants' cry,  
And save us, Jesus! Lest we die.

4 We flee for refuge to Thy love,  
Salvation of the helpless soul;  
Pour down Thy radiance from above,  
And make these sin-worn spirits whole;  
Good Lord, in mercy hear our cry  
And save us, Jesus! lest we die.

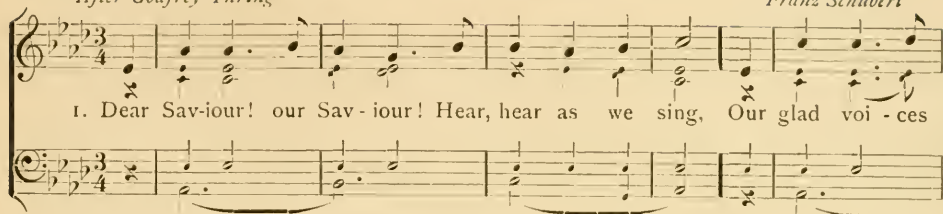
*R. M. Moorson*

260

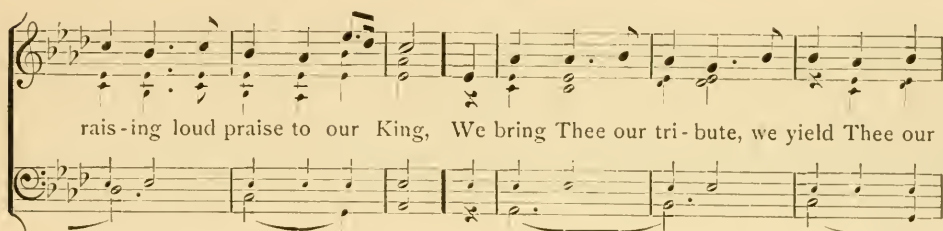
*Oh, hear us, our Saviour!*

*After Godfrey Thring*

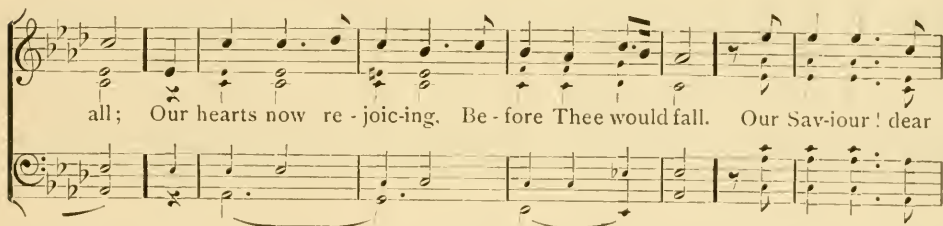
*Franz Schubert*



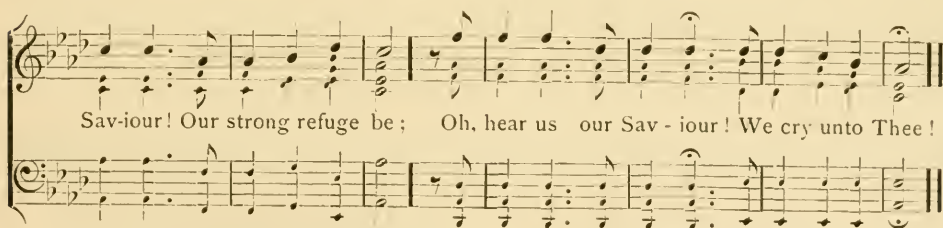
1. Dear Sav-iour! our Sav-iour! Hear, hear as we sing, Our glad voi-ces



rais-ing loud praise to our King, We bring Thee our tri-bute, we yield Thee our



all; Our hearts now re-joicing. Be-fore Thee would fall. Our Sav-iour! dear



Sav-iour! Our strong refuge be; Oh, hear us our Sav-iour! We cry unto Thee!

2 Still brighter and brighter  
Come rays from the sun,  
O'er-shedding with gladness  
Our work that is done  
Soon time will be over,  
Toil, sorrow, all past;  
And we, blessed Saviour,  
At home rest at last.  
Our Saviour! &c.

3 Bliss! bliss all excelling  
When, ransomed, the soul,  
Earth's toils all forgetting,  
Now finds its sought goal,  
Then anthems celestial  
With angels we'll sing,  
And give All the glory  
To Jesus, our King.  
Our Saviour! &c.



261

The joy that Jesus gives

*f With spirit.* *dim.*

1. The joy that Je - sus gives, It is the dawn of heaven; Not

*cres.* *p*

as the gifts the world be - stows, Are gifts by Je - sus given. The

*f*

par - don Je - sus gives Is par - don full and free; He

loos - eth us from chains of sin, In His sweet lib - er - ty.

2 The peace that Jesus gives  
Is pure and perfect peace;  
Deep, silent, full as the ocean swell,  
When winds and tempests cease.  
The rest that Jesus gives  
Is like the blessed rest,  
Which the beloved disciple knew  
Upon the Master's breast.

3 The life which Jesus gives  
To life eternal grows,  
And backward to the Fountain springs  
From which at first it flows.  
Lord Jesus, from Thy hand  
These gifts we Thee implore;—  
Joy, pardon, peace, eternal rest,  
And life for evermore!

262

*Love divine, all Love excelling*

*C. Wesley*

*Himmel*

1. Love di-vine, all love ex-cel-ling, Joy of heaven, to earth come down;

Fix in us Thy hum-ble dwell-ing: All Thy faith-ful mercies crown.

Je-sus, Thou art all com-pas-sion: Pure, un-bound-ed love Thou art:

Vis-it us with Thy sal-va-tion; En-ter ev-ery loving heart. A-men.

2 Breathe, oh, breathe Thy loving Spirit  
 Into every troubled breast!  
 Let all us in Thee inherit,  
 Let us find the promised rest:  
 Come, Almighty to deliver,  
 Let us all Thy life receive!  
 Speedily return, and never,  
 Nevermore Thy temples leave!

3 Finish then Thy new creation,  
 Pure, unspotted may we be:  
 Let us see our whole salvation  
 Perfectly secured by Thee!  
 Changed from glory into glory,  
 Till in heaven we take our place:  
 Till we cast our crowns before Thee,  
 Lost in wonder, love and praise.

263

*There's a wideness in God's mercy**F. W. Faber**Russian Melody*

UNISON.



1. { There's a wide-ness in God's mer-cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea; }  
 { There's a kind-ness in His jus-tice, Which is more than lib-er-ty, }  
 2. { For the love of God is broad-er Than the meas-ure of man's mind; }  
 { And the heart of the E-ter-nal Is most won-der-ful-ly kind. }



IN PARTS.



There is wel-come for the sin-ner, And more gra-cies for the good;  
 If our love were but more sim-ple, We should take Him at His word;



UNISON.



There is mer-cy with the Sav-iour; There is heal-ing in His blood.  
 And our lives would be all sun-shine In the sweet-ness of our Lord.



264

*I will give you rest*

Catherine H. Waterman

E. Hulton

1. Come un - to me, when shad - ows dark - ly gath - er, When the sad heart is wea - ry and dis - tressed, Seek - ing for com - fort from your heavenly Fa - ther, Come un - to me, and I will give you rest.

2 Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwelling,  
Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim;  
Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,  
Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn.

3 There, like an Eden blossoming in gladness.  
Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rudely pressed;  
Come unto me, all ye who droop in sadness,  
Come unto **me**, and I will give you rest.

265

*Come, Jesus, Redeemer!*

*Kay Palmer*

*Paul Ambrose*

1. Come, Je - sus, Re - deem - er! a - bide Thou with me,

Come glad - den my spir - it that wait - eth for Thee;

Thy smile ev - ery shad - ow shall chase from my heart,

And soothe ev - ery sor - row, tho' keen be the smart.

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2 Without Thee but weakness, with Thee I am strong ;  
By day Thou shalt lead me, by night be my song ;  
Though dangers surround me, I still every fear,  
Since Thou, the Most Mighty, my Helper, art near.

3 Breathe, breathe on my spirit, oft ruffled, Thy peace,  
From restless vain wishes bid Thou my heart cease ;  
In Thee all its longings henceforward shall end,  
Till glad to Thy presence my soul shall ascend.



266

*Trustingly, trustingly*

H. Bonar

John W. Tufts

1. Trustingly, trustingly, Je-sus to Thee Come I: Lord, loving-ly Come Thou to me!  
2. Peacefully, peacefully, Walk I with Thee, Jesus, my Lord, Thou art All, all to me.

Then shall I lov-ing-ly, Then shall I joy-ful-ly, Walk here with Thee.  
Peace Thou hast left us; Thy peace hast giv-en us; So let it be.

3 Whom but Thyself, O Lord!  
Have I above?  
What have I left on earth?  
Only Thy love!  
Come then, O Saviour! come:  
Come then, O Spirit! come  
Heavenly Dove.

4 Happily, happily,  
Pass I along,  
Eager to work for Thee,  
Earnest and strong.  
Life is for service true,  
Life is for battle too;  
Life is for song.

From "Pilgrim Songs," by per. of Cong'l S. S. and Pub. Soc.

267

*I need Thee every hour*

Tune—*I need Thee* A $\flat$  major

1 I need Thee every hour,  
Most gracious Lord!  
No tender voice like Thine  
Can peace afford.

REF.—I need Thee, oh, I need Thee!  
Every hour I need Thee;  
Oh, bless me now, my Saviour!  
I come to Thee.

2 I need Thee every hour;  
Stay thou near by;  
Temptations lose their power  
When Thou art nigh.—REF.

3 I need Thee every hour,  
In joy or pain;  
Come quickly and abide.  
Or life is vain.—REF.

4 I need Thee every hour;  
Teach me Thy will;  
And Thy rich promises  
In me fulfill.—REF.

5 I need Thee every hour,  
Most Holy One:  
Oh, make me Thine indeed,  
Thou blessed Son.—REF.

A. S. Harvoks

268

*To Thee, O dear, dear Saviour!*

*J. S. B. Monsell*

*J. B. Calkin*

1. To Thee, O dear, dear Sav - iour! My Spir - it turns for rest,  
 2. In Thee, my trust a - bid - eth, On Thee my hope re - lies,  
 My peace is in Thy fav - or, My pil - low on Thy breast;  
 O Thou whose love pro - vid - eth For all be - neath the skies;  
 Though all the world de - ceive me, I know that I am Thine,  
 O Thou whose mer - cy found me, From bond - age set me free,  
 And Thou wilt nev - er leave me, O bless - ed Sav - iour mine.  
 And then for - ev - er bound me With three - fold cords to Thee.

3 My grief is in the dulness  
 With which this sluggish heart  
 Doth open to the fulness,  
 Of all Thou wouldst impart;  
 My joy is in thy beauty  
 Of holiness divine,  
 My comfort in the duty  
 That binds my life to Thine.

4 O for that choicest blessing  
 Of living in Thy love,  
 And thus on earth possessing  
 The peace of Heaven above;  
 Oh for the bliss that by it  
 The soul securely knows,  
 The holy calm and quiet  
 Of faith's serene repose.

269

*We could not do without Thee*

*F. R. Havergal*

*W. Sewell*

1. We could not do with - out Thee, O Sav - iour of the lost,  
Whose pre - cious blood re - deemed us, At such tre - men - dous cost!  
Thy right - eous - ness, Thy par - don, Thy pre - cious blood must be  
Our on - ly hope and com - fort, Our glo - ry and our plea.

2 We could not do without Thee!  
We cannot stand alone,  
We have no strength or goodness,  
No wisdom of our own.  
How could we do without Thee?  
We do not know the way;  
Thou knowest and Thou leadest,  
And wilt not let us stray.

3 We could not do without Thee,  
O Jesus, Saviour dear!  
E'en when our eyes are holden,  
We know that Thou art near.  
How dreary and how lonely  
This changeful life would be,  
Without the sweet communion,  
The secret rest in Thee.

COMMUNION WITH CHRIST

270

Teach me

J. S. B. Monsell

J. B. Dykes

1. Teach me to do the thing that pleas-eth Thee; Thou art my God, in Thee I  
2. Thy love the law and impulse of my soul, Thy righteousness its fit-ness

live and move; Oh, let Thy lov-ing Spir-it lead me  
and its plea, Thy lov-ing Spir-it mer-cy's sweet con-

forth In-to the land of right-eous-ness and love.  
trol To make me lik-er, draw me near-er Thee. A-men.

- 3 My highest hope to be where, Lord, Thou art,  
To lose myself in Thee my richest gain,  
To do Thy will the habit of my heart,  
To grieve the Spirit my severest pain.
- 4 Thy smile my sunshine, all my peace from  
thence,  
From self alone what could that peace destroy?  
Thy joy my sorrow at the least offence,  
My sorrow that I am not more Thy joy.

271

My faith looks up to Thee

Tune "Olivet." E $\flat$  major

- 1 My faith looks up to Thee  
Thou Lamb of Calvary,  
Saviour divine:  
Now hear me while I pray,  
Take all my guilt away,  
Oh, let me from this day  
Be wholly Thine.
- 2 May Thy rich grace impart  
Strength to my fainting heart,  
My zeal inspire:  
As Thou hast died for me,  
O may my love to thee,  
Pure, warm, and changeless be,  
A living fire,
- 3 While life's dark maze I tread,  
And griefs around me spread,  
Be Thou my Guide;  
Bid darkness turn to day,  
Wipe sorrow's tears away,  
Nor let me ever stray,  
From Thee aside.

Ray Palmer

272

*Jesus, Saviour, hear me call*

*From "Sacred Melodies"*

1. Je - sus, Sav-iour, hear me call. Sin - ful though my heart may be.  
 2. Fill me with Thy love di - vine, Con - se - crate my love to Thee,  
 Thou my life, my hope, my all, Lord, a - bid with me.  
 Bend my stub-born will to Thine, Lord, a - bid with me.

3 When the shades of death prevail,  
 Father, let me cling to Thee;  
 When I pass the gloomy vale,  
 Still abide with me.

4 Then, O then, my raptured soul  
 Heaven's eternal rest shall see,  
 There, while endless ages roll,  
 Thou'lt abide with me!

273

*Nearer, my God, to Thee*

*Tune—Bethany G major*

1 Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
 Nearer to Thee!  
 E'en though it be a cross  
 That raiseth me:  
 Still all my song shall be—  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee!  
 Nearer to Thee!

2 Though, like the wanderer,  
 The sun gone down,  
 Darkness be over me,  
 My rest a stone;  
 Yet in my dreams I'd be—  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee!  
 Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear,  
 Steps unto heaven:  
 All that Thou sendest me,  
 In mercy given;  
 Angels to beckon me  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee—  
 Nearer to Thee!

4 Then with my waking thoughts,  
 Bright with Thy praise,  
 Out of my stony griefs,  
 Bethel I'll raise;  
 So by my woes to be  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee!  
 Nearer to Thee!

*S. F. Adams*



COMMUNION WITH CHRIST

274

*Jesus, meek and gentle*

G. R. Prynn

W. H. Monk

1. Je - sus, meek and gen - tle, Son of God Most High, Pity - ing, lov - ing

*All stanzas but the last* *Last stanza*

Sav - iour, Hear Thy chil-dren's cry. Hear Thy children's cry. A - men.

2 Pardon our offences,  
Loose our captive chains,  
Break down every idol  
Which our soul detains.

3 Give us holy freedom,  
Fill our hearts with love;  
Draw us, holy Jesus,  
To the realms above.

4 Lead us on our journey,  
Be Thyself the way  
Through terrestrial darkness  
To celestial day.

5 Jesus, meek and gentle,  
Son of God Most High,  
Pitying loving Saviour,  
Hear Thy children's cry.

275

*Jesus, gentlest Saviour*

SECOND HYMN

1 Jesus, gentlest Saviour,  
Thou art in us now,  
Fill us with Thy goodness,  
Till our hearts o'erflow.

2 Multiply our graces,  
Chiefly love and fear,  
And, dear Lord, the chiefest,  
Grace to persevere.

3 Oh, how can we thank Thee  
For a gift like this,  
Gift that truly maketh  
Heaven's eternal bliss!

4 Ah! when wilt Thou always  
Make our hearts Thy home?  
We must wait for Heaven:  
Then the day will come.

F. W. Faber

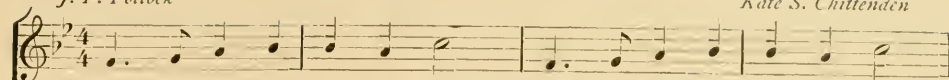
COMMUNION WITH CHRIST

276

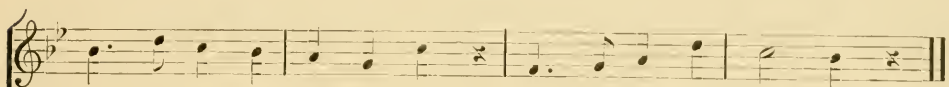
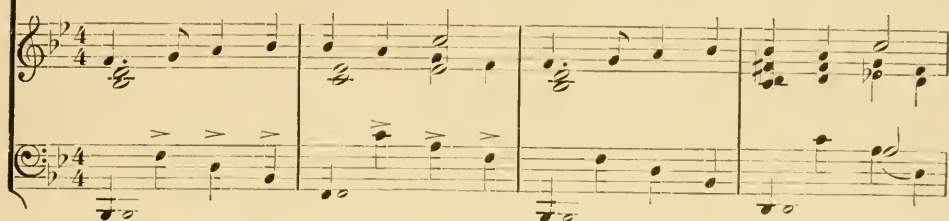
*Jesus we are far away*

*J. P. Pollock*

*Kate S. Chittenden*



1. Je - sus we are far a - way From the light of heaven-ly day,  
2. Keep us low - ly that we may, Ev - er watch-ful turn a - way,



Lost in paths of sin we stray : Lord, in mer - cy hear us.  
From the snares our temp-ters lay : Lord, in mer - cy hear us.



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3 On our darkness shed Thy Light,  
Lead our wills to what is right,  
Wash our evil nature white :  
Lord, in mercy hear us.

4 May Thy wisdom be our guide,  
Comfort, rest, and peace provide  
Near to Thy protecting side :  
Lord, in mercy hear us.

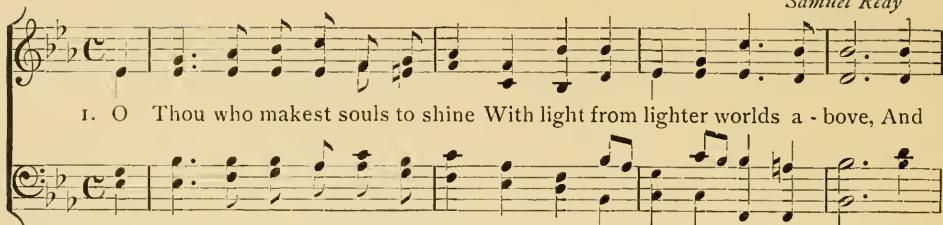
5 Make us earnest when we pray,  
Diligent from day to day,  
Meaning, doing, what we say :  
Lord, in mercy hear us.

6 May Thy grace within the soul  
Nature's waywardness control,  
Guiding towards the heavenly goal :  
Lord, in mercy hear us.

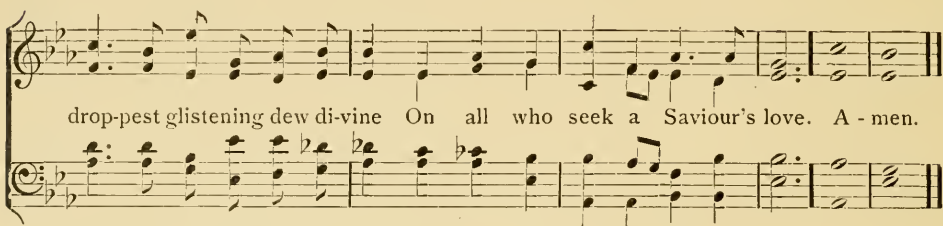
277

*O Thou who makest souls to shine*

*Samuel Reay*



1. O Thou who makest souls to shine With light from lighter worlds a - bove, And



drop-pest glistening dew di-vine On all who seek a Saviour's love. A - men.

2 Do Thou Thy benediction give  
On all who teach, on all who learn,  
That so Thy Church may holier live,  
And every lamp more brightly burn.

4 Give those who learn, the willing ear,  
The spirit meek, the guileless mind ;  
Such gifts will make the lowliest here,  
Far better than a kingdom find.

3 Give those who teach, pure hearts and wise,  
Faith, hope, and love, all warmed by prayer ;  
Themselves first training for the skies,  
They best will raise their people there.

5 If thus, good Lord, Thy grace be given,  
In Thee to live, in Thee to die,  
Before we upward pass to heaven  
We taste our immortality.

278

*Blest be the tie that binds*

*Tune "Dennis." F major*

1 Blest be the tie that binds  
Our hearts in Christian love ;  
The fellowship of kindred minds  
Is like to that above.

3 We share our mutual woes,  
Our mutual burdens bear ;  
And often for each other flows  
The sympathizing tear.

2 Before our Father's throne  
We pour our ardent prayers ;  
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,  
Our comforts and our cares.

4 When we asunder part,  
It gives us inward pain ;  
But we shall still be joined in heart,  
And hope to meet again.

*John Fawcett*

279

*Glorious things of Thee are spoken*

John Newton

F. J. Haydn

1. Glo-rious things of Thee are spo - ken, Zi - on, ci - ty of our God!

He whose word can - nct be brok - en, Formed thee for His own a - bode:

On the Rock of A - ges founded— What can shake thy sure re - pose?

With sal - va - tion's walls sur - rounded, Thou mayest smile at all thy foes.

2 See the streams of living waters,  
 Springing from eternal love,  
 Well supply thy sons and daughters,  
 And all fear of want remove:  
 Who can faint, while such a river  
 Ever flows their thirst to assuage?  
 Grace, which, like the Lord, the Giver,  
 Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,  
 See the cloud and fire appear!  
 For a glory and a covering,  
 Showing that the Lord is near:  
 He who gives them daily manna,  
 He who listens when they cry,—  
 Let Him hear the loud hosanna,  
 Rising to His throne on high.

280

*The Church's one Foundation**S. J. Stone**S. S. Wesley*

1. The Church's one Found - a - tion Is Je - sus Christ her Lord;  
 2. E - lect from ev - ery na - tion, Yet one o'er all the earth;

She is His new cre - a - tion By wa - ter and the Word;  
 Her char - ter of sal - va - tion One Lord one Faith, one Birth;

From heaven He came and sought her To be His ho - ly Bride;  
 One ho - ly Name she bless - es, Par - takes one ho - ly Food,

With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died.  
 And to one hope she press - es, With ev - ery grace en - dued.

3 'Mid toil and tribulation,  
 And tumult of her war.  
 She waits the consummation  
 Of peace for evermore;  
 Till with the vision glorious  
 Her longing eyes are blest,  
 And the great church victorious  
 Shall be the church at rest.

4 Yet she on earth hath union  
 With God the Three in One,  
 And mystic sweet communion  
 With those whose rest is won;  
 O happy ones and holy!  
 Lord, give us grace that we  
 Like them, the meek and lowly,  
 On high may dwell with Thee.



281

*I love Thy kingdom, Lord*

*Tune—State Street A major*

- 1 I love Thy kingdom, Lord,  
The house of Thine abode.  
The Church our blest Redeemer saved  
With His own precious blood.
- 2 I love Thy Church, O God !  
Her walls before thee stand,  
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,  
And graven on Thy hand.
- 3 For her my tears shall fall,  
For her my prayers ascend ;

To her my cares and toils be given,  
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy  
I prize her heavenly ways,  
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,  
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Sure as thy truth shall last,  
To Zion shall be given  
The brightest glories earth can yield,  
And brighter bliss of heaven.

*T. Dwight*

282

*The morning light is breaking*

*Tune—Webb B♭ major*

- 1 The morning light is breaking,  
The darkness disappears ;  
The sons of earth are waking  
To penitential tears ;  
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean  
Brings tidings from afar  
Of nations in commotion,  
Prepares for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending  
Before the God we love,  
And thousand hearts ascending  
In gratitude above :  
While sinners, now confessing,  
The gospel call obey,  
And seek the Saviour's blessing—  
A nation in a day.

*S. F. Smith*

283

*Hail to the Lord's anointed*

*Tune on page 172*

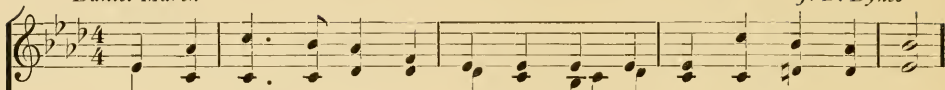
- 1 Hail to the Lord's anointed,  
Great David's greater Son !  
Hail, in the time appointed,  
His reign on earth begun !  
He comes to break oppression,  
To set the captive free,  
To take away transgression,  
And rule in equity.
- 2 He comes, with succor speedy,  
To those who suffer wrong ;  
To help the poor and needy,  
And bid the weak be strong ;  
To give them songs for sighing,  
Their darkness turn to light,  
Whose souls, condemned and dying,  
Were precious in His sight.

3 For Him shall prayer unceasing  
And daily vows ascend ;  
His kingdom still increasing,  
A kingdom without end.  
The heavenly dew shall nourish  
The seed in weakness sown,  
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,  
And shake like Lebanon.

4 O'er every foe victorious,  
He on His throne shall rest ;  
From age to age more glorious,  
All-blessing and all-blessed,  
The tide of time shall never  
His covenant remove ;  
His name shall stand for ever ;  
His great, best name of Love !

*J. Montgomery*

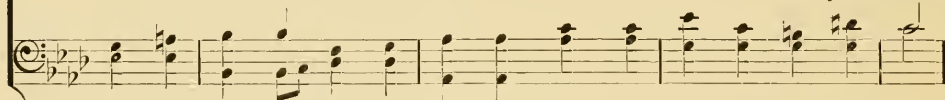
284

*Hark! the voice of Jesus calling**Daniel March**J. B. Dykes*

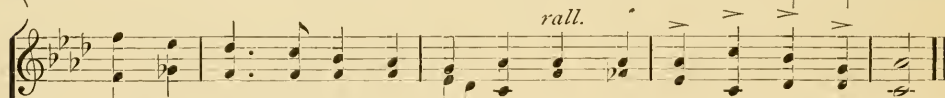
1. Hark! the voice of Je - sus call - ing, "Who will go and work to - day?  
 2. If you can - not cross the o - cean, And the heath - en lands ex - plore,



Fields are white and har - vests wait - ing, Who will bear the sheaves a - way?"  
 You can find the heath - en near - er, You can help them at your door;



Loud and long the Mas - ter call - eth, Rich re - ward He of - fers thee;  
 If you can - not give your thousands, You can give the wid - ow's mite,



Who will an - swer, glad - ly say - ing, "Here am I, O Lord, send me?"  
 And the least you give for Je - sus Will be pre - cious in His sight.



3 Let none hear you idly saying,  
 "There is nothing I can do,"  
 While the souls of men are dying,  
 And the Master calls for you,  
 Take the task He gives you gladly,  
 Let his work your pleasure be;  
 Answer quickly when He calleth—  
 "Here am I, O Lord, send me."

4 If you cannot be the watchman,  
 Standing high on Zion's wall,  
 Pointing out the path to heaven,  
 Off'ring life and peace to all,  
 With your prayers and with your bounties  
 You can do what Heaven demands;  
 You can be like faithful Aaron  
 Holding up the prophet's hands.

285

*Now be the Gospel Banner**T. Hastings**Joseph Barnby*

1. Now be the gos - pel ban - ner. In ev - ery land un-furled;  
 2. Yes,—Thou shalt reign for - ev - er, O Je - sus, King of Kings!

And be the shout,—“Ho - san - na!” Re - ech - oed thro’ the world;  
 Thy light, Thy love, Thy fa - vor, Each ran-somed cap - tive sings:  
 . . . . .  
 the  
 Thy

Till ev - ery isle and na - tion, Till ev - ery tribe and tongue,  
 The isles for Thee are wait - ing, The des - erts learn Thy praise,

Re - ceives the great sal - va - tion, And joins the hap - py throng.  
 The hills and val - leys greet - ing, The song re - spon - sive raise.

286

*Lord, lead the way**W. Croswell**H. Hiles*

1. Lord, lead the way the Sav - iour went, By lane and cell ob - scure  
 2. For Thou hast placed us side by side In this wide world of ill,

And let love's treasures still be spent, Like His up - on the poor:  
 And. that Thy followers may be tried, The poor are with us still.

Like Him, thro' scenes of deep dis - tress, Who bore the world's sad weight,  
 Mean are all offerings we can make, But Thou hast taught us, Lord,

We, in their crowd - ed lone - li - ness, Would seek the des - o - late.  
 If giv - en for the Sav - iour's sake, They lose not their re - ward.

287

*Hail to the brightness**T. Hastings**Lowell Mason*

1. Hail to the bright-ness of Zi - on's glad morn - ing! Joy to the  
 2. Hail to the bright-ness of Zi - on's glad morn - ing, Long by the  
 3. Lo! in the des - ert rich flow - ers are spring - ing, Streams ev - er  
 4. See, from all lands—from the isles of the o - cean, Praise to Je -

lands that in dark - ness have lain! Hushed be the ac - cents of  
 pro - phets of Is - rael fore - told; Hail to the mill - ions from  
 co - pious are glid - ing a - long; Loud from the mount - ain tops  
 ho - vah as - cend - ing on high; Fallen are the en - gines of

sor - row and mourning; Zi - on in tri - umph be - gins her mild reign.  
 bond - age re - turn - ing; Gen - tile and Jew the blest vi - sion be - hold.  
 ech - oes are ring - ing, Wastes rise in ver - dure, and min - gle in song.  
 war and com - mo - tion, Shouts of sal - va - tion are rend - ing the sky.

288

*Christ for the world we sing**Tune—"Christ for the world we sing" F Major*

1 Christ for the world we sing;  
 The world to Christ we bring,  
 With loving zeal;  
 The poor, and them that mourn,  
 The faint and overborne,  
 Sin-sick and sorrow-worn;  
 Whom Christ doth heal.

2 Christ for the world we sing;  
 The world to Christ we bring,  
 With fervent prayer;  
 The wayward and the lost,

By restless passions tossed,  
 Redeemed, at countless cost,  
 From dark despair,

3 Christ for the world we sing;  
 The world to Christ we bring,  
 With one accord;  
 With us the work to share,  
 With us reproach to dare,  
 With us the cross to bear,  
 For Christ our Lord.

*Samuel Wolcott*



289

*Shine Thou upon us, Lord*

J. Ellerton

T. German Reed

1. Shine Thou up - on us, Lord, True Light of men, to - day; And through the  
 2. Breathe Thou up - on us, Lord, Thy Spir - it's liv - ing flame, That so with  
 3. Speak Thou for us, O Lord, In all we say of Thee. Ac - cord - ing

writ - ten word Thy ve - ry self dis - play; That so from hearts which burn With  
 one ac - cord Our lips may tell Thy Name; Give Thou the hear - ing ear, Fix  
 to Thy Word Let all our teach - ing be; That so Thy lambs may know Their

gazing on Thy Face, The little ones may learn The wonders of Thy grace.  
 Thou the wandering tho't, That those we teach may hear The great things Thou hast wrought.  
 own true Shepherd's voice, Where'er He leads them go, And in His love re - joice. A-men.

290

*The temple of the Holy Ghost*

*Tune on page 178*

1 Christ with His own Blood bought us,  
And made the purchase sure;  
His are we; may He keep us  
Sober, and chaste, and pure,  
He, God in Man, has carried  
Our nature up to Heaven;  
And thence the Holy Spirit  
To dwell in us has given.

2 Conformed to His own likeness,  
May we so live and die,  
That in the grave our bodies  
In holy peace may lie,  
And at the resurrection  
Forth from those graves may spring  
Like to the glorious Body  
Of Christ, our Lord and King.

3 The pure in heart are blessed,  
For they shall see the Lord,  
For ever and for ever  
By Seraphim adored;  
And they shall drink the pleasures,  
Such as no tongue can tell,  
From the clear crystal river,  
And Life's eternal well.

4 Sing therefore to the Father,  
Who sent the Son in love;  
And sing to God the Saviour,  
Who leads to realms above;  
Sing with the saints and angels,  
Before the Heavenly Throne,  
To God the Holy Spirit:  
Sing to the Three in One.

*C. Wordsworth*

291

*Now a New Year opens*

*S. Childs Clark*

*F. A. J. Hervey*

*In unison*

1. Now a new year o - pens, Now we new - ly turn  
To the ho - ly Sav - iour, Les - sons fresh to learn. A - men.

2 This the holy lesson  
On the year's first day,  
Jesus by obedience  
Teaches to obey.

3 Of Thy Cross thus early  
Tokens thou dost give;  
By Thy wounds Thou healest,  
By Thy death we live.

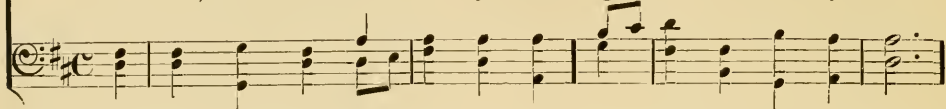
4 Not to suffer only,  
Jesus, didst Thou come,  
But to leave us way-marks  
Pointing to our home,

5 In Thy blessed footsteps  
Ever may we tread,  
Safe when keeping near Thee,  
By Thy Spirit led,

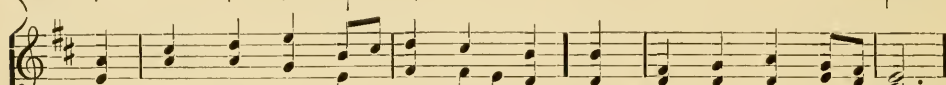
292

*The old year's long campaign is o'er**S. J. Stone**Henry Stone*

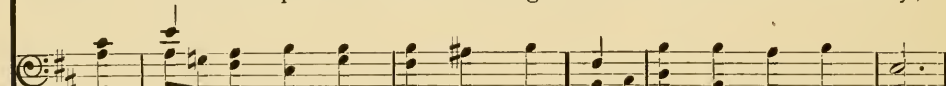
1. The old year's long cam - paign is o'er, Be - hold a new be - gun;  
 2. "Go forth, firm faith on eve - ry heart, Bright hope on eve - ry helm;



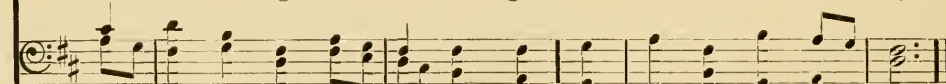
Not yet is closed the ho - ly war, Not yet the tri - umph won.  
 Through that shall pierce no fie - ry dart, And this no fear o'er - whelm.



Not yet the end, not yet re - pose; We hear our Cap - tain say;  
 Go in the Spir - it and the might Of Him who led the way;



"Go forth a - gain to meet your foes, Ye chil - dren of the day."  
 Close with the leg - ions of the night, Ye chil - dren of the day."



3 So forth we go to meet the strife,  
 We will not fear nor fly;  
 We love the holy warrior's life,  
 His death we hope to die.  
 We slumber not, that charge in view,  
 "Toil on while toil ye may,  
 Then night shall be no night to you,  
 Ye children of the day."

4 Lord God, our glory, Three in One,  
 Thine own sustain, defend;  
 And give, though dim this earthly sun,  
 Thy true light to the end.  
 Till morning tread the darkness down,  
 And night be swept away,  
 And infinite, sweet triumph crown  
 The children of the day.

293

*From glory unto glory**With vigor*

W. T. Hoyte

1. From glo - ry un - to glo - ry! Be this our joy - ous song,  
 2. From glo - ry un - to glo - ry! What great things He hath done,

As on the King's own high - way, we bravely march a - long!  
 What won - ders He hath shown us, what triumphs He hath won!

From glo - ry un - to glo - ry! O word of stir - ring cheer,  
 From glo - ry un - to glo - ry! What might - y bless - ings crown

As dawns the sol - emn bright - ness of an - oth - er glad New Year.  
 The lives for which our Lord hath laid His own so free - ly down!

3 O let our adoration for all that He hath done,  
 Peal out beyond the stars of God, while voice and life are one;  
 And let our consecration be real, and deep, and true;  
 Oh, even now our hearts shall bow, and joyful vows renew.

4 Now onward, ever onward, from strength to strength we go,  
 While grace for grace abundantly shall from His fulness flow,  
 To glory's full fruition, from glory's foretaste here,  
 Until His very presence crown our happiest New Year.

294

H. Alford

## Harvest Home

George J. Elvey

1. Come, ye thank-ful peo-ple, come, Raise the song of Harvest-Home! All is safe-ly  
gathered in. Ere the winter storms begin: God, our Maker, doth provide For our wants to  
be sup-plied: Come to God's own tem-ple, come, Raise the song of Harvest-home!

2 We ourselves are God's own field  
Fruit unto His praise to yield;  
Wheat and tares together sown  
Unto joy or sorrow grown;  
First the blade, and then the ear,  
Then the full corn shall appear;  
Lord of harvest! grant that we  
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

3 For the Lord our God shall come,  
And shall take His harvest home;  
From His field shall purge away  
All that doth offend that day;  
Give His angels charge at last  
In the fires the tares to cast;  
But the fruitful ears to store  
In His garner evermore.

295

Tune "America."

## My country! 't is of thee

1 My country! 't is of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty,  
Of thee I sing:  
Land where my fathers died!  
Land of the Pilgrims' pride!  
From every mountain side  
Let freedom ring!

2 My native country, thee,  
Land of the noble free,  
Thy name I love;  
I love thy rocks and rills,  
Thy woods and templed hills;  
My heart with rapture thrills,  
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,  
And ring from all the trees  
Sweet freedom's song;  
Let mortal tongues awake;  
Let all that breathe partake;  
Let rocks their silence break,—  
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God, to Thee,  
Author of liberty,  
To Thee we sing;  
Long may our land be bright  
With freedom's holy light;  
Protect us by Thy might,  
Great God, our King.

S. F. Smith



296

*Father let Thy loving gaze*

*Tune on page 45*

1 Father let Thy loving gaze  
Rest upon Thy children now—  
In this house accept our praise  
Hear our prayer, receive our vow,  
Bless through all the coming days  
Those who at these altars bow.

2 Risen Saviour, may Thy cross  
Ever here uplifted be—  
Counting worldly gain but dross,  
May Thy people live for Thee;  
And in trial, pain or loss,  
Cling to Him of Calvary.

3 Holy Spirit, be Thou here,  
When the seed of truth is sown  
As the dew, the sun appear,  
'Till the golden fruits are grown;  
Thine the work from year to year,  
And the glory Thine alone.

4 God of grace, upon Thy throne  
Hear us as we bend the knee;  
May this temple be Thine own  
Dedicated now to Thee,  
Father, Holy Spirit, Son,  
Ever blessed Trinity. Amen.

*Wm. A. Cauldwell*

297

*Great God, accept the song we raise*

*Tune on page 195*

1 Great God, accept the song we raise—  
A tribute of our joy  
That in this house built for Thy praise  
Our lips find sweet employ.  
Here may glad hymns to Thee ascend  
Till earthly days are past,  
And in the choir celestial blend  
With seraph songs at last.

2 Here may each eye uplifted, see  
The loving Saviour's face,  
Or droop, in deep humility,  
His tender words to trace.

And when these scenes have fled away,  
May our enraptured sight  
Wake in that "golden city's" day,  
Of which Thou art the light.

3 Here from the altar of each heart  
May prayer as incense rise;  
And in return Thy hand impart  
Rich treasures from the skies;  
And when these hearts shall cease to beat—  
This temple service o'er—  
In Thine own temple may we meet  
To separate no more. Amen.

*Wm. A. Cauldwell*

298

*Eternal Father strong to save*

*Tune on page 30*

1 Eternal Father, strong to save,  
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,  
Who biddest the mighty ocean deep  
Its own appointed limits keep:  
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee  
For those in peril on the sea!

2 O Christ, whose voice the waters heard  
And hushed their raging at Thy word,  
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,  
And calm amid the storm didst tread:  
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee  
For those in peril on the sea!

3 O Holy Spirit, who didst brood  
Upon the waters dark and rude,  
And bid their angry tumult cease,  
And give, for wild confusion, peace;  
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee  
For those in peril on the sea

4 O Trinity of love and power,  
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;  
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,  
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;  
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee  
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea. Amen.

*W. Whiting*

299

*Jerusalem! my happy home*

1. Je - ru - sa - lem! my hap - py home! Name ev - er dear to me!  
 2. Why should I shrink at pain and woe! Or feel, at death, dis - may?

When shall my la - bors have an end, In joy, and peace, in Thee!  
 I've Ca - naan's good - ly land in view, And realms of end - less day.

3 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,  
 Around my Saviour stand;  
 And soon my friends in Christ below,  
 Will join the glorious band.

4 Jerusalem! my happy home!  
 My soul still pants for Thee;  
 Then shall my labors have an end,  
 When I Thy joys shall see.

300

*Jerusalem, the golden*

*Tune "Ewing," C major*

1 Jerusalem, the golden,  
 With milk and honey blest!  
 Beneath Thy contemplation  
 Sink heart and voice oppressed:  
 I know not, oh, I know not,  
 What social joys are there,  
 What radiancy of glory,  
 What light beyond compare.

2 They stand, those halls of Zion,  
 All jubilant with song,  
 And bright with many an angel,  
 And all the martyr throng;

The Prince is ever in them,  
 The daylight is serene;  
 The pastures of the blessed  
 Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David:  
 And there, from care released,  
 The song of them that triumph,  
 The shout of them that feast:  
 And they who with their Leader,  
 Have conquered in the fight  
 Forever and forever  
 Are clad in robes of white.

*John M. Neale, tr.*

301

*Hark, hark, my soul!**Frederick W. Faber**J. B. Dykes*

1. Hark, hark my soul! angelic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat [shore:

How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling Of that new life when sin shall be no more.

## REFRAIN.

An - gels of Je - sus, An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the

pilgrims of the night, Sing-ing to welcome the pilgrims, the pilgrims of the night.

2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,  
Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;  
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,  
The music of the gospel leads us home.

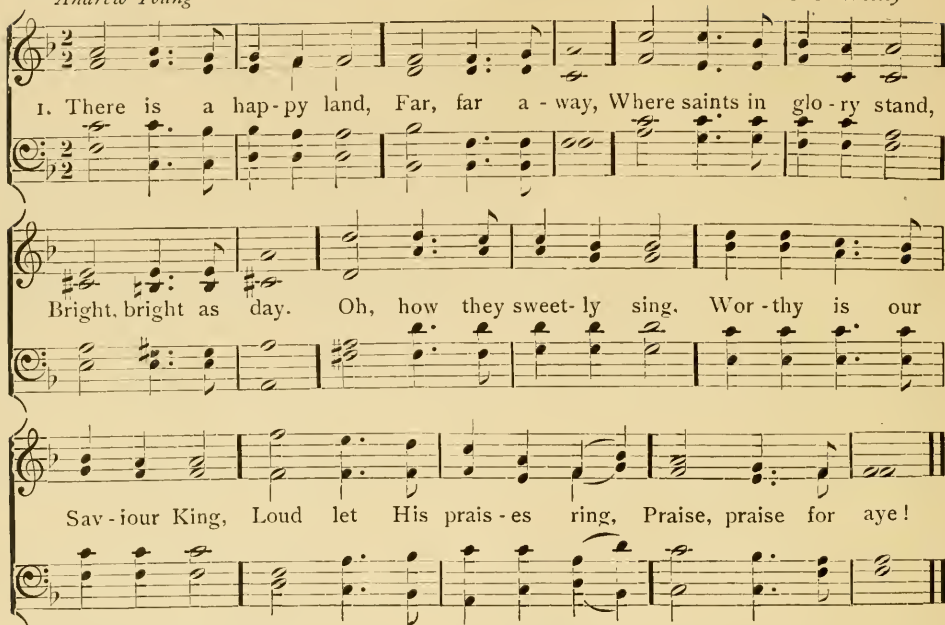
3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,  
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea;  
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing  
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.

302

*There is a happy Land*

Andrew Young

S. S. Wesley



1. There is a hap-py land, Far, far a - way, Where saints in glo-ry stand,  
Bright, bright as day. Oh, how they sweet-ly sing. Wor - thy is our  
Sav - iour King, Loud let His prais - es ring, Praise, praise for aye!

2 Come to that happy land,  
Come, come away;  
Why will ye doubting stand?  
Why still delay?  
Oh, we shall happy be,  
When, from sin and sorrow free,  
Lord, we shall live with Thee,  
Blest, blest for aye!

3 Bright, in that happy land,  
Beams every eye;  
Kept by a Father's hand,  
Love cannot die.  
Oh, then to glory run,  
Be a crown and kingdom won,  
And bright above the sun,  
We reign for aye!

303

*Shall we gather at the river*Tune "Beautiful River." E $\flat$  major

I Shall we gather at the river,  
Where bright angel-feet have trod;  
With its crystal tide forever  
Flowing by the the throne of God.

REF.—Yes, we'll gather at the river,  
The beautiful, beautiful river—  
Gather with the saints at the river  
That flows by the throne of God.

2 On the margin of the river,  
Washing up its silver spray,  
We will wait and worship ever,  
All the happy golden day.

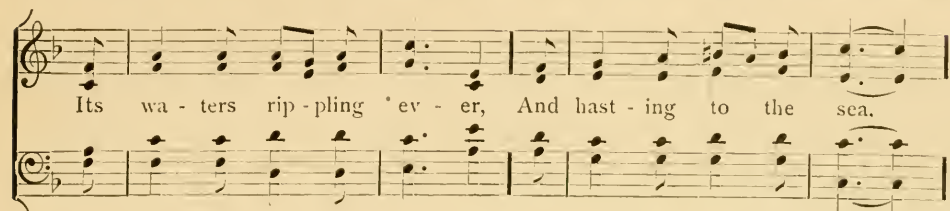
3 Soon we'll reach the shining river,  
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;  
Soon our happy hearts will quiver  
With the melody of peace.

Robert Lowry

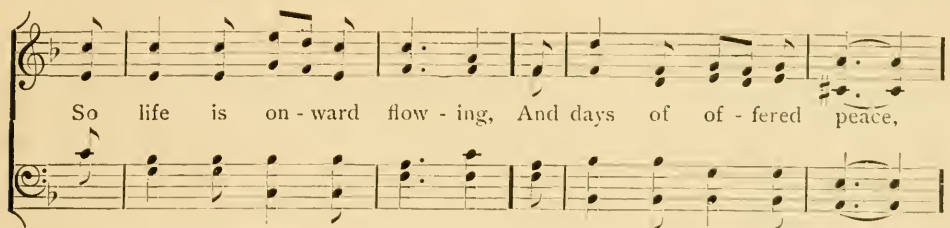
304

*As flows the rapid river**S. F. Smith**E. J. Hopkins*

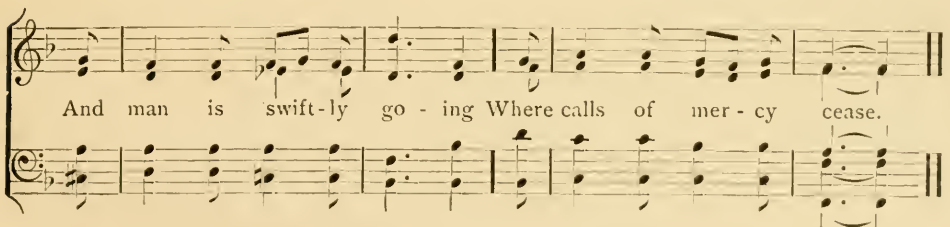

1. As flows the rap - id riv - er, With chan - nel broad and free.



Its wa - ters rip - pling 'ev - er, And hast - ing to the sea.



So life is on - ward flow - ing, And days of of - fered peace,



And man is swift - ly go - ing Where calls of mer - cy cease.

2 As moons are ever waning,  
 As hastes the sun away,  
 As storm and winds complaining,  
 Bring on the wintry day,  
 So fast the night comes o'er us,  
 The darkness of the grave:  
 And death is just before us:  
 God takes the life He gave.

3 Say, hath thy heart its treasure  
 Laid up in worlds above?  
 And it is all thy pleasure  
 Thy God to praise and love?  
 Beware, lest death's dark river  
 Its billows o'er Thee roll,  
 And thou lament forever  
 The ruin of thy soul.



305

## O Paradise!

F. W. Faber

Joseph Barnby

1. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! Who doth\* not crave for rest?

Who would not seek the hap - py land Where they that loved, are blest?

## CHORUS.

Where loy - al hearts and true,

Where loy - al hearts and true, Stand ev - er in the light,

All rap - ture thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight.

2 O Paradise! O Paradise!  
 'T is weary waiting here;  
 We long to be where Jesus is,  
 To feel and see Him near.

3 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise!  
 O keep us in Thy love,  
 And guide us to that happy land  
 Of perfect rest above.

306

*In the Paradise of Jesus**Mrs. Streatfield**E. G. Monk*

1. In the Par - a - dise of Je - sus There are man - y homes of light,

*cres.*

And they shine be - yond the darkness With a radiance clear and bright.

## CHORUS.

*p cres.*

Oh, that I might hear the an - gels Sing - ing o'er the crys - tal sea.

And a - midst the man - y man - sions Find a home pre - pared for me!

2 In those quiet resting places,  
Midst the pastures green and fair,  
Jesus gathers in the homeless,  
And He dwells among them there.

3 Can we see those happy faces  
Of the dear ones gone before?  
They are ready now to greet us  
When we gain that blessed shore.

4 Then the pearly gates, unfolding,  
Never shall be closed again,  
We shall see within the city  
Jesus, 'mid His white-robed train.

5 Oh, to join the Alleluia,  
And the glad thanksgiving raise,  
With the ransomed hosts of Jesus,  
In their songs of endless praise!

307

*I have a home above*

H. Bennett

St. Alban's Tune Book

1. I have a home a - bove, From sin and sor - row free;  
 2. My Fa - ther's gra - cious hand Has built this sweet a - bode;

A man - sion which e - ter - nal love Designed and formed for me.  
 From ev - er - last - ing it was planned—My dwell - ing - place with God.

3 My Saviour's precious blood  
 Has made my title sure;  
 He passed thro' death's dark raging flood  
 To make my rest secure.

4 The Comforter has come,  
 The earnest has been given;  
 He leads me onward to the home  
 Reserved for me in heaven.

308

*The Shining Shore*

Tune "Shining Shore." G major

1 My days are gliding swiftly by,  
 And I, a pilgrim stranger,  
 Would not detain them as they fly,  
 Those hours of toil and danger.  
 For, oh, we stand on Jordan's strand,  
 Our friends are passing over;  
 And just before, the Shining Shore  
 We may almost discover!

2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,  
 Our heavenly home discerning;  
 Our absent Lord has left us word,  
 Let every lamp be burning.—REF.

3 Should coming days be cold and dark,  
 We need not cease our singing;  
 That perfect rest naught can molest,  
 Where golden harps are ringing.—REF.

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,  
 Each cord on earth to sever;  
 Our King says, come, and there's our home  
 For ever, oh, for ever!

For, oh, we stand on Jordan's strand,  
 Our friends are passing over;  
 And just before, the Shining Shore  
 We may almost discover!

D. Nelson

309

*There's a Friend for little children**A. Midlane**J. Stainer*

The musical score is written for a piano accompaniment in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. It consists of four systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with chords and bass lines in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

1. There's a Friend for lit - tle chil - dren, A - bove the bright blue sky,  
A Friend Who nev - er chang - es, Whose love will nev - er die.  
Un - like our friends by na - ture, Who change with chang - ing years,  
This Friend is al - ways wor - thy The pre - cious Name He bears.

2 There's a Rest for little children,  
Above the bright blue sky,  
Who love the blessed Saviour,  
And to His Father cry;  
A Rest from every trouble,  
From sin and danger free;  
There every little pilgrim  
Shall rest eternally.

3 There's a Home for little children,  
Above the bright blue sky,  
Where Jesus reigns in glory,  
A Home of peace and joy;  
No home on earth is like it,  
Nor can with it compare,  
For every one is happy,  
Nor can be happier there.

310

*Thou art my Shepherd**M. Elsie Thalheimer**J. Cramer*

1. Thou art my Shep - herd, Car - ing in ev - ery need, Thy lit - tle  
 2. Or if my way lie Where death o'er - hang - ing nigh, My soul would

lamb to feed, Trust - ing Thee still: In the green pas - tures low,  
 ter - ri - fy With sud - den chill, Yet I am not a - fraid;

Where liv - ing wa - ters flow, Safe by Thy side I go, Fear - ing no ill.  
 While soft - ly on my head Thy ten - der hand is laid, I fear no ill.

311

*Lord, do not leave me*

## SECOND HYMN

1 Lord, do not leave me !  
 I'm but an erring child,  
 Weak, poor, and sin-defiled,  
 Afraid, alone ;  
 But Thou art strong and wise  
 No ill can Thee surprise ;  
 Beneath Thy loving eyes  
 Danger is none.

2 If Thou wilt guide me,  
 Gladly I'll go with Thee ;—  
 No harm can come to me,  
 Holding Thy hand ;  
 And soon my weary feet,  
 Safe in the golden street,  
 Where all who love Thee meet.  
 Redeemed shall stand.

*M. E. T.*



312

*Ever near to Thee**J. A. Stowell**Not too slow*

1. Sav - iour, we are young and weak, Yet we have a race to run,  
 2. Ma - ny are our foes and strong, Foes with - out, and fears with - in,

Glo - rious is the crown we seek, Hard the fight that must be won;  
 Great tempt - a - tions to go wrong, And an e - vil heart of sin;

*dim.*  
 Lest we faint, and lest we flee, Keep us ev - er near to Thee.  
 We shall sure - ly conquered be If we keep not near to Thee.

3 When the dark and cloudy day  
 Comes to bow our hearts in grief,  
 Earthly comforts pass away,  
 Earthly hopes give no relief;  
 To Thy Bosom we will flee,  
 Clinging ever near to Thee.

4 Then the prize of victory won.  
 And the weary contest o'er,  
 We shall hear the glad "Well done,"  
 Greet us on the heavenly shore,  
 And through all eternity,  
 Evermore be near to Thee.

313

*Forbid ye not the children*

J. W. S.

Friedrich Flotow

1. "For - bid ye not the chil - dren," Said Christ, "but let them come.

Of such is Heav - en's king - dom, Their lov - ing Fa - ther's home."

2 In gracious arms He took them,  
And drew them to His breast.  
And children still are carried  
By Him, and still are blest.

3 So come to Him, and welcome,  
As long ago they came.  
This good and tender Shepherd  
Knows every lamb by name!

314

*Jesus, when He left the sky*

1. Je - sus when He left the sky, And for sin - ners came to die,

In His mer - cy passed not by Lit - tle ones like me.

CHILDREN'S HYMNS

2 Mothers then the Saviour sought  
In the places where He taught,  
And to Him their children brought—  
Little ones like me.

4 'T was for them His life He gave,  
To redeem them from the grave;  
Jesus able is to save  
Little ones like me.

3 Did the Saviour say them nay?  
No, He kindly bade them stay;  
Suffered none to turn away  
Little ones like me.

5 Children, then, should love Him too,  
Strive His holy will to do.  
Pray to Him and praise Him too—  
Little ones like me.

315

*My Father, hear my prayer*

*E. C. W.*

*R. Brown-Borthwick*

1. My Fa - ther hear my prayer Be - fore I go to rest;

It is Thy lit - tle child That com - eth to be blest. A - men.

2 Forgive me all my sin,  
And let me sleep this night  
In safety and in peace  
Until the morning light.

3 Lord, help me every day  
To love Thee more and more,  
And try to do Thy will  
Much better than before,

4 Now look upon me, Lord,  
Ere I lie down to rest,  
It is Thy little child  
That cometh to be blest.

316

*Up in Heaven**Miss Alexander**J. Stainer*

1. Up in Heav - en, up in Heav - en, In the

*mf* *cres.*

This system contains the first three measures of the hymn. It features a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 6/8 time signature. The piano accompaniment is in bass clef with a 6/8 time signature. Dynamics include *mf* (mezzo-forte) and *cres.* (crescendo).

bright place far a - way, He whom bad men cru - ci -

*dim.*

This system contains measures four through six. The vocal line continues with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment includes a *dim.* (diminuendo) marking in the fourth measure.

- fied, Sit - teth at His Fa - ther's side, Till the Judg - ment day.

*cres.* *dim.*

This system contains measures seven through ten, ending with a double bar line. The vocal line concludes the phrase. The piano accompaniment features *cres.* (crescendo) and *dim.* (diminuendo) markings.

2 And He loves His little children,  
And He pleadeth for them there,  
Asking the great God of Heaven  
That their sins may be forgiven,  
And He hears their prayer.

3 And all faithful holy Christians  
Who their Master's work have done,  
Shall appear at His right hand  
And inherit the fair land  
That his love have won.

317

*In God's Holy dwelling**J. A. Stowell*

1. In God's ho - ly dwell - ing, Spared to meet a - gain,  
 2. All things tell His glo - ry— Earth and heaven a - bove;

Hark! glad voi - ces swell - ing, Raise their joy - ous strain,  
 And the gos - pel sto - ry Tells His won-drous love:

Chil - dren, bend - ing low - ly, Join the an - gels' cry,  
 How the Fa - ther gave us His own Son to die;

"Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Is the Lord on high!"  
 How the Son to save us, Left His throne on high!"

3 Oh, how blest to know Him,  
 And His love so true!  
 Oh, how sweet to show Him  
 How we love Him too!  
 For to us is given,  
 Here to taste His grace,  
 And the hope in Heaven  
 To behold His Face.

4 Then, within His dwelling,  
 Raise the joyous song;  
 Let glad voices swelling  
 Still the strain prolong;  
 Children, bending lowly,  
 Join the angels' cry,  
 "Holy, holy, holy,  
 Is the Lord most High!"



318

*God will take care of you**F. R. Havergal**F. R. Havergal*

1. God will take care of you. All thro' the day Je - sus is near you to

keep you from ill; Wak - ing or rest - ing, at work or at play,

Je - sus is with you, and watch - ing you still.

2 He will take care of you. All through the night  
 Jesus, the Shepherd, His little one keeps;  
 Darkness to Him is the same as the light,  
 He never slumbers, and He never sleeps.

3 He will take care of you. All through the year  
 Crowning each day with His kindness and love  
 Sending you blessings, and shielding from fear,  
 Leading you on to the bright home above.

4 He will take care of you. Yes; to the end  
 Nothing can alter His love for His own;  
 Children, be glad that you have such a Friend;  
 He will not leave you one moment alone,

319

*Come, Children, lift your voices**C. F. Hernaman**Berthold Tours**With spirit.*

1. Come, children, lift your voices, And sing with us to-day, As to the Lord, our Saviour,

Our grateful vows we pay; We thank Thee, Lord, for sending The gentle showers of rain;

CHORUS.

For summer suns which ripen The fields of golden grain. Come, children, lift your voices,

And sing with us to-day, As to the Lord our Saviour, Our grateful vows we pay.

2 Come join our glad Hosanna  
 As gladly still we sing,  
 Rejoicing in the favor  
 Of Christ, our Lord and King;  
 For good is His creation,  
 All beautiful and fair,  
 E'en angels from the heavenly seats  
 Our grateful gladness share.

3 May we by holy living  
 Thy praises echo forth,  
 And tell Thy boundless mercies,  
 To all the listening earth;  
 May we grow up as branches,  
 In Christ, the one true Vine,  
 Bear fruit to Life Eternal,  
 And be for ever Thine.

320

*Heavenly Father, send Thy blessing**C. Wordsworth**T. Morley**In unison.*

1. Heavenly Father, send Thy blessing, On Thy chil-dren gathered here;  
 May we all Thy name con-fess-ing, Be to Thee for-ev-er dear.  
 May we be like Jo-seph, lov-ing, Du-ti-ful, and chaste, and pure,  
 And our faith, like, Da-vid proving, Steadfast un-to death en-dure. A-men.

2 Holy Saviour, who in meekness  
 Didst vouchsafe a Child to be,  
 Guide our steps and help our weakness,  
 Bless and make us like to Thee.  
 Bear Thy lambs, when they are weary,  
 In Thine arms and at Thy breast;  
 Through life's desert, dry and dreary,  
 Bring us to Thy heavenly rest.

3 Spread Thy golden pinions o'er us,  
 Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove;  
 Guide us, lead us, go before us,  
 Give us peace, and joy, and love.  
 Temples of the Holy Spirit,  
 May we with Thy glory shine,  
 And immortal bliss inherit,  
 And for evermore be Thine. Amen.

321

*Children of Jerusalem**John Henley**English Melody*

1. Chil - dren of Je - ru - sa - lem Sang the praise of Je - sus' name ;  
 2. We have of - ten heard and read What the roy - al psalm - ist said,

Chil - dren, too, of mod - ern days, Join to sing the Sav - iour's praise.  
 Babes' and chil - dren's art - less lays, Shall pro - claim the Sav - iour's praise.

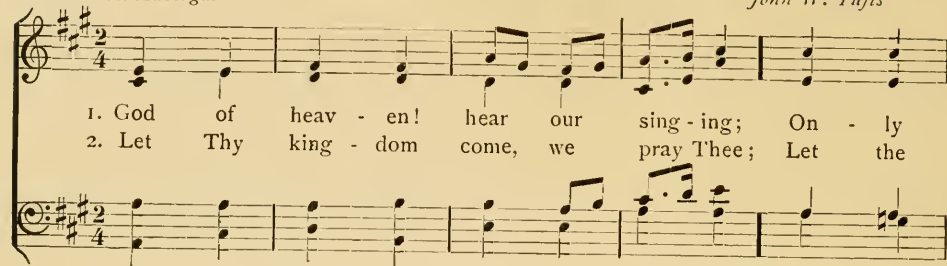
*p* Hark ! hark ! hark ! while in - fant voi - ces sing, Hark ! hark ! hark ! while infant voi ces sing

*f* Loud ho - san - nas, loud ho - san - nas, loud ho - san - nas to our King.

3 We are taught to love the Lord ;  
 We are taught to read His word :  
 We are taught the way to heaven :  
 Praise for all to God be given !

4 Parents, teachers, old and young,  
 All unite to swell the song :  
 Higher and yet higher rise,  
 Till hosannas reach the skies.

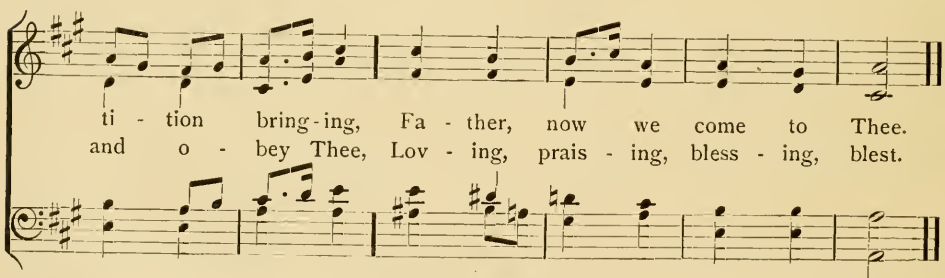
322

*God of Heaven! hear our Singing**F. R. Havergal**John W. Tufts*


1. God of heav - en! hear our sing - ing; On - ly  
2. Let Thy king - dom come, we pray Thee; Let the



lit - tle ones are we; . . . Yet a great pe -  
world in Thee find rest; . . . Let all know Thee



ti - tion bring - ing, Fa - ther, now we come to Thee.  
and o - bey Thee, Lov - ing, prais - ing, bless - ing, blest.

3 Let the sweet and joyful story  
Of the Saviour's wondrous love  
Wake on earth a song of glory  
Like the angels' song above.

4 Father, send the glorious hour.  
Every heart be thine alone;  
For the kingdom and the power  
And the glory are Thine own.

From "Pilgrim Songs," by per. of Cong'l S. S. and Pub. Soc



323

*Above the clear blue sky**J. Chandler**E. J. Hopkins*

1. A - bove the clear blue sky, In heav - en's bright a - bode, The  
2. But God from in - fant tongues, On earth re - ceiv - eth praise, We

An - gel host on high Sing prais - es to their God. Al - le - lu - ia!  
then our cheer - ful songs In sweet ac - cord will raise. Al - le - lu - ia!

They love to sing to God their King, Al - le - lu - ia!  
We too will sing to God our King, Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

3 O blesséd Lord, Thy truth  
To us, Thy babes, impart,  
And teach us in our youth  
To know Thee as Thou art,  
Alleluia!  
Then shall we sing  
To God our King,  
Alleluia!

4 Oh, may Thy holy Word  
Spread all the world around,  
And all with one accord  
Uplift the joyful sound,  
Alleluia!  
And then shall sing  
To God their King  
Alleluia!

324

*In the vineyard of our Father*

*Moderato.*

1. In the vine- yard of our Fa- ther, Dai- ly work we find to do;  
 2. Toil - ing ear - ly in the morn- ing, Catch - ing mo - ments thro' the day,

Scat - tered gleanings we may gath - er, Tho' we are but young and few;  
 Noth - ing small or low - ly scorn - ing While we work, and watch and pray;

Lit - tle clus - ters, Lit - tle clus - ters Help to fill the gar - ners too.  
 Gathering glad - ly, Gathering glad - ly Free - will offerings by the way. A - men.

3 Not for selfish praise or glory,  
 Not for objects nothing worth,  
 But to send the blessed story  
 Of the Gospel o'er the earth,  
 Telling mortals  
 Of our Lord and Saviour's birth.

4 Steadfast, then, in our endeavor,  
 Heavenly Father, may we be;  
 And for ever, and for ever,  
 We will give the praise to Thee;  
 Hallelujah  
 Singing, all eternity.

325

*Do no sinful action**Tune on page 198*

1 Do no sinful action,  
 Speak no angry word,  
 Ye belong to Jesus,  
 Children of the Lord.

2 Christ is kind and gentle,  
 Christ is pure and true,  
 And His little children  
 Must be holy too.

3 There's a wicked spirit  
 Watching round you still.  
 And he tries to tempt you  
 To all harm and ill.

4 But you must not hear him,  
 Though 'tis hard for you  
 To resist the evil,  
 And the good to do.

# 326 *If thou turn thy foot from the Sabbath*

*Selection from Isaiah, LVIII*



1. If thou turn thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy *pleasure* on my | holy | day | and call the Sabbath a delight, the | holy of the | Lord— | honorable.
2. And shall honor Him, not doing thine own way, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor *speaking*, | thine own | words || then shalt *thou* de- | light thy- | self in the | Lord.
3. And I will cause thee to ride upon the *high* | places of the | earth || and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy Father, *for* the | mouth of the | Lord hath | spoken it. Amen.

# 327 *The earth is the Lord's*

*Selection from Ps. XXIV*



1. The earth is the *Lord's*, and the | fulness there- | of; || the *world*, and | they that | dwell there- | in.
2. For He hath *founded* it up | on the | seas, || and *established* | it up | on the | floods.
- \* 3. Who shall ascend into the *hill* | of the | Lord; || or who shall *stand* | in His | holy | place?
4. He that hath clean *hands*, and a | pure— | heart; || who hath not lifted up his soul unto *vanity*, nor | sworn— | de- | ceitfully.
5. He shall receive the *blessing* | from the | Lord, || and righteousness *from* the | God of | his sal- | vation.
6. Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye *ever-* | lasting | doors; || and the *King* of | glory | shall come | in.
7. *Who is this* | King of | glory? || The Lord strong and mighty, the *Lord* | mighty | in— | battle.
8. Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye *ever-* | lasting | doors; || and the *King* of | glory | shall come | in.
9. *Who is this* | King of | glory? || The Lord of *hosts*, | He is the | King of | glory. Amen.

\* The questions may be sung by a Solo voice

328

*Rejoice in the Lord*

*Selection from Ps. XXXIII*



1. Rejoice in the *Lord* | O ye | righteous, || for *praise* is | comely | for the | upright.
2. Praise the *Lord* | with the | harp; || sing unto him with the psaltery, and an | instrument | of ten | strings.
3. Sing unto *him* a | new— | song; || play *skillfully* | with a | loud— | noise.
4. For the word of the *Lord* | is— | right, || and *all* his | works are | done in | truth.
5. He loveth *righteous-* | ness and | judgment; || the earth is *full* of the | goodness | of the | Lord.
6. Let all the *earth* | fear the | Lord; || let all the inhabitants of the *world* | stand in | awe of | him.
7. Blessed is the *nation* whose | God is · the | Lord; || and the people whom *he* hath | chosen for his | own in- | heritance. Amen.

329

*Bow down thine ear*

*Selection from Ps. LXXXVI*

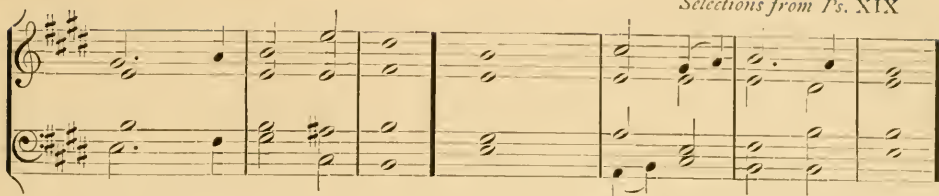


1. Bow down thine *ear*, O | Lord— | hear me: || for | I am | poor and | needy.
2. Preserve my *soul*; for | I am | holy · || O thou my God, *save* thy | servant · that | trusteth · in | thee.
3. Be merciful *unto* | me, O | Lord: || for I | cry · unto | thee— | daily.
4. Rejoice the *soul* | of thy | servant || for unto thee, O *Lord*, do I | lift— | up my | soul.
5. For thou Lord art good, and *ready* | to for- | give; || and plenteous in mercy unto *all* | them that | call up- | on thee.
6. Give ear, O Lord, | unto · my | prayer; || and attend to the *voice* | of my | suppli- | cations.
7. Teach me thy way O Lord; I will *walk* | in thy | truth: || *unite* my | heart to | fear thy | name.
8. I will praise thee, O Lord my *God*, with | all my | heart: || and I will glorify thy | name for | ever | more. Amen.

330

*The law of the Lord is perfect*

*Selections from Ps. XIX*



1. The law of the Lord is *perfect*, con | verting the | soul : || the testimony of the Lord is *sure*, | making | wise the | simple.
2. The statutes of the Lord are *right*, re | joicing · the | heart : || the commandment of the Lord is | pure, en | lightening · the | eyes.
3. The fear of the Lord is *clean*, en | during · for | ever : || the judgments of the Lord are *true*, and | righteous | alto | gether.
4. More to be desired than gold, *yea*, than | much fine | gold : || sweeter also than *honey* | and the | honey | comb.
5. Moreover by *them* is thy | servant | warned : || and in keeping of *them* | there is | great re | ward.
6. Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be *acceptable* | in thy | sight, || O Lord, my | strength, and | my re | deemer. Amen.

331

*How amiable are Thy tabernacles*

*Selection from Ps. LXXXIV.*



1. How amiable *are* thy | taber | nacles, || O | Lord— | of— | hosts |
2. My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the *courts* | of the | Lord : || my heart and my flesh crieth *out* | for the | living | God.
3. Blessed are they that *dwell* | in thy | house ; || *they* will be | still— | praising | thee.
4. Blessed is the man whose *strength* | is in | thee ; || in whose *heart* | are the | ways of | them.
5. They *go* from | strength to | strength, || every one of them in *Zion* ap | peareth · be | fore— | God.
6. For a day in thy courts is *better* | than a | thousand, || I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, *than* to | dwell · in the | tents of | wickedness.
7. For the Lord *God* is a | sun and | shield : || the Lord will give grace and glory : no good thing will he *withhold* from | them that | walk up- | rightly.
8. O | Lord of | hosts, || blessed *is* the | man that | trusteth · in | thee. Amen.



332

*The Lord upholdeth all that fall*

*Selection from Ps. CXLV*



1. The Lord *upholdeth* | all that | fall || and raiseth up *all* | those that | are bowed | down.
2. The eyes of *all* | wait · upon | thee || and thou givest *them* their | meat in | due—— | season.
3. Thou *openest* | thine—— | hand || and satisfied the *desire* of | every | living | creature.
4. The Lord is *righteous* in | all his | way || and | holy in | all his | works.
5. My mouth shall *speak* the | praise · of the | Lord || and let all flesh bless his *holy* | name for | ever and | ever. Amen.

333

*When Israel went out of Egypt*

*Tonus Peregrinus\**

*Selection from Ps. LVII*



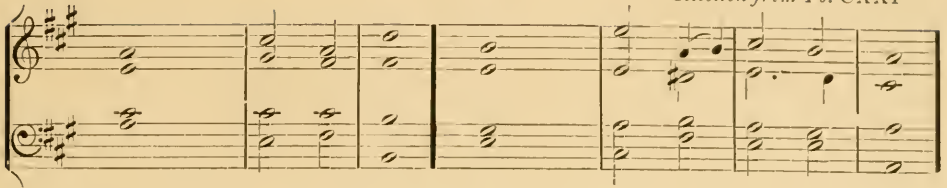
1. When Israel *went* | out of | Egypt ; || The house of Jacob *from* a | people · of | strange—— | language.
2. *Judah* | was his | sanctuary, || and | Israel | his do- | minion.
3. The *sea* | saw it · and | fled ; || *Jordan* | was—— | driven | back.
4. The *mountains* | skipped like | rams ; || and the | little | hills like | lambs.
5. What ailed thee, O thou *sea* | that thou | fleddest ; || thou *Jordan* that | thou wast | driven | back ?
6. Ye mountains *that* ye | skipped like | rams, || and ye | little | hills like | lambs ?
7. Tremble, thou earth, at the *presence* | of the | Lord ; || at the *presence* | of the | God of | Jacob.
8. Which turned the *rock* into a | standing | water ; || the *flint* | in · to a | fountain · of | waters.

\* There is some ground for believing that the hymn sung by our Saviour, and His disciples after the Last Supper, may have been the series of Psalms called "Hallel" (cxiii to cxviii of the authorized version) which was used in the second Temple at all the great festivals, and consequently at that of the Passover; and it has been supposed—though the circumstance does not admit of proof—that the melody to which the most characteristic of the Psalms, cxiv, was originally sung, is the germ of that with which it has been associated in the Christian Church from time immemorial—the Tonus Peregrinus.—"Studies in Musical History." DAVIS.

334

*I will lift up mine eyes*

*Selection from Ps. CXXI*



1. I will lift up mine *eyes* | unto · the | hills, || *from* | whence—— | cometh · my | help.
2. My help *cometh* | from the | Lord, || *which* | made—— | heaven · and | earth.
3. He will not suffer thy *foot* | to be | moved : || *he* that | keepeth · thee | will not | slumber.
4. Behold, *he* that | keepeth | Israel || shall *neither* | slumber | nor—— | sleep.
5. The *Lord* | is thy | keeper ; || the Lord is thy *shade* up- | on thy | right—— | hand.
6. The sun shall not *smite* | thee by | day, || *nor* the | moon—— | by—— | night.
7. The Lord shall *preserve* thee from | all—— | evil ; || *he* | shall pre- | serve thy | soul.
8. The Lord shall preserve thy going *out* and thy | coming | in || from this time *forth*, and | even · for | ever- | more. Amen.

335

*O give thanks to the Lord*

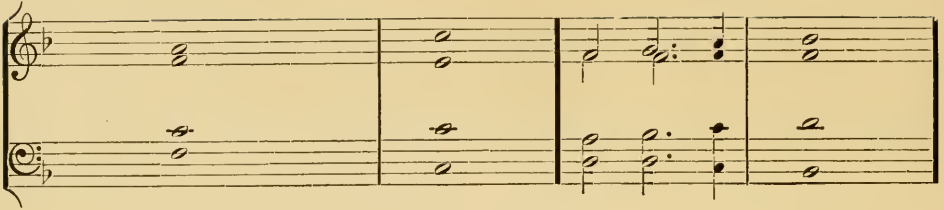
*Selection from Ps. CV*



1. O give thanks unto the Lord, *call* up- | on his name ; || Sing unto him, *talk* ye of | all his | wondrous | works.
2. Glory ye *in* his | holy | name ; || Let the heart of *them* re- | joice that | seek the | Lord.
3. Seek the *Lord* | and his | strength ; || *Seek* his | face—— | ever | more.
4. Remember his marvelous *works* that | he hath | done, || his wonders, *and* the | judgments | of his | mouth.
5. *He* is the | Lord our | God ; || his *judgments* | are in | all the | earth.
6. Praise ye the Lord, O give thanks unto the *Lord*, for | he is | good ; || *for* his | mercy en- | dureth for | ever. Amen.

336

*Benedicite*



- |                                  |           |                      |
|----------------------------------|-----------|----------------------|
| 1. O all ye works of the         | Lord      | bless ye the   Lord; |
| 2. O all ye angels of the        | Lord      | bless ye the   Lord; |
| 3. O all ye Powers of the        | Lord      | bless ye the   Lord; |
| 4. O ye nights and               | days      | bless ye the   Lord; |
| 5. O ye children of              | men       | bless ye the   Lord; |
| 6. O ye servants of the          | Lord      | bless ye the   Lord; |
| 7. O ye spirits and souls of the | righteous | bless ye the   Lord; |
| 8. O ye holy and humble men of   | heart     | bless ye the   Lord; |

CHORUS.



Praise Him and | mag - ni - fy | Him for ev - | er.  
Amen.

## Index of First Lines of Hymns.

	NUMBER		NUMBER
Abide with me; fast falls the eventide .....	16	Come, Holy Spirit, calm my mind. ....	109
Above the clear blue sky. ....	333	Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove. ....	111
Again returns the day of holy rest. ....	9	Come, Jesus, Redeemer, abide Thou with me. .	265
All hail the power of Jesus' name. ....	95	Come, my soul, thou must be waking. ....	229
All our sinful words and ways. ....	190	Come, O my soul, in sacred lays. ....	31
Almost persuaded now to believe. ....	118	Come, Thou Almighty King. ....	27
Am I a soldier of the cross. ....	150	Come, Thou fount of every blessing .....	168
Angel harps far and wide .....	86	Come thou, O come. ....	113
Angels holy, high and lowly. ....	34	Come to Jesus, come away. ....	123
Angel voices breathing ever. ....	30	Come unto Me when shadows darkly gather. .	264
Angel voices ever singing. ....	41	Come, ye thankful people, come. ....	294
Art thou weary, art thou languid. ....	94	Courage, brother, do not stumble. ....	159
As flows the rapid river. ....	304	Crown Him with many crowns. ....	93
As helpless as a child who clings. ....	228	Crown His head with endless blessing .....	104
As with gladness men of old. ....	61		
Awakened from sleep, we fall. ....	7	Dear Saviour, ever at my side. ....	142
Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve. ....	152	Dear Saviour, our Saviour. ....	260
		Do no sinful action. ....	325
Be joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth. ....	37		
Blessed Saviour, Thee I love. ....	74	Eternal Father, strong to save. ....	298
Blest be the tie that binds. ....	278		
Break thou the bread of life. ....	180	Fade, fade each earthly joy .....	251
Breast the wave, Christian, when it is strongest. .	147	Far from my heavenly home .....	165
Breathe on me, breath of God. ....	110	Far out on the desolate billow .....	216
Brightest and best of the sons of the morning. .	72	Father, hear the prayer we offer. ....	167
By the gracious saving call. ....	132	Father, let Thy loving gaze. ....	296
		Father of all, to Thee. ....	57
Call Jehovah thy salvation. ....	238	Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. ....	22
Child of sin and sorrow. ....	120	Father, whate'er of earthly bliss. ....	166
Children of Jerusalem .....	321	Fight the good fight with all thy might .....	157
Children of the Heavenly King. ....	256	Forbid ye not the children .....	313
Christ for the world we sing. ....	288	For the beauty of the earth. ....	54
Christian, seek not yet repose. ....	151	From glory unto glory, be this our joyous song. .	293
Christ is risen, Christ is risen. ....	82		
Christ the Lord is risen to-day. ....	88	Give up all for Jesus. ....	205
Christ with His own blood bought us .....	290	Glorious is Thy name, O Lord. ....	24
Come, children, lift your voices. ....	319	Glorious things of Thee are spoken. ....	279
Come, Gracious Spirit, heavenly dove .....	112	Glory be to God on high .....	36

# INDEX OF FIRST LINES OF HYMNS.

	NUMBER		NUMBER
Glory to Thee, my God, this night.....	13	In God's holy dwelling.....	317
God Almighty, Father.....	29	In the cross of Christ I glory.....	77
God is love, His mercy brightens.....	55	In the field with their flocks abiding.....	67
God made me for Himself, to serve Him here ..	185	In the paradise of Jesus.....	306
God of heaven, hear our singing.....	322	In the vineyard of our Father.....	324
God, that madest earth and heaven .....	18	In thy name, O Lord, assembling.....	33
God will take care of you. All through the day.	318	It came upon the midnight clear.....	59
Golden harps are sounding.....	89	I've found a friend, oh, such a friend.....	186
Gracious Spirit, dwell with me.....	114	I was a wand'ring sheep .....	126
Great God, accept the song we raise.....	297		
Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah .....	173	Jerusalem my happy home.....	299
		Jerusalem the golden.....	300
Hail, glorious morn, the earth resounds.....	73	Jesus calls us, o'er the tumult.....	175
Hail the day that sees Him rise .....	87	Jesus dear, I come to Thee.....	197
Hail! to the brightness of Zion's glad morning.	287	Jesus demands this heart of mine.....	208
Hail! to the Lord's anointed .....	283	Jesus, gentlest Saviour.....	275
Hark! Hark! my soul, angelic songs are swelling	301	Jesus, I live to Thee.....	193
Hark, ten thousand harps and voices .....	42	Jesus, I my cross have taken.....	204
Hark, the herald angels sing .....	60	Jesus is our shepherd, wiping every tear.....	225
Hark, the sound of holy voices.....	44	Jesus, keep me near the cross.....	199
Hark, the sound of the fight hath gone forth....	144	Jesus lives no longer now.....	81
Hark! the voice of Jesus calling .....	284	Jesus, lover of my soul.....	179
Heal me, O my Saviour, heal.....	127	Jesus, meek and gentle.....	274
Heavenly Father, let Thy light .....	192	Jesus, Saviour, hear me call.....	272
Heavenly Father, send Thy blessing .....	320	Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.....	243
He leadeth me, O blessed thought.....	230	Jesus shall reign where'er the sun.....	97
Holy Bible, book divine .....	51	Jesus, the sinner's friend, to Thee.....	140
Holy Father, Great Creator .....	53	Jesus, we are far away.....	276
Holy Father, Thou hast taught me.....	217	Jesus, when he left the sky .....	314
Holy Ghost, the Infinite .....	115	Jesus who knows full well.....	227
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty.....	46	Joy and gladness, joy and gladness.....	66
Holy Spirit, come and shine .....	107	Joy to the world, the Lord is come.....	64
Hosanna! raise the pealing hymn .....	39	Just as I am, without one plea.....	141
How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord...	232		
How good Thou art to me.....	178	King of glory, Saviour dear.....	160
How shall the young secure their hearts.....	50	Know, my soul, thy full salvation .....	237
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds.....	223		
		Lamb of God whose bleeding love.....	78
I am coming to the cross .....	131	Lead, kindly Light! amid the encircling gloom..	247
I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus .....	130	Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us .....	169
I have a home above.....	307	Let glory to the Lord on high.....	43
I heard a voice, the sweetest voice.....	129	Looking upward every day.....	218
I heard the voice of Jesus say.....	139	Look to Jesus, till reviving.....	226
I hear the Saviour say.....	241	Lord, at Thy mercy seat.....	211
I hear Thy welcome voice.....	143	Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing.....	12
I lay my sins on Jesus .....	135	Lord, do not leave me.....	311
I love Thy kingdom, Lord.....	281	Lord God of morning and of night.....	5
I love to hear the story.....	125	Lord, I believe; Thy power I own.....	171
I'm but a stranger here .....	234	Lord, I confess to Thee.....	137
I need Thee every hour.....	267	Lord, in this Thy mercy's day.....	128



# INDEX OF FIRST LINES OF HYMNS.

	NUMBER		NUMBER
Lord, lead the way the Saviour went.....	286	O love that wilt not let me go.....	210
Lord of the worlds above.....	23	O Jesus, I have promised.....	174
Lord, Thy mercy now entreating.....	136	O Jesus, Thou art standing.....	209
Lord, we stand before Thy throne.....	153	One more day's work for Jesus.....	161
Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise thee.....	28	On Jesus' love relying.....	235
Love Divine, all love excelling.....	262	On our way rejoicing.....	236
Mark the lilies how they grow.....	231	Onward, Christian soldiers.....	154
More like Jesus would I be.....	172	O Paradise! O Paradise!.....	305
More love to Thee, O Christ.....	181	O Saviour, precious Saviour.....	99
Must Jesus bear the cross alone.....	196	O the bitter shame and sorrow.....	134
My country! 'tis of thee.....	295	O Thou, from whom all goodness flows.....	105
My days are gliding swiftly by.....	308	O Thou who makest souls to shine.....	277
My faith looks up to Thee.....	271	Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed.....	108
My Father, hear my prayer.....	315	O word of God incarnate.....	52
My God, how wonderful Thou art.....	56	O worship the King, all glorious above.....	38
My God, my Father, while I stray.....	177	Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin..	258
My heart is resting, O my God.....	202	Praise the Lord, sing hallelujah.....	83
My hope is built on nothing less.....	255	Present with the two or three.....	198
My Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine..	90	Purer yet and purer.....	164
My Saviour, be Thou near me.....	149	Redeemed, restored, forgiven.....	133
My soul, be on Thy guard.....	148	Rejoice, rejoice, believers.....	103
My times are in Thy hand.....	239	Rest of the weary.....	92
Nearer, ever nearer.....	91	Return and come to God.....	117
Nearer, my God, to Thee.....	273	Ring out the bells for Christmas.....	71
New every morning is the love.....	6	Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings.....	184
No room within the dwelling.....	63	Rock of ages, cleft for me.....	219
Not for our sins alone.....	183	Safe in the arms of Jesus.....	249
Not your own, but His ye are.....	206	Safely through another week.....	3
Now a new year opens.....	291	Saviour, again to Thy dear name we raise.....	10
Now be the gospel banner.....	285	Saviour, I follow on.....	200
Now I have found a Friend.....	233	Saviour, lead me Thine to be.....	221
Now that the daylight fills the sky.....	8	Saviour, now the day is ending.....	19
Now the day is over.....	17	Saviour, teach me day by day.....	212
O Christ our God, who with Thine own hast been.....	176	Saviour, Thy dying love.....	201
O come, all ye faithful.....	65	Saviour, we are young and weak.....	312
O, come to the merciful Saviour who calls you..	116	Saviour, when in dust to Thee.....	79
O, could I speak the matchless worth.....	101	Saviour, while my heart is tender.....	207
O day of rest and gladness.....	2	Shall we gather at the river.....	303
O'er the plains where the shepherds watched by night.....	62	Shine Thou upon us, Lord.....	289
O for a closer walk with God.....	187	Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing.....	68
O for a shout of sacred joy.....	100	Simply trusting every day.....	250
O, happy day that fixed my choice.....	203	Since Jesus is my Friend.....	240
O, have you not heard of a beautiful stream....	122	Sing ye the songs of praise.....	70
O Holy Saviour, Friend unseen.....	253	Soldiers of the Captain.....	145
O love that casts out fear.....	182	Sometimes a light surprises.....	244
		Songs of praise the angels sang.....	35
		Stand up, stand up for Jesus.....	213

# INDEX OF FIRST LINES OF HYMNS.

	NUMBER		NUMBER
Stars all bright are beaming.....	69	To Thee, my God, my Saviour .....	48
Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear.....	20	To Thee, O dear, dear Saviour.....	268
Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer.....	47	Tranquil and peaceful is the path to heaven.....	252
Sweet is the work, my God, my King .....	45	Trustingly, trustingly, Jesus, to Thee.....	266
Sweet praises I sing in hymns to the Lord.....	215		
Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go.....	11	Up in heaven, up in heaven.....	316
Sweet Saviour, in Thy pitying grace .....	259		
Sweet the moments, rich in blessing.....	76	We are soldiers of Christ who is mighty to save. 146	
		Weary of wandering from my God.....	214
Take me in Thine arms and bless me.....	15	We could not do without Thee.....	269
Take my life and let it be.....	195	We have not known Thee as we ought.....	191
Take up thy cross, the Saviour said.....	138	Welcome, happy morning.....	84
Teach me to do the thing that pleaseth Thee...	270	Welcome, sacred day of rest.....	1
The church's one foundation.....	280	We march, we march to victory.....	156
The day is past and over.....	21	We may not climb the heavenly steeps.....	96
The head that once was crowned with thorns...	98	What a friend we have in Jesus.....	222
The joy that Jesus gives.....	261	When I survey the wondrous cross.....	75
The King of Love my Shepherd is.....	254	When I walk in God's clear sunlight.....	257
The morning light is breaking.....	282	When morning gilds the skies.....	32
The old year's long campaign is o'er.....	292	When the morning breaketh .....	40
There is a happy land.....	302	When the weary seeking rest.....	220
There is an eye that never sleeps.....	188	While shepherds watched their flocks by night..	58
There is no sorrow, Lord, too light.....	224	While the sun is shining.....	163
There's a friend for little children.....	309	While we lowly bow before thee.....	170
There's a wideness in God's mercy.....	263	Who is on the Lord's side.....	155
The Spirit in our hearts.....	119	With psalms and hymns and holy songs.....	49
The strife is o'er, the battle done.....	80	With tearful eyes I look around .....	242
The sun is sinking fast.....	14	Work, for the night is coming.....	162
The trumpet call of duty.....	158		
Thine forever, God of love.....	194		
This is the day the Lord hath made.....	4		
Thou art my Shepherd .....	310		
Thou art the way, to Thee alone.....	106		
Though troubles assail and dangers affright....	245		
Thou hidden love of God whose height.....	189		
Thou whose almighty word.....	26		
Thro' the love of God our Saviour.....	248		
Thy word, O Lord, Thy precious word alone ...	246		
To-day the Saviour calls.....	124		
To-day Thy mercy calls us.....	121		
To him that chose us first.....	25		
To Him that loved the souls of men.....	102		
To Thee and to Thy Christ, O God.....	85		

## CHANTS.

Bow down Thine ear.....	329
Benedicte .....	336
How amiable are Thy tabernacles.....	331
I will lift up mine eyes.....	334
If Thou turn Thy foot.....	326
O give thanks unto the Lord.....	335
Rejoice in the Lord.....	328
The earth is the Lord's.....	327
The law of the Lord is perfect.....	330
The Lord upholdeth all.....	332
When Israel went out.....	333

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Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise.



Blessed be the Lord God of Israel: for He hath visited and redeemed His people.



And they sang a new song, saying with a loud voice, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power and riches and wisdom and strength and honor and glory and blessing.

Blessing and honor and glory and power be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne and unto the Lamb for ever and ever.



To Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen.



